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THE  
WORKS  
OF  
SHAKESPEARE.  
VOL. IV.

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THE

WORKS

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OF

SHAKESPEARE.

VOL. IV.

LONDON

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MDCCLXXXIII

THE  
WORKS  
OF  
*SHAKESPEARE:*  
VOLUME the FIFTH,



CONTAINING,

2  
K. HENRY VIII.  
K. LEAR.  
MACBETH.

|| TIMON of ATHENS.  
|| TITUS ANDRONI-  
CUS.

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LONDON:

Printed for A. BETTESWORTH and C. HITCH,  
J. TONSON, F. CLAY, W. FEALES,  
and R. WELLINGTON.

MDCCXXXIII.

THE  
WORKS  
OF

SHAKESPEARE:

MUSEUM  
BRITAN  
NICVM  
VOL. I

CONTAINING

Timon of Athens  
Titus Andronicus

R. Henry VIII  
K. Lear  
Macbeth

LONDON:

Printed by A. BATESWORTH and C. HITCH,  
J. TONSON, F. CLARKE, W. PEARCE,  
and R. WELLSINGTON.  
MDCCLXXIII.



Dramatis Personæ.

KING Henry the Eighth.  
Cardinal Wolsey, his first Minister and Favourite.  
Cromwell, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Duke of Norfolk.  
Duke of Buckingham.  
Duke of Suffolk.  
Lord of Surrey.

Lord Cambray.  
Cardinal Cambray, the Pope's Legate.  
Capucius, Ambassador from the Emperor Charles the Fifth.  
Sir Thomas Anselm, Lord Keeper of the Great Manners.  
and other Lord Chamberlains.

Cardinal Bishop of Winchester.  
Bishop of Lincoln.  
Lord Hosiery.

OF

Lord Sands.  
Sir Henry Galloway.  
Sir Thomas Lovell.  
Sir Anthony Denny.  
Sir Nicholas Vaux.  
Sir William Sands.

Cromwell, first Secretary to Wolsey, afterwards to the King.  
K. HENRY VIII.

Doctor Butts, Physician to the King.  
Garter, King at Arms.  
Secretary to the Duke of Buckingham.  
Barrington, and others at Arms.  
Door-keeper of the Council-Chamber.

Queen Catherine, first Wife to King Henry, afterwards  
Anne Bullen, beloved by the King, and afterwards married  
to him.

A  
VOL. V.

At old London, Printed by Anne Bullen.  
Patience, the owner of the Bookshop, to Queen Catherine.

## Dramatis Personæ.

**K I N G** *Henry the Eighth.*

*Cardinal Wolsey, his first Minister and Favourite.*

*Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury.*

*Duke of Norfolk.*

*Duke of Buckingham.*

*Duke of Suffolk.*

*Earl of Surrey.*

*Lord Chamberlain.*

*Cardinal Campeius, the Pope's Legat.*

*Capucius, Ambassador from the Emperor Charles the Fifth.*

*Sir Thomas Audleie, Lord Keeper after Sir Tho. More ;  
and then Lord Chancellor.*

*Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester.*

*Bishop of Lincoln.*

*Lord Abergavenny.*

*Lord Sands.*

*Sir Henry Guildford.*

*Sir Thomas Lovell.*

*Sir Anthony Denny.*

*Sir Nicholas Vaux.*

*Sir William Sands.*

*Cromwell, first Servant to Wolsey, afterwards to the King.*

*Griffith, Gentleman-Usher to Queen Catharine.*

*Three Gentlemen.*

*Doctor Butts, Physician to the King.*

*Garter, King at Arms.*

*Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.*

*Brandon, and Serjeant at Arms.*

*Door-keeper of the Council-Chamber.*

*Porter, and his Man.*

*Queen Catharine, first Wife to King Henry, afterwards divorced.*

*Anne Bullen, beloved by the King, and afterwards married to him.*

*An old Lady, Friend to Anne Bullen.*

*Patience, Woman of the Bedchamber to Queen Catharine.*



*Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb Shew. Women attending upon the Queen; Spirits, which appear to her. Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.*

The SCENE lies mostly in London and Westminster; once at Kimbolton.

A 2

PRO-



# PROLOGUE.

**I** Come no more to make you laugh ; things now,  
 That bear a weighty and a serious brow,  
 Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe ;  
 Such noble scenes, as draw the eye to flow,  
 We shall present. Those, that can pity, here  
 May, if they think it well, let fall a tear ;  
 The subject will deserve it. Such, as give  
 Their money out of hope they may believe,  
 May here find truth too. Those, that come to see  
 Only a show or two, (and so agree,  
 The Play may pass) if they be still and willing,  
 I'll undertake, may see away their shilling  
 Richly in two short hours. Only they,  
 That come to hear a merry, bawdy play ;  
 A noise of targets ; or to see a fellow (1)  
 In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow ;  
 Will be deceiv'd : for, gentle hearers, know,  
 To rank our chosen truth with such a show  
 As fool and fight is, (besides forfeiting  
 Our own brains, and th' opinion that we bring  
 To make that only true we now intend)  
 Will leave us ne'er an understanding friend.  
 Therefore, for goodness sake, as you are known  
 The first and happiest hearers of the town,  
 Be sad, as we would make ye. Think before ye (2)  
 The very persons of our noble story,  
 As they were living : think, you see them great,  
 And follow'd with the gen'ral throng, and sweat  
 Of thousand friends ; Then, in a moment see  
 How soon this mightiness meets misery !  
 And, if you can be merry then, I'll say,  
 A man may weep upon his wedding day.

(1) ————— or to see a Fellow

*In a long motly Coat,*] Alluding to the Fools and Buffoons, introduc'd for the Generality in the Plays a little before our Author's Time : and of whom he has left us a small Taste in his own.

(2) ————— Think ye see

*The very Persons of our noble Story,*] Why the Rhyme should have been interrupted here, when it was so easily to be supplied, I cannot conceive. It can only be accounted for from the Negligence of the Press, or the Transcribers : and therefore I have made no Scruple to replace it.



The LIFE of  
K. HENRY VIII.

A C T I.

SCENE, *An Antechamber in the Palace.*

*Enter the Duke of Norfolk, at one door: at the other, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Abergavenny.*

BUCKINGHAM.



GOOD morrow, and well met. How have you done,

Since last we saw in *France*?

Nor. I thank your Grace:

Healthful, and ever since a fresh admirer  
Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague  
Staid me a prisoner in my chamber, when  
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,  
Met in the vale of *Arde*.

Nor. 'Twixt *Guyne* and *Arde*:  
I was then present, saw 'em salute on horse-back,  
Beheld them when they lighted, how they clung



## 6 King HENRY VIII.

In their embracement, as they grew together ;  
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have  
Such a compounded one ? [weigh'd

*Buck.* All the whole time,  
I was my chamber's prisoner.

*Nor.* Then you lost  
The view of earthly glory : men might say,  
'Till this time Pomp was single, but now marry'd  
To one above it self. Each following day  
Became the next day's master, 'till the last  
Made former wonders, its. To day the *French*,  
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,  
Shone down the *English* ; and to morrow they  
Made *Britain*, *India* : every man that stood,  
Shew'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were  
As Cherubins, all gilt ; the Madams too,  
Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear  
The pride upon them ; that their very labour  
Was to them as a painting. Now this mask  
Was cry'd, incomparable ; and th' ensuing night  
Made it a fool and beggar. The two Kings,  
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,  
As presence did present them ; him in eye,  
Still him in praise ; and being present both,  
'Twas said, they saw but one ; and no discerners  
Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these suns  
(For so they phrase 'em) by their heralds challeng'd  
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform  
Beyond thought's compass ; that old fabulous story  
(Being now seen possible enough) got credit ;  
That † *Bevis* was believ'd.

*Buck.* Oh, you go far.

*Nor.* As I belong to worship, and affect  
In honour, honesty ; the tract of every thing  
Would by a good discourser lose some life,  
Which Action's self was tongue to. All was royal ; (3)  
To

† The old romantic legend of *Bevis of Southampton*.

(3) Which *Action's self* was Tongue to.

*Buck.* All was royal.

To the disposing of it Naught rebell'd ;



# King HENRY VIII.

7

To the disposing of it nought rebell'd ;  
Order gave each thing view : The office did  
Distinctly his full function.

*Buck.* Who did guide,  
I mean, who set the body and the limbs  
Of this great sport together, as you guess?

*Nor.* One, sure, that promises no element  
In such a business.

*Buck.* Pray you, who, my lord ?

*Nor.* All this was order'd by the good discretion  
Of the right rev'rend Cardinal of *York*.

*Buck.* The devil speed him ! no man's pye is freed  
From his ambitious finger. What had he  
To do in these fierce vanities ? I wonder,  
That such a ketch can with his very bulk  
Take up the rays o'th' beneficial sun,  
And keep it from the earth.

*Nor.* Yet, surely, Sir,  
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends.  
For being not propt by ancestry, whose grace  
Chalks successors their way ; nor call'd upon  
For high feats done to th' Crown ; neither ally'd  
To eminent assistants ; but spider like  
Out of his self-drawn web ;— this gives us note,  
The force of his own merit makes his way ;  
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys  
A place next to the King.

*Aber.* I cannot tell  
What heav'n hath giv'n him ; let some graver eye  
Pierce into that : but I can see his pride  
Peep through each part of him ; whence has he that ? (4)

A 4

If

*Order gave each Thing View. The Office did  
Distinctly his full Function. Who did, &c.]*

Thus hitherto these Speeches have been regulated : but, I think, mistak-  
ingly. *Buckingham* could not with any Propriety say This ; for he wanted  
Information as to the Magnificence, having kept his Chamber with an  
Ague during the Solemnity. I have therefore ventur'd to split the  
Speeches, so as to give them Probability, from the Persons speaking ;  
without hazarding the Author's Sense by this new Regulation.

(4) ————— whence has he that,

*If not from hell ? the Devil]* Thus has this Passage been pointed in all  
the

If not from hell, the devil is a niggard, to give all out  
Or has given all before ; and he begins  
A new hell in himself.

*Buck.* Why the devil,

Upon this *French* going out, took he upon him, I mean  
Without the privy o' th' King, t' appoint  
Who should attend him? he makes up the file  
Of all the gentry : for the most part such,  
To whom as great a charge as little honour  
He meant to lay upon : And his own letter  
(The honourable board of council out)  
Must fetch in him his papers.

*Aber.* I do know  
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have  
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never  
They shall abound as formerly.

*Buck.* O, many  
Have broke their backs with laying manners on 'em  
For this great journey. What did this vanity  
But minister communication of  
A most poor issue?

*Nor.* Grievingly, I think,  
The peace between the *French* and us not values  
The cost, that did conclude it.

*Buck.* Every man,  
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was  
A thing inspir'd ; and not consulting, broke  
Into a general prophesie, that this tempest,  
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboarded  
The sudden breach on't.

*Nor.* Which is budded out :  
For *France* hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd  
Our merchants goods at *Bordeaux*.

*Aber.* Is it therefore  
Th' ambassador is silenc'd?

*Nor.* Marry, is't.

the Editions ; but the very Inference, which is made upon it, directs the  
Stops as I have regulated them ; and as Mr. *Warburton* likewise commu-  
nicated to Me, they should be.



*Aber.* A proper title of a peace, and purchas'd  
At a superfluous rate!

*Buck.* Why all this business  
Our rev'rend Cardinal carried.

*Nor.* Like it your Grace,  
The state takes notice of the private difference  
Betwixt you and the Cardinal. I advise you,  
(And take it from a heart, that wishes tow'rds you  
Honour and plenteous safety;) that you read  
The Cardinal's malice and his potency  
Together; to consider further, that  
What his high hatred would effect, wants not  
A minister in his pow'r. You know his nature,  
That he's revengeful; and, I know, his sword  
Hath a sharp edge: it's long, and't may be said,  
It reaches far; and where'twill not extend,  
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,  
You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that rock,  
That I advise your shunning.

*Enter Cardinal Wolsey, the purse born before him, certain  
of the guard, and two secretaries with papers; the  
Cardinal in his passage fixeth his eye on Buckingham,  
and Buckingham on him, both full of disdain.*

*Wol.* The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor? ha?  
Where's his examination?

*Secr.* Here, so please you.

*Wol.* Is he in person ready?

*Secr.* Ay, an't please your Grace.

*Wol.* Well, we shall then know more;  
And Buckingham shall lessen this big look.

[*Exeunt Cardinal and his train.*]

*Buck.* This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I  
Have not the pow'r to muzzle him; therefore best  
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book  
Out-worths a noble's blood.

*Nor.* What, are you chaf'd?  
Ask God for temp'rance; that's th'appliance only,  
Which your disease requires.

*Buck.*

*Buck.* I read in's looks  
Matter against me, and his eye revil'd  
Me as his abject object ; at this instant  
He bores me with some trick, he's gone to th' King :  
I'll follow and out-stare him.

*Nor.* Stay, my lord ;  
And let your reason with your choler question  
What 'tis you go about. To climb steep hills,  
Requires slow pace at first. Anger is like  
A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,  
Self-mettle tires him : not a man in *England*  
Can advise me, like you : be to your self,  
As you would to your friend.

*Buck.* I'll to the King,  
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down  
This *Ipswich* fellow's insolence ; or proclaim,  
There's diff'rence in no persons.

*Nor.* Be advis'd ;  
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot,  
That it do singe your self. We may out-run  
By violent swiftness, that which we run at ;  
And lose by over-running : know you not,  
The fire that mounts the liquor 'till't run o'er,  
Seeming t' augment it, wastes it ? be advis'd :  
I say again, there is no *English* Soul  
More stronger to direct you than yourself ;  
If with the sap of reason you would quench,  
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

*Buck.* Sir,  
I'm thankful to you, and I'll go along  
By your prescription ; but this top-proud fellow,  
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but  
From sincere motions ; by intelligence,  
And proofs as clear as founts in *July*, when  
We see each grain of gravel, I do know  
To be corrupt and treasonous.

*Nor.* Say not, treasonous. [strong

*Buck.* To th' King I'll say't, and make my vouch as  
As shore of rock.—Attend, This holy fox,  
Or wolf, or both, (for he is equal rav'nous,  
As he is subtle ; and as prone to mischief,



As able to perform't ;) his mind and place  
 Infecting one another, yea reciprocally,  
 Only to shew his pomp, as well in *France*  
 As here at home, suggests the King our master  
 To this last costly treaty, th' interview,  
 That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass  
 Did break i'th' rinsing.

Nor. Faith, and so it did.

[dinal

Buck. Pray give me favour, Sir.—— This cunning Car-  
 The articles o'th' combination drew,  
 As himself pleas'd ; and they were ratify'd,  
 As he cry'd, *let it be* —— to as much end,  
 As give a crutch to th' dead. But our Court-Cardinal  
 Has done this, and 'tis well —— for worthy *Wolsey*,  
 Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,  
 (Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy  
 To th' old dam, treason ;) *Charles* the Emperor,  
 Under pretence to see the Queen his aunt,  
 (For 'twas indeed his colour, but he came  
 To whisper *Wolsey* ;) here makes visitation :  
 His fears were, that the interview betwixt  
*England* and *France* might through their amity  
 Breed him some prejudice ; for from this league  
 Peep'd harms, that menac'd him. He privily  
 Deals with our Cardinal, and as I trow,  
 Which I do well —— for, I am sure, the Emperor  
 Paid ere he promis'd, whereby his suit was granted  
 Ere it was ask'd. But when the way was made,  
 And pay'd with gold ; the Emp'ror thus desir'd,  
 That he would please to alter the King's course,  
 And break the foresaid peace. Let the King know,  
 (As soon he shall by me) that thus the Cardinal  
 Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,  
 And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry  
 To hear this of him ; and could wish, you were  
 Something mistaken in't.

Buck. No, not a syllable :  
 I do pronounce him in that very shape,  
 He shall appear in proof.

Enter

*Enter Brandon, a Serjeant at Arms before him, and two or three of the guard.*

*Bran.* Your office, Serjeant; execute it.

*Serj.* Sir,

My lord the Duke of *Buckingham*, and Earl  
Of *Hertford*, *Stafford*, and *Northampton*, I  
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name  
Of our most Sov'reign King.

*Buck.* Lo you, my lord,  
The net has fall'n upon me; I shall perish  
Under device and practice.

*Bran.* I am sorry  
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on  
The business present. 'Tis his Highness' pleasure  
You shall to th' *Tower*.

*Buck.* It will help me nothing  
To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me,  
Which makes my whit' st part black. The will of heav'n  
Be done in this and all things! I obey.  
O my lord *Aberga'ny*, fare ye well.

*Bran.* Nay, he must bear you company. The King  
Is pleas'd you shall to th' *Tower*, 'till you know  
How he determines further.

*Aber.* As the Duke said,  
The will of heav'n be done; and the King's pleasure  
By me obey'd!

*Bran.* Here is a warrant from  
The King, t'attach lord *Montague*; and the bodies  
Of the Duke's confessor, *John de la Car*;  
And *Gilbert Peck*, his chancellor. (5)

(5) *One Gilbert Peck, his Counsellour.*] So the Old Copies have it, but, when I publish'd my SHAKESPEARE restor'd, I, from the Authorities of *Hall* and *Holingshead*, chang'd it to *Chancellour*. And our Poet himself, in the Beginning of the second Act vouches for this Correction.

*At which; appear'd against him his Surveyor,*

*Sir Gilbert Peck his Chancellor*

*Mr. Pope*, in his last Edition, has vouchsaf'd to embrace my Correction:

*Buck.*



# King HENRY VIII

11

Buck. So, so;

These are the limbs o'th' plot: no more, I hope?

Bran. A monk o'th' *Chartreux*.

Buck. *Nicholas Hopkins*? (6)

Bran. He.

Buck. My surveyor is false, the o'er-great Cardinal

Hath shew'd him gold; my life is spann'd already:

I am the shadow of poor *Buckingham*,

Whose figure ev'n this instant cloud puts on,

By dark'ning my clear sun. My lord, farewell. [Exit]

## SCENE changes to the Council-Chamber.

*Cornet.* Enter King Henry, leaning on the Cardinal's shoulder; the Nobles, and Sir Thomas Lovel; the Cardinal places himself under the King's feet, on his right side.

King. MY life it self, and the best heart of it, level Thanks you for this great care: I stood 'till Of a full-charg'd confed'racy, and give thanks To you that choak'd it. Let be call'd before us That gentleman of *Buckingham's* in person; I'll hear him his confessions justify, And point by point the treasons of his master He shall again relate.

A noise within, crying, Room for the Queen. Enter the Queen usher'd by the Duke of Norfolk, and Suffolk; she kneels. The King riseth from his state, takes her up, kisses and placeth her by him.

Queen. Nay, we must longer kneel; I am a suitor.

King. Arise, and take your place by us; half your suit Never name to us; you have half our power: The other moiety, ere you ask, is given; Repeat your will, and take it.

Queen. Thank your Majesty.

(6) *Michael Hopkins*?] So all the Old Copies had it; and so Mr. Rowe and Mr. Pope from them. But here again, by the Help of the Chronicles, I have formerly given the true Reading; which Mr. Pope has likewise adopted in his last Edition.

That you would love your self, and in that love  
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor  
The dignity of your office, is the point  
Of my petition.

*King.* Lady mine, proceed.

*Queen.* I am sollicit'd, not by a few,  
And those of true condition, that your subjects  
Are in great grievance. There have been commissions  
Sent down among 'em, which have flaw'd the heart  
Of all their loyalties; wherein although [To Wolsey.  
(My good lord Cardinal) they vent reproaches  
Most bitterly on you, as putter on  
Of these exactions; yet the King our master  
(Whose honour heav'n shield from soil) ev'n he escapes not  
Language unmannerly; yea such, which breaks  
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears  
In loud rebellion.

*Nor.* Not almost appears,  
It doth appear; for upon these taxations,  
The clothiers all, not able to maintain  
The many to them 'longing, have put off  
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers; who,  
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger  
And lack of other means, in desp'rate manner  
Daring th' event to th' teeth, are all in uproar,  
And danger serves among them.

*King.* Taxation?  
Wherein? and what taxation? my lord Cardinal,  
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,  
Know you of this taxation?

*Wol.* Please you, Sir,  
I know but of a single part in ought  
Pertains to th' state, and front but in that file  
Where others tell steps with me.

*Queen.* No, my lord,  
You know no more than others: but you frame  
Things that are known alike, which are not wholesome  
To those which would not know them, and yet must  
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions  
(Whereof my Sov'raign would have note) they are

Most



# King HENRY VIII.

15

Most pestilent to th' hearing; and, to bear 'em,  
The back is sacrifice to th' load; they say,  
They are devis'd by you, or else you suffer  
Too hard an exclamation.

*King.* Still, exaction!

The nature of it, in what kind let's know  
Is this exaction?

*Queen.* I am much too vent'rous  
In tempting of your patience, but am bolden'd  
Under your promis'd pardon. The subjects grief  
Comes through commissions, which compel from each  
The sixth part of his substance, to be levy'd  
Without delay; and the pretence for this  
Is nam'd, your wars in *France*. This makes bold mouths;  
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze  
Allegiance in them; All their curses now  
Live where their pray'rs did; and it's come to pass,  
That tractable obedience is a slave  
To each incens'd will. I would, your Highness  
Would give it quick consideration, for  
There is no primer baseness.

*King.* By my life,  
This is against our pleasure.

*Wol.* And for me,  
I have no further gone in this, than by  
A single voice; and that not past me, but  
By learned approbation of the judges.  
If I'm traduc'd by tongues, which neither know  
My faculties, nor person; yet will be  
The chronicles of my doing; let me say,  
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake  
That virtue must go through: we must not stint  
Our necessary actions, in the fear  
To cope malicious censurers; which ever,  
As rav'nous fishes do a vessel follow  
That is new trimm'd; but benefit no further  
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,  
By sick interpreters, or weak ones, is  
Not ours, or not allow'd: what worst, as oft  
Hitting a grosser quality, is cry'd up

For

For our best act : if we stand still, in fear  
Our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,  
We should take root here where we sit :  
Or sit state-statues only.

*King.* Things done well,  
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear :  
Things done without example, in their issue  
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent  
Of this commission ? I believe, not any.  
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,  
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each !  
A trembling contribution ! — why, we take  
From ev'ry tree, lop, bark, and part o'r timber :  
And though we leave it with a root, thus hackt,  
The air will drink the sap. To ev'ry county,  
Where this is question'd, send our letters, with  
Free pardon to each man that has deny'd  
The force of this commission : pray, look to't ;  
I put it to your care.

*Wol.* A word with you.

[*To the Secretary.*]

Let there be letters writ to ev'ry shire,  
Of the King's grace and pardon : The griev'd commons  
Hardly conceive of me, let it be nois'd,  
That, through our intercession, this revokement  
And pardon comes ; I shall anon advise you  
Further in the proceeding.

[*Exit Secretary.*]

*Enter Surveyor.*

*Queen.* I'm sorry that the Duke of Buckingham  
Is run in your displeasure.

*King.* It grieves many ;  
The gentleman is learn'd, a most rare speaker,  
To nature none more bound ; his training such,  
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,  
And never seek for aid out of himself.  
Yet see, when noble benefits shall prove  
Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,  
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly  
Than ever they were fair. This man so compleat,  
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,

Almost



Almost with list'ning raviſh'd, could not find  
His hour of ſpeech, a minute; he, my lady,  
Hath into monſtrous habits put the graces  
That once were his; and is become as black,  
As if beſmear'd in hell. Sit, you ſhall hear  
(This was his gentleman in truſt) of him  
Things to ſtrike honour ſad. Bid him recount  
The fore-recited practices, whereof  
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

*Wol.* Stand forth, and with bold ſpirit relate, what you,  
Moſt like a careful ſubject, have collected  
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

*King.* Speak freely.

*Surv.* Firſt, it was uſual with him, ev'ry day  
It would infect his ſpeech, that if the King  
Should without iſſue die, he'd carry't ſo  
To make the ſcepter his. Theſe very words  
I've heard him utter to his ſon-in-law,  
Lord *Aberga'hny*, to whom by oath he menac'd  
Revenge upon the Cardinal.

*Wol.* Pleaſe your Highneſs, note  
His dangerous conception in this point:  
Not friended by his wiſh to your high perſon,  
His will is moſt malignant, and it ſtretches  
Beyond you to your friends.

*Queen.* My learn'd lord Cardinal,  
Deliver all with charity.

*King.* Speak on;  
How grounded he his title to the Crown,  
Upon our fail? to this point haſt thou heard him  
At any time ſpeak aught?

*Surv.* He was brought to this,  
By a vain prophecie of *Nicholas Hopkins*. (7)

VOL. V.

B

King.

(7) By a vain Prophecie of *Nicholas HENTON* We heard before,  
from *Brandon*, of one *Nicholas Hopkins*; and now his Name is chang'd in-  
to *Henton*; ſo that *Brandon* and the Surveyor ſeem to be in two Stories.  
There is, however, but one and the ſame Perſon meant, *Hopkins*; as I  
have reſtor'd it in the Text: nor will it be any Difficulty to account for  
the other Name, when we come to conſider, that He was a Monk of the  
Convent, call'd *Henton*, near *Briſtol*. So both *Hall* and *Holinghead* ac-  
quaint

King. What was that *Hopkins*?

Surv. Sir, a *Chartreux* Friar,  
His confessor, who fed him ev'ry minute  
With words of Sov'reignty.

King. How know'st thou this?

Surv. Not long before your Highness sped to *France*,  
The Duke being at the *Rose*, within the parish  
St. *Lawrence Poultney*, did of me demand  
What was the speech among the *Londoners*  
Concerning the *French* journey? I reply'd,  
Men fear'd the *French* would prove perfidious,  
To the King's danger: presently the Duke  
Said, 'twas the fear, indeed; and that he doubted,  
'T would prove the verity of certain words  
Spoke by a holy Monk; that oft, says he,  
Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit  
*John de la Car*, my chaplain, a choice hour  
To hear from him a matter of some moment:  
Whom after under the Confession's seal (8)  
He solemnly had sworn, that, what he spoke,  
My chaplain to no creature living, but  
To me, should utter; with demure confidence,  
This pausingly ensu'd;—Neither the King, nor's heirs  
(Tell you the Duke) shall prosper; bid him strive  
To gain the love o'th' commonalty; the Duke  
Shall govern *England*.—

Queen. If I know you well,  
You were the Duke's surveyor, and lost your office  
On the complaint o'th' tenants; take good heed;

quaint us. And he might, according to the Custom of those Times, be call'd as well *Nicholas* of *Henton*, from the Place; as *Hopkins*, from his Family. I formerly set the Text right; and Mr. *Pope* has since acceded to my Alteration.

[8] under the Commission's Seal

He solemnly had sworn,] So all the Editions down from the very Beginning. But, what Commission's Seal? That is a Question, I dare say, none of our diligent Editors ever ask'd themselves. The Text must be restor'd, as I have corrected it; and honest *Holingshead*, from whom our Author took the Substance of this Passage, may be call'd in as a Testimony.—“The Duke in Talk told the Monk, that he had done very well “to bind his Chaplain, *John de la Court*, under the Seal of Confession, to “keep secret such Matter.” *Vid.* Life of Henry VIII. p. 863.

You



Your charge not in your spleen a noble person,  
And spoil your nobler soul : I say, take heed ; (9).  
Yes, heartily I beseech you.

King. Let him on.  
Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.  
I told my lord the Duke, by th' devil's illusions  
The Monk might be deceiv'd, and that 'twas dang'rous  
For him to ruminate on this, until  
It forg'd him some design, which, being believ'd,  
It was much like to do : he answer'd, Tush,  
It can do me no damage : adding further,  
That had the King in his last sickness fail'd,  
The Cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads  
Should have gone off.

King. Ha ! what, so rank ? ah ha —  
There's mischief in this man ; canst thou say further ?

Surv. I can, my Liege.

King. Proceed.

Surv. Being at Greenwich,  
After your Highness had reprov'd the Duke  
About Sir William Blomer —

King. I remember  
Of such a time, he being my sworn servant,  
The Duke retain'd him his. But on ; what hence ?

Surv. If, quoth he, I for this had been committed,  
As to the Tower, I thought ; I would have plaid  
The part my father meant to act upon  
Th' usurper Richard, who being at Salisbury,  
Made suit to come in's presence ; which, if granted,  
(As he made semblance of his duty) would  
Have put his knife into him.

King. A giant traitor !  
Wol. Now, Madam, may his Highness live in freedom,  
And this man out of prison ?

[9] *And spoil your noble Soul :* Mr. Rowe's Edition, I think, first sophisticated this Passage : The oldest Copies read, *nobler*. And it seems very proper for a pious Queen to say, the *Soul* of any Person was of a *nobler* Regard than the *Life* of the most noble Person.

*Queen.* God mend all! [Exit]

*King.* There's something more would out of thee; what

*Surv.* After the Duke his father with the knife,  
He stretch'd him, and with one hand on his dagger,  
Another spread on's breast, mounting his eyes,  
He did discharge a horrible oath, whose tenour  
Was, were he evil us'd, he would out-go  
His father, by as much as a performance  
Does an irresolute purpose.

*King.* There's his period,  
To sheath his knife in us; he is attach'd,  
Call him to present tryal; if he may  
Find mercy in the Law, 'tis his; if none,  
Let him not seek't of us: by day and night,  
He's traitor to the height. [Exit]

### SCENE, an Apartment in the Palace.

*Enter Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Sands.*

*Cham.* I S't possible the spells of France should juggle  
Men into such strange mysteries? (10)

*Sands.* New customs,  
Though they be never so ridiculous,  
Nay let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

*Cham.* As far as I see, all the good our *English*  
Have got by the last voyage, is but merely  
A fit or two o'th' face, but they are shrewd ones;  
For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly

(10) *Men in to such strange Mysteries* [?] What Mysteries were these? Why, new fantastick Court-Fashions. But to prove it beyond Doubt to be a spurious Reading, let us consider the Nature of those Superstitions; that the *Metaphors* in the foregoing line allude to. It was the Opinion of the Common People at that time, that Conjurers, Jugglers &c. with their Spells and Charms could force Men to commit idle fantastick Actions; or change their Shapes into something grotesque and ridiculous. This being alluded to here, tis plain, we must read in the 2d line,

*Men into such strange Mockeries.* a Word, which very well expresses the whimsical Fashions here complain'd of.



Their very noses had been counsellors  
 To *Pepin* or *Clotharius*, they keep state so. [Take it,  
*Sands*. They've all new legs, and lame ones; one would  
 (That never saw 'em pace before) the spavin  
 And spring-halt reign'd among 'em.  
*Cham*. Death! my lord,  
 Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,  
 That, sure, they've worn out Christendom: how now?  
 What news, Sir *Thomas Lovell*?

Enter Sir Thomas Lovell.

*Lov*. Faith, my lord,  
 I hear of none, but the new proclamation  
 That's clap'd upon the court-gate.

*Cham*. What is't for?

*Lov*. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,  
 That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

*Cham*. I'm glad, 'tis there; now I would pray our  
 To think an *English* courtier may be wise, [Monsieurs  
 And never see the *Louvre*.

*Lov*. They must either  
 (For so run the conditions) leave those remnants  
 Of fool and feather, that they got in *France*;  
 With all their honourable points of ignorance  
 Pertaining thereunto, as fights and fire-works;  
 Abusing better men than they can be,  
 Out of a foreign wisdom; clean renouncing  
 The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,  
 Short bolster'd breeches, and those types of travel;  
 And understand again like honest men,  
 Or pack to their old play-fellows; there, I take it,  
 They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away  
 The lag-end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

*Sands*. 'Tis time to give them Physick, their Diseases  
 Are grown so catching.

*Cham*. What a loss our ladies  
 Will have of these trim vanities?

*Lov*. Ay, marry,  
 There will be woe indeed, lords; the fly whoresons  
 Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies:

A *French* song and a fiddle has no fellow.

*Sands.* The devil fiddle 'em! I'm glad, they're going:  
For, sure, there's no converting 'em: now, Sirs,  
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten  
A long time out of play, may bring his plain song,  
And have an hour of hearing, and, by'r lady,  
Held current musick too.

*Cham.* Well said, lord *Sands*;  
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet?

*Sands.* No, my lord,  
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

*Cham.* Sir *Thomas*,  
Whither are you going?

*Lov.* To the Cardinal's;  
Your lordship is a guest too.

*Cham.* O, 'tis true;  
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,  
To many lords and ladies; there will be  
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

*Lov.* That churchman bears a bounteous mind, indeed;  
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us,  
His dew falls ev'ry where.

*Cham.* No doubt, he's noble;  
He had a black mouth, that said other of him.

*Sands.* He may, my lord, h'as wherewithal: in him,  
Sparing would shew a worse sin than ill doctrine. (11)  
Men of his way should be most liberal,  
They're set here for examples.

*Cham.* True, they are so;  
But few now give so great ones: my Barge stays;  
Your lordship shall along: come, good Sir *Thomas*,  
We shall be late else, which I would not be,  
For I was spoke to, with Sir *Henry Guilford*.

(11) ————— h'as wherewithal in him;  
[Sparing would shew &c.] Thus this has hitherto been falsely pointed. The  
wherewithal, intended by Lord *Sands*, was not in the Cardinal's internal  
Wealth, the Bounty of his Mind; but the Goods of Fortune, his outward  
Treasures, large Revenues: which would have aggravated the Sin of Par-  
simony in him. The ingenious Dr. *Thirlby* likewise corrected this Passage,  
as I have done:

This



King HENRY VIII.

23

This night to be comptrollers.

Sands. I'm your lordship's.

[Exeunt]

SCENE changes to York-house.

Hautboys. *A small table under a state for the Cardinal, a longer Table for the guests. Then enter Anne Bullen, and divers other ladies and gentlemen, as guests, at one door; at another door, enter Sir Henry Guilford.*

Guil. Ladies, a gen'ral welcome from his Grace. Salutes ye all: this night he dedicates To fair content and you: none here, he hopes, In all this noble bevy, has brought with her, One care abroad: he would have all as merry, As, first-good company, good wine, good welcome, (12) Can make good people.

*Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands and Lovell.*

O my lord, y'are tardy;  
The very thoughts of this fair company  
Clap'd wings to me.

Cham. You're young, Sir Harry Guilford.

Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the Cardinal  
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these  
Should find a running banquet, ere they rested:  
I think, would better please 'em: by my life,  
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Lov. O, that your lordship were but now confessor  
To one or two of these.

Sands. I would I were  
They should find easie penance.

Lov. 'Faith, how easie?

Sands. As easie, as a down-bed would afford it.

(12) *As, first, good Company, good Wine, &c.] As this Passage has been all along pointed, Sir Harry Guilford is made to include All these under the first Article: and then gives us the Drop as to What should follow. (The Poet, I am perswaded, wrote:*

*As first-good Company, good Wine, good Welcome, &c. i. e. he would have you as merry as these 3 Things can make You, the best Company in the Land, of the best Rank, good Wine, &c.*

*Cham.* Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir *Harry*,  
Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this;  
His Grace is entring; nay, you must not freeze:  
Two women, plac'd together, make cold weather:  
My lord *Sands*, you are one will keep 'em waking;  
Pray, sit between these ladies.

*Sands.* By my faith,  
And thank your lordship. By your leave, sweet ladies;  
If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me:  
I had it from my father.

*Anne.* Was he mad, Sir?

*Sands.* O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too;  
But he would bite none; just as I do now,  
He'd kiss you twenty with a breath.

*Cham.* Well said, my lord;  
So now y'are fairly feared: gentlemen,  
The penance lyes on you, if these fair ladies  
Pass away frowning.

*Sands.* For my little cure, (13)  
Let me alone.

*Hautboys, Enter Cardinal Wolsey, and takes his state.*

*Wol.* Y'are welcome, my fair guests; that noble lady,  
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,  
Is not my friend. This, to confirm my welcome;  
And to you all good health. [Drinks.]

*Sands.* Your Grace is noble:  
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,  
And save me so much talking.

*Wol.* My lord *Sands*,  
I am beholden to you; cheer your neighbour;  
Ladies, you are not merry; gentlemen,  
Whose fault is this?

*Sands.* The red wine first must rise  
In their fair cheeks, my lord, then we shall have 'em  
Talk us to silence.

(13) *For my little Cure.* This Word I have respect'd from the first Folio.  
Some of the modern Editions read, *Cure*. But Lord *Sands* seems to me to  
prosecute the Idea of *penance*, mention'd by the Lord *Chamberlain*, and  
humourously alluded to the *Cure of Sands*.

*Anne,*



Anne. You're a merry gamester,  
My lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play;  
Here's to your ladyship, and pledge it, madam;  
For 'tis to such a thing —

Anne. You cannot shew me.

Sands. I told your Grace, that they would talk anon.

[*Drum and trumpets, chambers discharged.*]

Wol. What's that?

Cham. Look out there, some of ye.

Wol. What warlike voice,

And to what end is this? nay, ladies, fear not;

By all the laws of war y'are privileged.

*Enter a Servant.*

Cham. How now, what is't?

Ser. A noble troop of strangers,  
For so they seem, have left their barge and landed;  
And hither make, as great ambassadors  
From foreign Princes.

Wol. Good Lord Chamberlain,  
Go, give 'em welcome; you can speak the French tongue;  
And, pray, receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em  
Into our presence, where this heav'n of beauty  
Shall shine at full upon them. Some attend him.

[*All arise, and tables removed.*]

You've now a broken banquet, but we'll mend it.  
A good digestion to you all; and, once more,  
I shewre a welcome on ye: welcome all.

Hautboys. *Enter King and others as Maskers, habited like  
Shepherds, usher'd by the Lord Chamberlain. They pass  
directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute him.*

A noble company! what are their pleasures?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd  
To tell your Grace, that having heard by fame  
Of this so noble and so fair assembly,  
This night to meet here, they could do no less,  
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,  
But leave their flocks, and under your fair conduct.

Crave

Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat  
An hour of revels with 'em.

*Wol.* Say, Lord Chamberlain,  
They've done my poor house grace: for which I pay 'em  
A thousand thanks, and pray 'em, take their pleasures.  
[Chuse ladies, King and Anne Bullen.

*King.* The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O beauty,  
Till now I never knew thee. [Misick, Dance.

*Wol.* My lord,

*Cham.* Your Grace;

*Wol.* Pray tell 'em thus much from me:  
There should be one amongst 'em by his person  
More worthy this place than my self, to whom,  
If I but knew him, with my love and duty  
I would surrender it.

[Whisper.

*Cham.* I will, my Lord.

*Wol.* What say they?

*Cham.* Such a one, they all confess,  
There is indeed; which they would have your Grace  
Find out, and he will take it.

*Wol.* Let me see then:

By all your good leaves, gentlemen, here I'll make  
My royal choice.

*King.* You've found him, Cardinal:  
You hold a fair assembly: you do well, lord.  
You are a church-man, or I'll tell you, Cardinal,  
I should judge now unhappily.

*Wol.* I'm glad,  
Your Grace is grown so pleasant.

*King.* My lord Chamberlain,  
Pr'ythee come hither, what fair lady's that? [daughter,

*Cham.* An't please your Grace, Sir Thomas Bullen's  
(The Viscount Rochford,) one of her Highness' women.

*King.* By heaven, she's a dainty one: sweet heart,  
I were unmannerly to take you out, [To Anne Bullen.  
And not to kiss you. A health, gentlemen,  
Let it go round.

*Wol.* Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready  
I'th' privy chamber;

*Lov.* Yes, my lord.

*Wol.*



King HENRY VIII.

27

Wol. Your Grace,

I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

King. I fear, too much.

Wol. There's fresher air, my lord,

In the next chamber.

King. Lead in your ladies every one: sweet partner,  
I must not yet forsake you; let's be merry.

Good my lord Cardinal: I have half a dozen healths

To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure

To lead them once again; and then let's dream

Who's best in favour. Let the musick knock it.

[*Exeunt with Trumpets.*]



ACT II.

SCENE, a Street.

*Enter two Gentlemen at several Doors.*

I GENTLEMAN.

HITHER away so fast?

2 Gen. O Sir, God save ye:

Ev'n to the hall, to hear what shall become  
Of the great Duke of *Buckingham*.

1 Gen. I'll save you

That labour, Sir. All's now done, but the Ceremony  
Of bringing back the pris'ner.

2 Gen. Were you there?

1 Gen. Yes, indeed, was I.

2 Gen. Pray, speak, what has happen'd?

1 Gen. You may guess quickly what.

2 Gen. Is he found guilty?

1 Gen. Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon't.

2 Gen. I'm sorry for't.

1 Gen. So are a number more.

2 Gen.

Vol.

2 Gen. But, pray, how pass'd it?

1 Gen. I'll tell you in a little. The great Duke  
Came to the Bar; where, to his Acculations  
He pleaded still not guilty; and alledg'd  
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.  
The King's Attorney, on the contrary,  
Urg'd on examinations, proofs, confessions  
Of divers witnesses, which the Duke desir'd  
To have brought *viva voce* to his Face;  
At which appear'd against him, his surveyor,  
Sir Gilbert Pecke his chancellor, and John Car  
Confessor to him, with that devil-Monk,  
*Hopkins*, that made this mischief.

2 Gen. That was he,  
That fed him with his prophecies.

1 Gen. The same.

All these accus'd him strongly, which he fain  
Would have flung from him; but, indeed, he could not  
And so his Peers upon this evidence  
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much  
He spoke, and learnedly for life; but all  
Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.

2 Gen. After all this, how did he bear himself?

1 Gen. When he was brought again to th' bar, to hear  
His knell rung out, his Judgment, he was stirr'd  
With such an agony, he sweat extremely;  
And something spoke in choler, ill and hasty;  
But he fell to himself again, and sweetly  
In all the rest shew'd a most noble patience.

2 Gen. I do not think, he fears death.

1 Gen. Sure, he does not,  
He never was so womanish; the cause  
He may a little grieve at.

2 Gen. Certainly,  
The Cardinal is the end of this.

1 Gen. 'Tis likely,  
By all conjectures: first *Kildare's* attainder,  
Then Deputy of *Ireland*; who remov'd,  
*Earl Surrey* was sent thither, and in haste roo,  
Lest he should help his father.



# King HENRY VIII

79

2 Gen. That trick of state  
Was a deep, envious, one.

1 Gen. At his return,  
No doubt, he will requite it; this is noted,  
And gen'rally, who-ever the King favours,  
The Cardinal instantly will find employment for,  
And far enough from court too.

2 Gen. All the commons  
Hate him perniciously: and o'my conscience  
With him ten fathom deep: this Duke as much  
They love and doat on, call him bounteous *Buckingham*,  
The Mirror of all courtesie.

*Enter Buckingham from his Arraignment, (Tiptoes before him, the Axe with the edge towards him, Halberds on each side) accompanied with Sir Thomas Lovell, Sir Nicholas Vaux, Sir William Sands, and common People, &c.*

1 Gen. Stay there, Sir,  
And see the noble ruin'd Man you speak of.

2 Gen. Let's stand close and behold him.

Buck. All good People,  
You that thus far have come to pity me,  
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me:  
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,  
And by that name must die; yet, heav'n bear witness,  
And if I have a conscience, let it sink me  
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful.  
To th' law I bear no malice for my death,  
'T has done, upon the Premises, but Justice:  
But those that fought it, I could wish more Christians;  
Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em;  
Yet let 'em look, they glory not in mischief;  
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;  
For then, my guiltless blood must cry against 'em.  
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,  
Nor will I sue, although the King have mercies  
More than I dare make faults. You saw that lov'd me,  
And dare be bold to weep for *Buckingham*,  
His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave  
Is only bitter to him, only dying;

Go

Go with me, like good Angels, to my end:  
 And as the long divorce of steel falls on me,  
 Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,  
 And lift my soul to heav'n. Lead on, o' God's name.

*Lov.* I do beseech your Grace for charity,  
 If ever any malice in your heart  
 Were hid against me, now forgive me frankly.

*Buck.* Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you,  
 As I would be forgiven: I forgive all.  
 There cannot be those numberless offences  
 'Gainst me, I can't take peace with: no black envy  
 Shall make my grave. — Commend me to his Grace:  
 And if he speak of *Buckingham*, pray tell him,  
 You met him half in heaven: my vows and pray'rs  
 Yet are the King's; and 'till my soul forsake me,  
 Shall cry for blessings on him. May he live  
 Longer than I have time to tell his years!  
 Ever belov'd and loving may his rule be!  
 And when old time shall lead him to his end,  
 Goodness, and he, fill up one monument!

*Lov.* To th' water-side I must conduct your Grace,  
 Then give my charge up to Sir *Nicholas Vaux*,  
 Who undertakes you to your end.

*Vaux.* Prepare there,  
 The Duke is coming: see, the barge be ready;  
 And fit it with such furniture as suits  
 The greatness of his Person.

*Buck.* Nay, Sir *Nicholas*,  
 Let it alone; my state now will but mock me,  
 When I came hither, I was Lord high Constable,  
 And Duke of *Buckingham*; now, poor *Edward Bobun*.  
 Yet I am richer than my base accusers,  
 That never knew what truth meant. I now seal it;  
 And with that blood, will make 'em one day groan for't.  
 My noble father, *Henry of Buckingham*,  
 Who first rais'd head against usurping *Richard*,  
 Flying for succour to his servant *Banister*,  
 Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,  
 And without tryal fell; God's peace be with him!



# King HENRY VIII.

11

Henry the Sev'nth succeeding, truly pitying  
My father's loss, like a most royal Prince  
Restor'd to me my honours; and from ruins,  
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,  
Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name, and all  
That made me happy, at one stroak has taken  
For ever from the world. I had my tryal,  
And must needs say, a noble one; which makes me  
A little happier than my wretched father:  
Yet thus far we are one in fortune, both  
Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd.  
A most unnatural and faithless service!  
Heav'n has an end in all: yet, you that hear me,  
This from a dying man receive as certain:  
Where you are lib'ral of your loves and counsels;  
Be sure, you be not loose; those you make friends,  
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive  
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away  
Like water from ye, never found again,  
But where they mean to sink ye. All good people  
Pray for me! I must leave ye; the last hour  
Of my long weary life is come upon me:  
Farewel; and when you would say something sad,  
Speak, how I fell—I've done; and God forgive me.

*[Exeunt Buckingham and Train.]*

1 Gen. O, this is full of pity; Sir, it calls,  
I fear, too many curses on their heads,  
That were the authors.

2 Gen. If the Duke be guiltless,  
'Tis full of woe; yet I can give you inkling  
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,  
Greater than this.

1 Gen. Good angels keep it from us!  
What may it be? you do not doubt my faith, Sir?

2 Gen. This secret is so weighty, 'twill require  
A strong faith to conceal it.

1 Gen. Let me have it;  
I do not talk much.

2 Gen. I am confident;

You

You shall, Sir; did you not of late days hear  
A buzzing of a separation  
Between the King and Cath'rine?

1 Gen. Yes, but it held not;  
For when the King once heard it, out of anger  
He sent command to the Lord Mayor strait  
To stop the rumour; and allay those tongues,  
That durst disperse it.

2 Gen. But that Slander, Sir,  
Is found a truth now; for it grows again  
Fresher than e'er it was: and held for certain,  
The King will venture at it. Either the Cardinal,  
Or some about him near, have (out of malice  
To the good Queen) possess'd him with a scruple  
That will undo her: to confirm this too,  
Cardinal Campensis is arriv'd, and lately,  
As all think, for this business.

1 Gen. 'Tis the Cardinal;  
And meerly to revenge him on the Emperor,  
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,  
The Arch-bishoprick of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

2 Gen. I think; you've hit the mark; but is't not cruel,  
That she should feel the smart of this? the Cardinal  
Will have his will, and she must fall.

1 Gen. 'Tis woful.  
We are too open here to argue this:  
Let's think in private more. [Exeunt]

### SCENE, an Antechamber in the Palace.

Enter Lord Chamberlain, reading a letter.

MY lord, the horses your lordship sent for, with all the  
care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnished.  
They were young and handsome, and of the best breed in the  
North. When they were ready to set out for London,  
a man of my lord Cardinal's, by commission and main power  
took 'em from me, with this reason; his master would be  
serv'd before a subject, if not before the King, which stopp'd  
our mouths, Sir.



I fear, he will indeed; well, let him have them.  
He will have all, I think.

Enter to the Lord Chamberlain the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk.

Nor. Well met, my Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your Graces.

Suf. How is the King employ'd?

Cham. Left him private,  
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cause?

Cham. It seems, the marriage with his brother's wife  
Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf. No, his conscience  
Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'Tis so;  
This is the Cardinal's doing; the King-Cardinal:  
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,  
Turns what he lists. The King will know him one day.

Suf. Pray God, he do! he'll never know himself else.

Nor. How holily he works in all his business,  
And with what zeal? for now he has crackt the league  
'Tween us and th' Emperor, the Queen's great nephew,  
He dives into the King's soul, and there scatters  
Doubts, dangers, wringing of the conscience,  
Fears, and despair, and all these for his marriage;  
And out of all these, to restore the King,  
He counsels a divorce; a loss of Her,  
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years  
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;  
Of her, that loves him with that excellence,  
That angels love good men with; even of her;  
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,  
Will bless the King; and is not this course pious? [true,

Cham. Heav'n keep me from such counsel! 'tis most  
These news are ev'ry where; ev'ry tongue speaks 'em,  
And ev'ry true heart weeps for't. All, that dare  
Look into these affairs, see his main end,  
The French King's sister. Heav'n will one day open  
The King's eyes, that so long have slept upon

This bold, bad man.

*Suf.* And free us from his slavery.

*Nor.* We had need pray, and heartily, for deliv'rance;  
Or this imperious man will work us all

From princes into pages; all mens honours

Lye like one lump before him, to be fashion'd

Into what pitch he please.

*Suf.* For me, my lords,

I love him not, nor fear him, there's my Creed:

As I am made without him, so I'll stand,

If the King please: his curses and his blessings

Touch me alike; they're breath I not believe in.

I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him

To him, that made him proud, the Pope.

*Nor.* Let's in.

And with some other business put the King

From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him;

My lord, you'll bear us company?

*Cham.* Excuse me,

The King hath sent me other-where: besides,

You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:

Health to your lordships. *[Exit Lord Chamberlain.]*

*Nor.* Thanks, my good Lord Chamberlain.

*The Scene draws, and discovers the King sitting and reading pensively.*

*Suf.* How sad he looks! sure, he is much afflicted.

*King.* Who's there? ha?

*Nor.* Pray God, he be not angry.

*King.* Who's there, I say? how dare you thrust your  
Into my private meditations? *[selves]*

Who am I? ha?

*Nor.* A gracious King, that pardons all offences,  
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty, this way,  
Is business of estate; in which we come  
To know your royal pleasure.

*King.* Ye are too bold:

Go to; I'll make ye know your times of business:  
Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha?

*Enter*



*Enter Wolsey, and Campeius the Pope's Legat, with a Commission.*

Who's there? my good Lord Cardinal? O my *Wolsey*,  
The quiet of my wounded conscience;  
Thou art a cure fit for a King. — You're welcome,  
Most learned rev'rend Sir, into our kingdom; [*To Cam-*  
Use us, and it; my good lord, have great care [*peius.*  
I be not found a talker.

*Wol.* Sir, you cannot:

I would, your Grace would give us but an hour  
Of private Conference.

*King.* We are busie; go. [*To Norf. and Suff.*

*Nor.* This priest has no pride in him?

*Suf.* Not to speak of:

I would not be so sick though, for his place:  
But this cannot continue.

*Nor.* If it do,  
I'll venture one heave at him.

*Suf.* I another. [*Exeunt Norfolk and Suffolk.*

*Wol.* Your Grace has giv'n a precedent of wisdom  
Above all Princes, in committing freely  
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:  
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?  
The *Spaniard*, ty'd by blood and favour to her,  
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,  
The tryal just and noble. All the clerks,  
I mean the learned ones, in christian kingdoms,  
Have their free voices. *Rome*, the nurse of Judgment,  
Invited by your noble self, hath sent  
One gen'ral tongue unto us, this good man,  
This just and learned priest, *Cardinal Campeius*;  
Whom once more I present unto your Highness.

*King.* And once more in mine arms I bid him welcome,  
And thank the holy Conclave for their loves;  
They've sent me such a man, I would have wish'd for.

*Cam.* Your Grace must needs deserve all strangers loves,  
You are so noble: to your Highness' hand  
I tender my commission; by whose virtue,  
(The court of *Rome* commanding) you, my lord

Cardinal of York, are join'd with me, their servant,  
In the impartial judging of this business.

*King.* Two equal men: the Queen shall be acquainted  
Forthwith for what you come. Where's *Gardiner*?

*Wol.* I know, your Majesty has always lov'd her  
So dear in heart, not to deny her what  
A woman of less place might ask by law;  
Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for her.

*King.* Ay, and the best, she shall have; and my favour  
To him that does best, God forbid else. Cardinal,  
Pr'ythee, call *Gardiner* to me, my new Secretary,  
I find him a fit fellow.

*Enter Gardiner.*

*Wol.* Give me your hand; much joy and favour to you;  
You are the King's now.

*Gard.* But to be commanded  
For ever by your Grace, whose hand has rais'd me.

*King.* Come hither, *Gardiner*. [*Walks and whispers.*]

*Cam.* My lord of York, was not one Doctor *Pace*  
In this man's place before him?

*Wol.* Yes, he was.

*Cam.* Was he not held a learned man?

*Wol.* Yes, surely.

*Cam.* Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then  
Ev'n of your self, lord Cardinal.

*Wol.* How! of me?

*Cam.* They will not stick to say, you envy'd him;  
And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,  
Kept him a foreign man still: which so griev'd him,  
That he ran mad and dy'd.

*Wol.* Heav'n's peace be with him!  
That's christian care enough: for living murmurers,  
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool,  
For he would needs be virtuous. That good fellow,  
If I command him, follows my appointment;  
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,  
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

*King.* Deliver this with modesty to th' Queen.

[*Exit Gardiner.*]

The



The most convenient place that I can think of,  
For such receipt of learning, is *Black-Fryers*;  
There ye shall meet about this weighty business.  
My *Wolsey*, see it furnish'd. O my lord,  
Would it not grieve an able man to leave  
So sweet a bedfellow? but, conscience, conscience!  
O, 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her. *[Exit.]*

SCENE an Antechamber of the Queen's Apartments.

Enter Anne Bullen, and an old Lady.

Anne. **N**OT for that neither — here's the pang, that  
pinches.

His Highness having liv'd so long with her, and she  
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever  
Pronounce dishonour of her; by my life,  
She never knew harm-doing: oh, now after  
So many courses of the sun, enthron'd,  
Still growing in a majesty and pomp,  
The which to leave 's a thousand-fold more bitter  
Than sweet at first t'acquire; after this process,  
To give her the avaunt! it is a pity  
Would move a monster.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper  
Melt and lament for her.

Anne. In God's will, better  
She ne'er had known pomp; though't be temporal,  
Yet if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce (14)  
It from the bearer, 'tis a suff'rance panging  
As soul and body's-sev'ring.

(14) *Yet if that quarrel.* The Sense is somewhat obscure, and uncertain, here. Either *quarrel* must be understood *metaphorically*, to signify a shaft, a dart; as it is used by *Chaucer*; and as, among the *French*, they say, *un Quarreau d'arbaleste*, an Arrow peculiar for the Cross-bow: or we must read, as Mr. *Warburton* has conjectured;

*Yet if that quarrelous Fortune.* —

And *Shakespeare*, I remember, somewhere uses this Expression — as *quarrelous as a Weazel*.

*Old L.* Ah! poor lady,  
She's stranger now again.

*Anne.* So much the more  
Must pity drop upon her; verily,  
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,  
And range with humble livers in content;  
Than to be perk'd up in a glist'ring grief,  
And wear a golden sorrow.

*Old L.* Our content  
Is our best having.

*Anne.* By my troth and maidenhead,  
I would not be a Queen.

*Old L.* Beshrew me, I would,  
And venture maidenhead for't; and so would you,  
For all this spice of your hypocrisie;  
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,  
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet  
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;  
Which, to say sooth, are blessings; and which gifts  
(Saving your mincing) the capacity  
Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive,  
If you might please to stretch it.

*Anne.* Nay, good troth —

*Old L.* Yes, troth and troth: you would not be a Queen?

*Anne.* No, not for all the riches under heav'n.

*Old L.* 'Tis strange; a three-pence bow'd would hire me,  
Old as I am, to queen it; but I pray you,  
What think you of a Dutchess? have you limbs  
To bear that load of title?

*Anne.* No, in truth.

*Old L.* Then you are weakly made: pluck off a little;  
I would not be a young Count in your way,  
For more than blushing comes to: if your back  
Cannot vouchsafe this burthen, 'tis too weak  
Ever to get a boy.

*Anne.* How do you talk!  
I swear again, I would not be a Queen  
For all the world.

*Old L.* In faith, for little England  
You'd venture an emballing: I my self

Would



Would for Carnarvanshire, though there belong'd  
No more to th' Crown but that. Lo, who comes here?

*Enter Lord Chamberlain.*

*Cham.* Good morrow, ladies; what were't worth to  
The secret of your conference? [*know*

*Anne.* My good lord,  
Not your demand; it values not your asking:  
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

*Cham.* It was a gentle business, and becoming  
The action of good women: there is hope,  
All will be well.

*Anne.* Now I pray God, amen!

*Cham.* You bear a gentle mind, and heav'nly blessings  
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,  
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's  
Ta'en of your many virtues; the King's Majesty  
Commends his good opinion to you, and  
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing  
Than Marchioness of *Pembroke*; to which title  
A thousand pounds a year, annual support,  
Out of his grace he adds.

*Anne.* I do not know  
What kind of my obedience I should tender;  
More than my all, is nothing: Nor my prayers  
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes  
More worth than vanities; yet pray'rs and wishes  
Are all I can return. 'Beseech your lordship,  
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my obedience,  
As from a blushing handmaid to his Highness;  
Whose health and royalty I pray for.

*Cham.* Lady,  
I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit,  
The King hath of you. — I've perus'd her well; (15)  
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled, [*Aside.*

(15) *I've perus'd her well:*] From the many artful Strokes of Address the Poet has thrown in upon Queen *Elizabeth* and her Mother, it should seem, that this Play was written and perform'd in his Royal Mistress's time: if so, some Lines were added by him in the last Scene, after the Accession of her Successor, King *James*.

That they have caught the King; and who knows yet,  
But from this lady may proceed a Gem,  
To lighten all this Isle? — I'll to the King,  
And say, I spoke with you. [Exit Lord Chamberlain.

Anne. My honour'd lord,

Old L. Why, this it is: see, see!  
I have been begging sixteen years in court,  
(Am yet a courtier beggarly) nor could  
Come pat betwixt *too early* and *too late*,  
For any suit of pounds: And you, oh fate!  
(A very fresh fish here; fie, fie upon  
This compell'd fortune) have your mouth fill'd up,  
Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no:  
There was a lady once ('tis an old story)  
That would not be a Queen, that would she not,  
For all the mud in *Egypt*; have you heard it?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your theme, I could  
O'er mount the lark. The Marchioness of *Pembroke*!  
A thousand pounds a year, for pure respect!  
No other Obligation? By my life,  
That promises more thousands: honour's train  
Is longer than his fore-skirt. By this time,  
I know, your back will bear a Dutchess. Say,  
Are you not stronger than you were?

Anne. Good lady,  
Make your self mirth with your particular fancy,  
And leave me out on't. Would I had no being,  
If this salute my blood a jot; it faints me  
To think what follows.

The Queen is comfortless, and we forgetful  
In our long absence; pray, do not deliver  
What here y'ave heard, to her.

Old L. What do you think me? — [Exeunt.

SCENE



SCENE changes to Black-Fryers.

*Trumpets, Sennet, and Cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short silver Wands; next them, two Scribes in the habits of Doctors: after them, the Bishop of Canterbury alone; after him, the Bishops of Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, and St. Asaph; next them, with some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and the Cardinal's hat; then two Priests, bearing each a silver Cross; then a gentleman-usher bare-headed, accompanied with a serjeant at arms, bearing a mace; then two gentlemen, bearing two great silver pillars; after them, side by side, the two Cardinals; two noblemen with the sword and mace. The King takes place under the cloth of state; the two Cardinals sit under him, as judges. The Queen takes place, some distance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on each side the Court, in manner of a Consistory: below them, the scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.*

**Wol.** **W**hilst our commission from Rome is read,  
Let silence be commanded.

**King.** What's the need?  
It hath already publickly been read,  
And on all sides th' authority allow'd;  
You may then spare that time.

**Wol.** Be't so; proceed.

**Scribe.** Say, Henry King of England, come into the  
Cryer. Henry King of England, &c. [Court.

**King.** Here.

**Scribe.** Say, Catharine Queen of England,  
Come into the Court.

**Cryer.** Catharine, Queen of England, &c.

[The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the Court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks;]

Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice;  
And to bestow your pity on me; for  
I am a most poor Woman, and a stranger,

Born out of your dominions ; having here  
 No judge indifferent, and no more assurance  
 Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, Sir,  
 In what have I offended you? what cause  
 Hath my behaviour giv'n to your displeasure,  
 That thus you should proceed to put me off,  
 And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,  
 I've been to you a true and humble wife,  
 At all times to your will conformable :  
 Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,  
 Yea, subject to your count'nance ; glad or sorry,  
 As I saw it inclin'd : when was the hour,  
 I ever contradicted your desire?  
 Or made it not mine too? which of your friends  
 Have I not strove to love, although I knew  
 He were mine enemy? what friend of mine,  
 That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I  
 Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice  
 He was from thence discharg'd. Sir, call to mind,  
 That I have been your wife, in this obedience,  
 Upward of twenty years ; and have been blest  
 With many children by you. If in the course  
 And process of this time you can report,  
 And prove it too, against mine honour aught,  
 My bond of wedlock, or my love and duty  
 Against your sacred person ; in God's name,  
 Turn me away ; and let the foul'st contempt  
 Shut door upon me, and so give me up  
 To th' sharpest kind of justice. Please you, Sir,  
 The King your father was reputed for  
 A Prince most prudent, of an excellent  
 And unmatch'd wit and judgment. Ferdinand  
 My father, King of Spain, was reckon'd one  
 The wisest Prince that there had reign'd, by many  
 A year before. It is not to be question'd,  
 That they had gather'd a wise Council to them  
 Of ev'ry realm, that did debate this business,  
 Who deem'd our marriage lawful. Wherefore humbly,  
 Sir, I beseech you, spare me, 'till I may  
 Be by my friends in Spain advis'd ; whose counsel



I will implore. If not, i'th' name of God,  
Your pleasure be fulfil'd!

*Wol.* You have here, lady,  
(And of your choice) these rev'rend fathers, men  
Of singular integrity and learning:  
Yea, the elect o'th' land, who are assembled  
To plead your cause. It shall be therefore bootless,  
That longer you defer the Court, as well  
For your own quiet, as to rectifie  
What is unsettled in the King.

*Cam.* His Grace  
Hath spoken well and justly; therefore, madam,  
It's fit this royal Session do proceed;  
And that without delay their arguments  
Be now produc'd, and heard.

*Queen.* Lord Cardinal,  
To you I speak.

*Wol.* Your pleasure, madam?

*Queen.* Sir,  
I am about to weep; but thinking that  
We are a Queen, or long have dream'd so; certain,  
The daughter of a King; my drops of tears  
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

*Wol.* Be patient yet —

*Queen.* I will, when you are humble; nay, before;  
Or God will punish me. I do believe,  
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that  
You are mine enemy, and make my challenge;  
You shall not be my judge. For it is you  
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me;  
Which God's dew quench! therefore, I say again,  
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul  
Refuse you for my judge; whom yet once more  
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not  
At all a friend to truth.

*Wol.* I do profess,  
You speak not like your self; who ever yet  
Have stood to charity, and display'd th' effects  
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom  
O'er-topping woman's power. Madam, you wrong me.

I have no spleen against you, nor injustice  
 For you, or any; how far I've proceeded,  
 Or how far further shall, is warranted  
 By a commission from the Consistory,  
 Yea, the whole Consist'ry of *Rome*. You charge me,  
 That I have blown this coal; I do deny it,  
 The King is present; if't be known to him  
 That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,  
 And worthily, my falshood? yea, as much  
 As you have done my truth. But if he know  
 That I am free of your report, he knows,  
 I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him  
 It lyes to cure me, and the cure is to  
 Remove these thoughts from you. The which before  
 His Highness shall speak in, I do beseech  
 You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking;  
 And to say so no more.

*Queen.* My lord, my lord,  
 I am a simple woman, much too weak [mouth'd;  
 T'oppose your cunning. You are meek, and humble;  
 You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,  
 With meekness and humility; but your heart  
 Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.  
 You have by fortune, and his Highness' favours,  
 Gone slightly o'er low steps; and now are mounted,  
 Where pow'rs are your retainers; and your words,  
 Domesticks to you, serve your will, as't please  
 Your self pronounce their office. I must tell you,  
 You tender more your person's honour, than  
 Your high profession spiritual. That again  
 I do refuse you for my judge; and here,  
 Before you all, appeal unto the Pope,  
 To bring my whole cause 'fore his Holiness;  
 And to be judg'd by him.

[*She curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.*]

*Cam.* The Queen is obstinate,  
 Stubborn to justice, apt t' accuse it, and  
 Disdainful to be try'd by't; 'tis not well.  
 She's going away.

*King.* Call her again.

*Cryer.*



*Cryer.* Catharine, Queen of England, come into the  
*Usher.* Madam, you are call'd back. [Court.

*Queen.* What need you note it? pray you, keep your way.  
 When you are call'd, return. Now the Lord help,  
 They vex me past my patience! — pray you, pass on;  
 I will not tarry; no, nor ever more  
 Upon this business my appearance make  
 In any of their Courts.

[*Exeunt Queen and her Attendants*]

*King.* Go thy ways, Kate;  
 That man i'th'world who shall report he has  
 A better wife, let him in nought be trusted;  
 For speaking false in that. Thou art alone,  
 (If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,  
 Thy meekness faint-like, wife-like government,  
 Obeying in commanding, and thy parts  
 Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out)  
 The Queen of earthly Queens. She's noble born;  
 And, like her true nobility, she has  
 Carried her self tow'rds me.

*Wol.* Most gracious Sir,  
 In humblest manner I require your Highness,  
 That it shall please you to declare, in hearing  
 Of all these ears (for where I'm robb'd and bound,  
 There must I be unloos'd; although not there  
 At once, and fully satisfy'd;) if I  
 Did broach this business to your Highness, or  
 Laid any scruple in your way, which might  
 Induce you to the question on't; or ever  
 Have to you, but with thanks to God for such  
 A royal lady, spake one the least word,  
 That might be prejudice of her present state,  
 Or touch of her good person?

*King.* My lord Cardinal,  
 I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,  
 I free you from't: you are not to be taught,  
 That you have many enemies, that know not  
 Why they are so; but, like the village curs,  
 Bark when their fellows do. By some of these  
 The Queen is put in anger; y'are excus'd:

But

But will you be more justify'd? you ever  
 Have wish'd the sleeping of this business, never  
 Desir'd it to be stirr'd; but oft have hindred  
 The passages made tow'ards it:— On my honour,  
 I speak my good lord Cardinal to this point; (16)  
 And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to't,  
 I will be bold with time and your attention:  
 Then mark th' inducement. Thus it came; give heed to't  
 My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,  
 Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd  
 By th' bishop of *Bayon*, then *French* ambassador;  
 Who had been hither sent on the debating  
 A marriage 'twixt the Duke of *Orleans* and  
 Our daughter *Mary*: I'th' progress of this business,  
 Ere a determinate resolution, he  
 (I mean the bishop) did require a respite;  
 Wherein he might the King his lord advertise,  
 Whether our daughter were legitimate,  
 Respecting this our marriage with the Dowager,  
 Sometime our brother's wife. This respite shook  
 The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me, (17)  
 Yea, with a splitting power; and made to tremble

(16) ————— on my Honour  
*I speak, my good Lord Cardinal, to this Point.]*

In all the Editions, excepting Mr. Rowe's, this passage has been pointed mistakingly, as if the King were speaking to the Cardinal: but This is not the Poet's Intention. The King, having first address'd to *Wolsey*, breaks off: and declares upon his Honour to the whole Court, that he speaks the Cardinal's Sentiments upon the Point in Question; and clears him from any Attempt, or Wish, to stir that Business.

(17) ————— This Respite shook  
*The Bosom of my Conscience,]* Tho this Reading be Sense, and therefore I have not ventur'd to displace it; yet, I verily believe, the Poet wrote;

*The Bottom of my Conscience,* ———  
 My Reason is this. *Shakespeare* in all his Historical Plays was a most diligent Observer of *Hollingshead's* Chronicle; and had him always in Eye, wherever he thought fit to borrow any Matter from him. Now *Hollingshead*, in the Speech which he has given to King *Henry* upon this Subject, makes him deliver himself thus. "Which Words, once conceived with-  
 " in the secret Bottom of my Conscience, ingendred such a scrupulous  
 " Doubt, that my Conscience was incontinently accombred, vex'd, and  
 " disquieted." *Vid. Life of Henry 8th p. 907.*



The region of my breast; which forc'd such way,  
That many maz'd considerings did throng,  
And prest in with this caution. First, methought,  
I stood not in the smile of heav'n, which had  
Commanded nature, that my lady's womb  
(If it conceiv'd a male-child by me) should  
Do no more Offices of life to't, than  
The grave does to the dead; for her male-issue  
Or died where they were made, or shortly after  
This world had air'd them. Hence I took a thought,  
This was a judgment on me, that my kingdom  
(Well worthy the best heir o'th' world) should not  
Be gladdened in't by me. Then follows, that  
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in  
By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me  
Many a groaning throe: thus hulling in  
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer  
Towards this remedy, whereupon we are  
Now present here together; that's to say,  
I meant to rectifie my conscience, (which  
I then did feel full-sick, and yet not well;) King.  
By all the rev'rend fathers of the land  
And doctors learn'd. First, I began in private  
With you, my lord of *Lincoln*; you remember,  
How under my oppression I did reek, (18)  
When I first mov'd you. My comfort comes along.

*Lin.* Very well, my liege. I say, let on.

*King.* I have spoke long; be pleas'd your self to say  
How far you satisfy'd me. (19)

*Lin.* Please your Highness,  
The question did at first so stagger me,  
Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,  
And consequence of dread; that I committed  
The daring'st counsel, which I had, to doubt:  
And did intreat your Highness to this course,  
Which you are running here. (20)

(18) ——— my Oppression I did reel,] This Word first got place in  
Mr. Rowe's Edition; all the Old Copies read, as I have restor'd in the  
Text, reek; i. e. Sweat under the Burthen, and Agony of my Anxieties.

*King.*

*King.* I then mov'd you, (19) *flaw'd you to noiger all*  
 My lord of *Canterbury*; and got your leave  
 To make this present summons: *Unsollicit'd*  
 I left no rev'rend person in this Court,  
 But by particular consent proceeded  
 Under your hands and seals. Therefore go on;  
 For no dislike i'th' world against the person  
 Of our good Queen, but the sharp thorny points  
 Of my alledged reasons drive this forward;  
 Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life  
 And kingly dignity, we are contented  
 To wear our mortal state to come, with her,  
 (*Catharine* our Queen) before the primest creature  
 That's paragon'd i'th' world.

*Cam.* So please your Highness,  
 The Queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness  
 That we adjourn this Court to further day;  
 Mean while must be an earnest motion  
 Made to the Queen, to call back her appeal  
 She intends to his Holiness.

*King.* I may perceive,  
 These Cardinals trifle with me: I abhor  
 This dilatory sloth, and tricks of *Rome*:  
 My learn'd and well-beloved servant *Cranmer*,  
 Pr'ythee, return! with thy approach, I know,  
 My comfort comes along. Break up the Court:  
 I say, set on. [Exeunt, in manner as they enter'd.]

(19) ——— I then mov'd You,  
 My Lord of *Canterbury*, and got your Leave  
 To make this present Summons unsollicit'd.] Thus all the Impressions. But  
 these Sagacious Editors have palm'd a strange Piece of Nonsense upon us,  
 from a false Pointing. What! did the King move the Bishop, nay, and  
 so move him as to get his Leave, and yet could the Summons be said to be  
 unsollicit'd? I have rescued the Text from such an absurd Contradiction:  
 and, again, done it upon the Authority of honest *Hollingshead*. ——— "I  
 " moved it in Confession to You, my Lord of *Lincoln*, then ghostly Father.  
 " And forasmuch as then you yourself were in some Doubt, you mov'd me  
 " to ask the Counsel of all these my Lords. Whereupon I moved you, my  
 " Lord of *Canterbury*, first to have your Licence, in as much as you were  
 " Metropolitan, to put this Matter in Question; and so I did of All you,  
 " my Lords." *Hollingshead*. *ibid.* p. 908.





ACT III.

SCENE, *the Queen's Apartments.*

*The Queen and her Women, as at Work.*

QUEEN.



TAKE thy lute, wench, my soul grows sad  
with troubles :  
Sing, and disperse 'em, if thou canst : leave  
working.

SONG.

ORpheus with his lute made trees,  
And the mountain tops, that freeze,  
Bow themselves when he did sing.  
To his musick, plants and flowers  
Ever sprung, as sun and showers  
There had made a lasting spring.  
Ev'ry thing that heard him play,  
Ev'n the billows of the sea,  
Hung their heads, and then lay by.  
In sweet musick is such art,  
Killing care, and grief of heart  
Fall asleep, or hearing die.

*Enter a Gentleman.*

Queen. How now ?

Gent. And't please your Grace, the two great Cardinals  
Wait in the Presence.

Queen. Would they speak with me ?

Gent. They will'd me say so, Madam.

Queen. Pray their Graces

VOL. V.

D

To

To come near ; what can be their business  
 With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from favour ?  
 I do not like their coming. Now I think on't,  
 They should be good men, their affairs as righteous,  
 But all hoods make not monks.

*Enter the Cardinals Wolley and Campeius.*

*Wol.* Peace to your Highness !

*Queen.* Your Graces find me here part of a house-wife,  
 (I would be all) against the worst may happen :  
 What are your pleasures with me, rev'rend lords ?

*Wol.* May't please you, noble Madam, to withdraw  
 Into your private chamber ; we shall give you  
 The full cause of our coming.

*Queen.* Speak it here.

There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,  
 Deserves a corner ; would, all other women  
 Could speak this with as free a soul as I do !  
 My lords, I care not (so much I am happy  
 Above a number) if my actions  
 Were try'd by ev'ry tongue, ev'ry eye saw 'em ;  
 Envy and base opinion set against 'em ;  
 I know my life so even. If your business  
 Do seek me out, and that way I am wise in,  
 Out with it boldly : truth loves open dealing.

*Wol.* *Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, Regina Serenissima, —*

*Queen.* O, good my lord, no *Latin* ;  
 I am not such a truant since my coming,  
 As not to know the language I have liv'd in. [ous :  
 A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspici-  
 Pray, speak in *English* ; here are some will thank you,  
 If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake.  
 Believe me, she has had much wrong. Lord Cardinal,  
 The willing'st sin I ever yet committed,  
 May be absolv'd in *English*.

*Wol.* Noble lady,  
 I'm sorry my Integrity should breed  
 (And Service to his Majesty and you)  
 So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.



We come not by the way of accusation  
To taint that honour, every good tongue blesses;  
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow;  
You have too much, good lady: but to know  
How you stand minded in the weighty difference  
Between the King and you: and to deliver,  
Like free and honest men, our just opinions  
And comforts to your cause.

*Cam.* Most honour'd madam,  
My lord of York, out of his noble nature,  
Zeal and obedience he still bore your Grace,  
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure  
Both of his truth and him; (which was too far)  
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace  
His service and his counsel.

*Queen.* To betray me.  
My lords, I thank you Both for your good wills,  
Ye speak like honest men; pray God, ye prove so!  
But how to make ye suddenly an answer  
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,  
(More near my life, I fear,) with my weak wit,  
And to such men of gravity and learning,  
In truth, I know not. I was set at work  
Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking  
Either for such men, or such business.  
For her sake that I have been, (for I feel  
The last fit of my Greatness) good your Graces,  
Let me have time and council for my cause:  
Alas! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.

*Wol.* Madam, you wrong the King's love with those  
Your hopes and friends are infinite. [fears;

*Queen.* In England,  
But little for my profit: can you think, lords,  
That any *English* man dare give me counsel?  
Or be a known friend 'gainst his Highness' pleasure,  
(Though he be grown so desp'rate to be honest,)  
And live a subject? nay, forsooth, my friends—  
They, that must weigh out my afflictions,  
They, that my trust must grow to, live not here;  
They are, as all my comforts are, far hence,

In my own country, Lords.

*Cam.* I would, your Grace  
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

*Queen.* How, Sir?

*Cam.* Put your main cause into the King's protection;  
He's loving and most gracious. 'Twill be much  
Both for your honour better, and your cause:  
For if the tryal of the law o'er-take ye,  
You'll part away disgrac'd.

*Wol.* He tells you rightly.

*Queen.* Ye tell me what ye wish for Both, my ruin:  
Is this your christian counsel? out upon ye!  
Heav'n is above all yet; there sits a Judge,  
That no King can corrupt.

*Cam.* Your rage mistakes us.

*Queen.* The more shame for ye; holy men I thought ye,  
Upon my soul, two rev'rend Cardinal virtues;  
But Cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye:  
Mend 'em for shame, my lords: is this your comfort?  
The cordial, that ye bring a wretched lady?  
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?  
I will not wish ye half my miseries,  
I have more charity. But say, I warn'd ye;  
Take heed, take heed, for heavn's sake, lest at once  
The burthen of my sorrows fall upon ye.

*Wol.* Madam, this is a meer distraction;  
You turn the good we offer into envy.

*Queen.* Ye turn me into nothing. Wo upon ye,  
And all Such false professors! Would you have me  
(If you have any justice, any pity,  
If ye be any thing, but churchmens habits)  
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?  
Alas, h'as banish'd me his bed already;  
His love, too long ago. I'm old, my lords;  
And all the fellowship I hold now with him  
Is only my obedience. What can happen  
To me, above this wretchedness? all your studies  
Make me a curse, like this!

*Cam.* Your fears are worse ———

*Queen.* Have I liv'd thus long (let me speak my self,

Since



Since virtue finds no friends) a wife, a true one?  
A woman (I dare say, without vain-glory ;)  
Never yet branded with suspicion?  
Have I, with all my full affections  
Still met the King? lov'd him next heav'n, obey'd him?  
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him ;  
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?  
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords.  
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,  
One, that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;  
And to that woman, when she has done most,  
Yet will I add an honour ; a great patience.

*Wol.* Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

*Queen.* My lord, I dare not make my self so guilty,  
To give up willingly that noble title  
Your master wed me to : nothing but death  
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

*Wol.* Pray, hear me —

*Queen.* Would I had never trod this *English* earth,  
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it !  
Ye've angels faces, but heav'n knows your hearts.  
What shall become of me now ! wretched lady !  
I am the most unhappy woman living.  
Alas ! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?

[*To her women.*

Ship-wrack'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,  
No friends, no hope ! no kindred weep for me !  
Almost, no grave allow'd me ! like the lilly,  
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,  
I'll hang my head, and perish.

*Wol.* If your Grace

Could but be brought to know, our ends are honest ;  
You'd feel more comfort. Why should we, good lady,  
Upon what cause, wrong you ? alas ! our places,  
The way of our profession is against it :  
We are to ear such sorrows, not to sow 'em. (20)

D 3

For

(20) *We are to cure such Sorrows, not to sow 'em.*] There is no *Antithesis* in these Terms, nor any Consonance of the *Metaphors* : both which my Emendation restores.

*We*

For goodness sake, consider what you do;  
 How you may hurt your self; nay, utterly  
 Grow from the King's acquaintance, by this carriage.  
 The hearts of Princes kiss obedience,  
 So much they love it: but to stubborn spirits,  
 They swell and grow as terrible as storms.  
 I know, you have a gentle, noble temper,  
 A soul as even as a calm; pray, think us  
 Those we profess, peace-makers, friends and servants.

*Cam.* Madam, you'll find it so: you wrong your virtues  
 With these weak womens fears. A noble spirit,  
 As yours was put into you, ever casts  
 Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The King loves you;  
 Beware, you lose it not; for us (if you please  
 To trust us in your business) we are ready  
 To use our utmost studies in your service. [give me,

*Queen.* Do what you will, my lords; and, pray, for-  
 If I have us'd my self unmannerly.  
 You know, I am a woman, lacking wit  
 To make a seemly answer to such persons.  
 Pray, do my service to his Majesty.  
 He has my heart yet; and shall have my prayers,  
 While I shall have my life. Come, rev'rend fathers:  
 Bestow your counsels on me. She now begs,  
 That little thought, when she set footing here,  
 She should have bought her dignities so dear. [Exeunt.

*We are to ear such Sorrows, not to sowe 'em.* i. e. to weed them up, har-  
 row them out. So our Poet uses this Word in his *Anth.* and *Cleop.* Act 1.

————— *O then we bring forth Weeds,*

*When our quick Winds lie still; and our Ills, told us,*

*Is as our earing.*

i. e. as, rooting them up. This Word with us may be deriv'd not only  
 from *arare* to plow; but the old Saxon Word, *Ear*, which signified a  
 Harrow.

SCENE



SCENE, *Antechamber to the King's Apartments.*

*Enter Duke of Norfolk, Duke of Suffolk, Lord Surrey, and Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. IF you will now unite in your complaints,  
And force them with a constancy, the Cardinal  
Cannot stand under them. If you omit  
The offer of this time, I cannot promise,  
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,  
With these you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful  
To meet the least occasion that may give me  
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the Duke,  
To be reveng'd on him.

Suf. Which of the Peers  
Have uncontentn'd gone by him, or at least  
Strangely neglected? when did he regard (21)  
The stamp of nobleness in any person  
Out of himself?

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures:  
What he deserves of you and me, I know:  
What we can do to him, (though now the time  
Give way to us) I much fear. If you cannot  
Bar his access to th' King, never attempt  
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft  
Over the King in's tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not,

(21) ————— when did he regard

*The Stamp of Nobleness in any person*

*Out of himself?*] Mr. Warburton thinks, this borders upon the absurd,  
both in the Expression and Matter: and advises to read,

————— when did he regard

*The Stamp of Nobleness in any Man,*

*Out of't himself?*

This adds a Poinancy, 'tis certain, and Satyrical Reflection to *Suffolk's*  
Speech; and accounts, why *Wolsey* should not regard Nobility in another,  
who had no native pretensions to it, upon which to value himself.

His spell in that is out; the King hath found  
Matter against him, that for ever mars  
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,  
Not to come off, in his most high displeasure.

*Sur.* I should be glad to hear such news as this  
Once every hour.

*Nor.* Believe it, this is true.  
In the Divorce, his contrary proceedings  
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,  
As I would wish mine enemy.

*Sur.* How came  
His practices to light?

*Suf.* Most strangely.

*Sur.* How?

*Suf.* The Cardinal's letters to the Pope miscarried;  
And came to th' eye o'th' King; wherein was read,  
How that the Cardinal did intreat his Holiness  
To stay the Judgment o'th' Divorce; for if  
It did take place, I do, quoth he, perceive  
My King is tangled in affection to  
A creature of the Queen's, lady *Anne Bullen*.

*Sur.* Has the King this?

*Suf.* Believe it.

*Sur.* Will this work?

*Cham.* The King in this perceives him, how he coasts  
And hedges his own way. But in this point  
All his tricks founder; and he brings his physick  
After his patient's death; the King already  
Hath married the fair lady.

*Sur.* 'Would he had!

*Suf.* May you be happy in your wish, my lord,  
For, I profess, you have it.

*Sur.* Now all joy

Trace the conjunction!

*Suf.* My Amen to't!

*Nor.* All mens!

*Suf.* There's order given for her Coronation:

Marry,



Marry, this is yet but young ; and may be left (22)  
To some ears unrecounted. But, my lords,  
She is a gallant creature, and compleat  
In mind and feature. I perswade me, from her  
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall  
In it be memoriz'd.

Sur. But will the King  
Digest this letter of the Cardinal's ?  
The lord forbid !

Nor. Marry, Amen !

Suf. No, no :

There be more wasps, that buz about his nose,  
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius  
Is stol'n away to Rome, has ta'en no leave,  
Hath left the cause o'th' King unhandled ; and  
Is posted, as the agent of our Cardinal,  
To second all his plot. I do assure you,  
The King cry'd, ha ! at this.

Cham. Now, God incense him ;  
And let him cry, ha, louder !

Nor. But, my lord,  
When returns Cranmer ?

Suf. He is return'd with his opinions, which  
Have satisfy'd the King for his Divorce,  
Gather'd from all the famous colleges  
Almost in Christendom ; shortly, I believe,

(22) *Marry this is but young,*] All the Old Copies read with me,  
*Marry, this is yet but young ;*

But the modern Editors have expung'd this harmless Monosyllable, yet ;  
supposing, the Verse would scan more smoothly without it.

*Mār rŷ | thīs ī : | būt yōūng |*

I should not take Notice of so trifling a Variation, were it not proper to observe, that They herein advance a false Nicety of Ear against the Licence of SHAKESPEARE's Numbers : nay, indeed, against the Licence of all English Verification, in common with that of other Languages. They do not seem to apprehend, that *Mār rŷ thīs* is in Scansion plainly an *Anapest* ; and equal to a *Spondee*, or *Foot* of two Syllables. I shall take an Opportunity, when I come to *Hamlet*, to speak of the *Per trocheusmaticus*, so frequent in *Homer*, *Virgil*, and other the best *Classical* Poets. I'll only add here, that I could produce at least two thousand of our Poet's Verses, that would be disturb'd by this modern, unreasonable, Chastness of *Metre*.

His

His second marriage shall be publish'd, and  
Her Coronation. *Catharine* no more  
Shall be call'd Queen; but Princess dowager,  
And widow to Prince *Arthur*.

*Nor.* This same *Cranmer's*  
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain  
In the King's business.

*Suf.* He has, and we shall see him  
For it an Archbishop.

*Nor.* So I hear.

*Suf.* 'Tis so.

*Enter Wolsey and Cromwell.*

The Cardinal —

*Nor.* Observe, observe, he's moody.

*Wol.* The packet, *Cromwell*,  
Gave it you the King?

*Crom.* To his own hand, in's bed-chamber.

*Wol.* Look'd he o'th' inside of the paper?

*Crom.* Presently

He did unseal them, and the first he view'd,

He did it with a serious mind; a heed

Was in his countenance. You he bad

Attend him here this morning.

*Wol.* Is he ready to come abroad?

*Crom.* I think, by this he is.

*Wol.* Leave me a while.

[*Exit Cromwell.*

It shall be to the Dutchess of *Alanson*,

[*Aside.*

The *French* King's sister; he shall marry her.

*Anne Bullen!*—no, I'll no *Anne Bullens* for him,—

There's more in't than fair visage—*Bullen!*—

No, we'll no *Bullens!*—speedily, I wish

To hear from *Rome*—the marchioness of *Pembroke!*—

*Nor.* He's discontented.

*Suf.* May be, he hears the King  
Does whet his anger to him.

*Sur.* Sharp enough,

Lord, for thy justice! [Knight's daughter!

*Wol.* [*Aside.*] The late Queen's gentlewoman! a  
To be her mistress' mistress! the Queen's Queen!—

This



This candle burns not clear: 'tis I must snuff it,  
Then out it goes——what though I know her virtuous,  
And well-deserving? yet I know her for  
A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to  
Our cause, that she should lye i'th' bosome of  
Our hard-rul'd King. Again, there is sprung up  
An heretick, an arch one, *Cranmer*; one,  
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the King,  
And is his oracle.

*Nor.* He's vex'd at something.

*Enter King, reading of a schedule; and Lovel.*

*Sur.* I would, 'twere something that would fret the string,  
The master-cord of's heart!

*Suf.* The King, the King.——

*King.* What piles of wealth hath he accumulated  
To his own portion! what expence by th' hour  
Seems to flow from him! how, i'th' name of thrift,  
Does he rake this together! Now, my lords;  
Saw you the Cardinal?

*Nor.* My lord, we have  
Stood here observing him. Some strange commotion  
Is in his brain; he bites his lip, and starts;  
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,  
Then lays his finger on his temple; strait,  
Springs out into fast gate, then stops again;  
Strikes his breast hard, and then anon he casts  
His eye against the moon; in most strange postures  
We've seen him set himself.

*King.* It may well be,  
There is a mutiny in's mind. This morning  
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,  
As I requir'd; and, wot you, what I found  
There, on my conscience put unwittingly?  
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing;  
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,  
Rich stuffs and ornaments of household, which  
I find at Such proud rate, that it out-speaks  
Possession of a subject.

*Nor.*

*Nor.* It's heav'n's will ;  
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,  
To bless your eye withal.

*King.* If we did think,  
His contemplations were above the earth,  
And fix'd on spiritual objects, he should still  
Dwell in his musings ; but, I am afraid,  
His thinkings are below the moon, nor worth  
His serious considering.

*[He takes his seat, whispers Lovel, who goes to Wolfey.]*

*Wol.* Heav'n forgive me——  
Ever God bless your Highness ! ——

*King.* Good my Lord,  
You are full of heav'nly stuff, and bear the inventory  
Of your best graces in your mind ; the which  
You were now running o'er ; you have scarce time  
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span,  
To keep your earthly audit ; sure, in that  
I deem you an ill husband, and am glad  
To have you therein my companion.

*Wol.* Sir,  
For holy offices I have a time ;  
A time, to think upon the part of business  
I bear i'th' state ; and nature does require  
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,  
I her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,  
Must give my tendance to.

*King.* You have said well.

*Wol.* And ever may your Highness yoke together,  
As I will lend you cause, my doing well  
With my well saying !

*King.* 'Tis well said again ;  
And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well.  
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you ;  
He said, he did ; and with his deed did crown  
His word upon you. Since I had my office,  
I've kept you next my heart ; have not alone  
Imploy'd you where high profits might come home ;  
But par'd my present havings, to bestow  
My bounties upon you.



*Wol.* What should this mean? [*Aside.*

*Sur.* The lord increase this business! [*Aside.*

*King.* Have I not made you  
The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell me,  
If what I now pronounce, you have found true:  
And if you may confess it, say withal,  
If you are bound to us, or no? what say you?

*Wol.* My Sovereign, I confess, your royal graces  
Shower'd on me daily have been more than could  
My studied purposes requite, which went  
Beyond all man's endeavours. My endeavours  
Have ever come too short of my desires,  
Yet, fill'd with my abilities, mine own Ends  
Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed  
To th' good of your most sacred person, and  
The profit of the state: For your great graces  
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I  
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks,  
My prayers to heav'n for you; my loyalty,  
Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,  
'Till death, that winter, kill it.

*King.* Fairly answer'd:  
A loyal and obedient subject is  
Therein illustrated; the honour of it  
Does pay the act of it, as i'th' contrary  
The foulness is the punishment. I presume,  
That as my hand has open'd bounty to you,  
My heart dropp'd love; my pow'r rain'd honour, more  
On you, than any; so your hand and heart,  
Your brain, and every function of your power,  
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of Duty,  
As 'twere in love's particular, be more  
To me, your friend, than any.

*Wol.* I profess,  
That for your Highness' good I ever labour'd,  
More than mine own; that am I, have been, will be:  
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,  
And throw it from their soul; though perils did  
Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and  
Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty,  
As doth a rock against the chiding flood, Should

Should the approach of this wild river break,  
And stand unshaken yours.

King. 'Tis nobly spoken ;  
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,  
For you have seen him open't. Read o'er this,

[Giving him papers.]

And, after, this ; and then to breakfast, with  
What appetite you may.

[Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal Wolsey ; the Nobles  
throng after him, whispering and smiling.]

Wol. What should this mean ?

What sudden anger's this ? how have I reap'd it ?  
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin  
Leap'd from his eyes. So looks the chafed lion  
Upon the daring huntsman, that has gall'd him ;  
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper :  
I fear, the story of his anger—'tis so—  
This paper has undone me—'tis th' account  
Of all that world of wealth I've drawn together  
For mine own ends ; indeed, to gain the Popedom,  
And see my friends in Rome. O negligence,  
Fit for a fool to fall by ! What cross devil  
Made me put this main secret in the packet  
I sent the King ? is there no way to cure this ?  
No new device to beat this from his brains ?  
I know, 'twill stir him strongly ; yet I know  
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune  
Will bring me off again. What's this—*To the Pope ?*  
The letter, as I live, with all the business  
I writ to's Holiness. Nay, then farewell ;  
I've touch'd the highest point of all my Greatness ;  
And from that full meridian of my glory,  
I haste now to my setting. I shall fall,  
Like a bright exhalation in the evening ;  
And no man see me more.

Enter to Wolsey, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the  
Earl of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. Hear the King's pleasure, Cardinal ; who com-  
mands you



# King HENRY VIII.

69

To render up the Great Seal presently  
Into our hands, and to confine your self  
To *Asher-houfe*, my lord of *Winchester's*,  
'Till you hear further from his Highness.

*Wol.* Stay :

Where's your commission, lords? words cannot carry  
Authority so mighty.

*Suf.* Who dare cross 'em,

Bearing the King's will from his mouth expressly?

*Wol.* 'Till I find more than will, or words to do it,  
(I mean, your malice;) know, officious lords,  
I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel  
Of what coarse metal ye are molded, — Envy :

How eagerly ye follow my disgrace,  
As if it fed ye; and how sleek, and wanton,

Y'appear in every thing may bring my ruin.

Follow your envious courses, men of malice;

You have christian warrant for 'em, and, no doubt,

In time will find their fit rewards. That Seal,

You ask with such a violence, the King

(Mine and your master) with his own hand gave me;

Bad me enjoy it, with the place and honours,

During my life; and to confirm his goodness,

Ty'd it by letters patents. Now, who'll take it?

*Sur.* The King, that gave it.

*Wol.* It must be himself then.

*Sur.* Thou'rt a proud traitor, priest.

*Wol.* Proud lord, thou liest :

Within these forty hours *Surrey* durst better

Have burnt that tongue, than said so.

*Sur.* Thy ambition,

Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land

Of noble *Buckingham*, my father-in-law :

The heads of all thy brother Cardinals,

(With thee, and all thy best parts bound together,)

Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!

You sent me Deputy for *Ireland*,

Far from his succour; from the King; from all,

That might have mercy on the fault, thou gav'st him:

Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,

Abolv'd

Absolv'd him with an axe.

*Wol.* This, and all else  
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,  
I answer, is most false. The Duke by law  
Found his deserts. How innocent I was  
From any private malice in his end,  
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.  
If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you,  
You have as little honesty as honour;  
That I, i'th' way of loyalty and truth  
Toward the King, my ever royal master,  
Dare mate a sounder man than *Surrey* can be,  
And all that love his follies.

*Sur.* By my soul,  
Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou should'st feel  
My sword i'th' life-blood of thee else. My lords,  
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?  
And from this fellow? if we live thus tamely,  
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,  
Farewel, nobility; let his Grace go forward,  
And dare us with his cap, like larks.

*Wol.* All goodness  
Is poison to thy stomach.

*Sur.* Yes, that goodness  
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,  
Into your own hands, Card'nal, by extortion:  
The goodness of your intercepted packets  
You writ to th' Pope, against the King; your goodness,  
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.  
My lord of *Norfolk*, as you're truly noble,  
As you respect the common good, the state  
Of our despis'd nobility, our issues,  
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen;  
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles  
Collected from his life. I'll startle you, (23)  
Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown wench

Lay

(23) *Worse than the scaring Bell,—*] This absurd Reading has only sound place in Mr. Pope's two Editions. I have restor'd, from all the best Copies, *sacring Bell*. That Gentleman, sure, should know, that



Lay kissing in your arms, lord Cardinal.

*Wol.* How much, methinks, I could despise this man,  
But that I'm bound in charity against it!

*Nor.* Those articles, my lord, are in th' King's hand:  
But thus much, they are foul ones.

*Wol.* So much fairer,  
And spotless, shall mine innocence arise;  
When the King knows my truth.

*Sur.* This cannot save you:  
I thank my memory, I yet remember  
Some of these articles, and out they shall.  
Now, if you can, blush, and cry guilty, Cardinal;  
You'll shew a little honesty.

*Wol.* Speak on, Sir,  
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,  
It is to see a nobleman want manners.

*Sur.* I'd rather want those, than my head; have at you.  
First, that without the King's assent, or knowledge,  
You wrought to be a legat; by which power  
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

in *Roman Catholick Countries* the little Bell, which is rung to give Notice of the *Hoste* approaching when it is carried in procession, as also in other Offices of that Church, is call'd, the *Sacring*, or *Consecration* Bell; from the *French Word*, *Sacer*. And CHAUCER, I find, in his *Dream*, has made Use of the Word *Sacre*, to signify Consecration, or holy Office.

*Which Tent was Church Parochial,  
Ordaint was in especial  
For the Feste, and for the Sacre;*

The facetious *Rabelais*, Book 2d. ch. 26. particularly mentions the *sacring* Bell. *Pleust à Dieu, que chascun de vous eust deus paires de Sonnettes de Sacre au Menton.* I wish to God, every one of you had two Couples of *Sacring* Bells dangling at your Chins.

And *sacring* is frequently mention'd by Writers about our Author's time.

In *K. Richard the First's* time, a Fray happen'd, on the Day of his Coronation, against the Jews, who, contrary to the King's own Proclamation, would needs enter the Church to see him Sacred.

*Stow's Survey of London.*

In the mean time being near to a Church, he heard a little *Sacring* Bell ring to the Elevation of a *Morrow-Mass*.

*Scot's Discovery of Witchcraft.*

*You shall ring the Sacring Bell,  
Keep your hours, and tell your Knell.*

*Merry Devil of Edmonton.*

Nor. Then, that in all you writ to *Rome*, or else  
To foreign Princes, *Ego & Rex meus*  
Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought the King  
To be your servant.

Suf. That without the knowledge  
Either of King or Council, when you went  
Ambassador to th' Emperor, you made bold  
To carry into *Flanders* the great Seal.

Sur. Item, You sent a large commission  
To *Gregory de Cassado*, to conclude,  
Without the King's will or the State's allowance,  
A league between his Highness and *Ferrara*.

Suf. That out of meer ambition, you have made  
Your holy hat be stamp't on the King's coin.

Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable substance  
(By what means got, I leave to your own conscience)  
To furnish *Rome*; and to prepare the ways  
You have for dignities, to th' meer undoing  
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are,  
Which since they are of you, and odious,  
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O, my lord,  
Press not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:  
His faults lye open to the laws; let them,  
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him  
So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord Cardinal, the King's further pleasure is,  
(Because all those things you have done of late,  
By your pow'r legatine within this kingdom,  
Fall in the compass of a *Præmunire*)  
That therefore such a writ be sued against you,  
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,  
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be (24)  
Out of the King's protection. This is my charge.

Nor.

(24) Castles, and whatsoever,] I have ventur'd to substitute *Chattels* here, as the Author's genuine Word, for this good Reason: because, as our Law-books inform us, the Judgment in a Writ of *Præmunire* is, that the Defendant shall be from thenceforth out of the King's Protection; and his Lands,



Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations  
How to live better. For your stubborn answer,  
About the giving back the great Seal to us,  
The King shall know it; and, no doubt, shall thank you.  
So fare you well, my little good lord Cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but Wolsey.*]

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me.  
Farewel, a long farewell to all my greatness!  
This is the state of man; to day he puts forth  
The tender leaves of hopes, to morrow blossoms,  
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:  
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;  
And when he thinks, good easie man, full surely  
His greatness is a ripening, nips his root;  
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,  
Like little wanton boys, that swim on bladders,  
These many summers in a sea of glory:  
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride  
At length broke under me; and now has left me,  
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy  
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.  
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye;  
I feel my heart new open'd. Oh, how wretched  
Is that poor man, that hangs on Princes favours!  
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,  
That sweet aspect of Princes, and our ruin,  
More pangs and fears than war or women have;  
And, when he falls, he falls like *Lucifer*,  
Never to hope again.

*Enter Cromwell, standing amaz'd.*

Why how now, *Cromwell*?

*Crom.* I have no power to speak, Sir.

*Wol.* What, amaz'd

At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder,

*Lands and Tenements, Goods and CHATTELS forfeited to the King; and that his Body shall remain in prison at the King's pleasure. But because it may be objected, that Shakespeare had no Acquaintance with the Law-Books, it will be proper to take notice, that this very Description of the Premunire is set out by Holingshead in his Life of K. Henry VIIIth p. 909.*

A great man should decline? nay, if you weep,  
I'm fallen indeed.

*Crom.* How does your Grace?

*Wol.* Why, well;  
Never so truly happy, my good *Cromwell*.  
I know my self now, and I feel within me

A peace above all earthly dignities;  
A still and quiet conscience. The King has cur'd me,  
I humbly thank his Grace; and from these shoulders,

These ruin'd pillars, out of pity taken  
A load would sink a navy, too much honour.

O, 'tis a burden, *Cromwell*, 'tis a burden,  
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heav'n.

*Crom.* I'm glad your Grace has made that right use of

*Wol.* I hope, I have: I'm able now, methinks,  
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,  
T' endure more miseries, and greater far,  
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.  
What news abroad?

*Crom.* The heaviest, and the worst,  
Is your displeasure with the King.

*Wol.* God bless him!

*Crom.* The next is, that Sir *Thomas Moor* is chosen  
Lord Chancellor in your place.

*Wol.* That's somewhat sudden ———  
But he's a learned man. May he continue  
Long in his Highness' favour, and do justice  
For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,  
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,  
May have a tomb of orphans tears wept on him!  
What more?

*Crom.* That *Cranmer* is return'd with welcome;  
Install'd lord Archbishop of *Canterbury*.

*Wol.* That's news, indeed.

*Crom.* Last, that the lady *Anne*,  
Whom the King hath in secrecy long married,  
This day was view'd in open, as his Queen,  
Going to chappel; and the voice is now  
Only about her Coronation.

*Wol.* There was the weight, that pull'd me down. O

The



The King has gone beyond me: all my glories  
In that one woman I have lost for ever.  
No sun shall ever usher forth my honours,  
Or gild again the noble troops, that waited  
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, *Cromwell*;  
I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now  
To be thy lord and master. Seek the King;  
(That sun, I pray, may never set) I've told him  
What and how true thou art; he will advance thee:  
Some little memory of me will stir him,  
I know his noble nature, not to let  
Thy hopeful service perish too. Good *Cromwell*,  
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide  
For thine own future safety.

*Crom.* O my lord,  
Must I then leave you? must I needs forego  
So good, so noble, and so true a master?  
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,  
With what a sorrow *Cromwell* leaves his lord.  
The King shall have my service; but my prayers  
For ever, and for ever, shall be yours.

*Wol.* *Cromwell*, I did not think to shed a tear  
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,  
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman. —  
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, *Cromwell*;  
And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,  
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention  
Of me must more be heard: say then, I taught thee;  
Say, *Wolsey*, that once trod the ways of glory, (25)  
And founded all the depths and shoals of honour,  
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in:  
A sure and safe one, though thy master mis'd it.  
Mark but my fall, and that which ruin'd me:

(25) ——— trod the ways of Glory,] Mr. Warbarton, who  
thinks the *Metaphor* here miserably mangled, conjectures the Poet wrote:  
—— rode the Waves of Glory.

'Tis certain, the Words, *Sounded, Depths, Shoals, Wreck*, which follow, all  
countenance this Emendation; and therefore tho' I have not ventur'd to  
disturb the Text, still I think it very worthy of consideration.

*Cromwell*, I charge thee, fling away ambition ;  
 By that sin fell the angels ; how can man then  
 (The image of his maker) hope to win by't ?  
 Love thy self last ; cherish those hearts, that hate thee : (26)  
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.  
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.  
 Let all the ends, thou aim'st at, be thy country's,  
 Thy God's, and Truth's ; then if thou fall'st, O *Cromwell*,  
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the King ;  
 And, pr'ythee, lead me in ———  
 There, take an inventory of all I have ;  
 To the last penny, 'tis the King's. My robe,  
 And my integrity to heav'n, is all  
 I dare now call mine own. O *Cromwell*, *Cromwell*,  
 Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal  
 I serv'd my King, he would not in mine age  
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

*Crom.* Good Sir, have patience.

*Wol.* So I have. Farewel

The hopes of Court ! my hopes in heav'n do dwell.

[*Exeunt.*

(26) ——— *cherish those Hearts that hate thee.*] Tho this  
 be an admirable Precept in private Life, and full of the Divinity that  
 first inspired it : yet it was never calculated, nor design'd, for the Direc-  
 tion of the Magistrate or Publick Minister. Nor could this be the  
 Precept of an experienced Statesman for his Pupil's future Conduct.  
 This would make a good Christian, but a very ill and very unjust States-  
 man : and we have nothing so infamous on Record as the suppos'd Ad-  
 vice given to K. *Charles* the 2d, to *cherish his Enemies, and be in no pain*  
*for his Friends.* I am of Opinion, that our Poet wrote ;

————— *cherish those Hearts, that wait thee :*  
 i. e. thy Dependants. For the contrary Practice had been *Wolsey's* Ruin.  
 He was not sollicitous enough of making Dependants by his Bounty, but  
 too intent on amassing Wealth for himself. The following Line likewise  
 seems to confirm the Emendation ;

Corruption wins not more than Honesty.

i. e. You will never find Men won over to your temporary Occasions by  
 Bribery, of so much Use to You, as Friends made by a just and generous  
 Munificence.

Mr. Warburton.





ACT IV.

SCENE, a Street in Westminster.

*Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.*

I GENTLEMAN.



YOU'RE well met once again.

2 Gen. And so are you.

1 Gen. You come to take your stand here,  
and behold

The lady *Anne* pass from her Coronation.

2 Gen. 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,  
The Duke of *Buckingham* came from his tryal.

1 Gen. 'Tis very true. But that time offer'd sorrow:  
This, general joy.

2 Gen. 'Tis well; the citizens,  
I'm sure, have shewn at full their loyal minds,  
And let 'em have their rights, they're ever forward  
In celebration of this day with shews,  
Pageants, and fights of honour.

1 Gen. Never greater,  
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, Sir.

2 Gen. May I be bold to ask what that contains,  
That paper in your hand?

1 Gen. Yes, 'tis the list  
Of those that claim their offices this day,  
By custom of the Coronation.

The Duke of *Suffolk* is the first, and claims  
To be High Steward; next the Duke of *Norfolk*,  
To be Earl Marshal; you may read the rest. [stoms,

2 Gen. I thank you, Sir; had I not known those cu-  
I should have been beholden to your paper.

But, I beseech you, what's become of *Catharine*,  
The Princess Dowager? how goes her business?

1. *Gen.* That I can tell you too; the Archbishop  
Of *Canterbury*, accompanied with other  
Learned and rev'rend fathers of his order,  
Held a late Court at *Dunstable*, six miles  
From *Amptbil*, where the Princess lay; to which  
She oft was cited by them, but appear'd not:  
And, to be short, for not appearance and  
The King's late scruple, by the main assent  
Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,  
And the late marriage made of none effect:  
Since which, she was remov'd to *Kimbolton*,  
Where she remains now sick.

2. *Gen.* Alas, good lady! ———  
The trumpets sound; stand close, the Queen is coming.  
[Hautboys.]

### The Order of the Coronation.

1. *A lively flourish of trumpets.*
2. *Then, two Judges.*
3. *Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace before him.*
4. *Choristers singing.* [Musick.]
5. *Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then Garter in his coat of arms, and on his head a gilt copper crown.*
6. *Marquess of Dorset, bearing a scepter of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crown'd with an Earl's coronet. Collars of SS.*
7. *Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as High Steward. With him the Duke of Norfolk, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*
8. *A canopy born by four of the Cinque-ports, under it the Queen in her robe, in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side her, the bishops of London and Winchester.*



# KING HENRY VIII.

23

9. The old Dutchess of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold,  
wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.

10. Certain ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold  
without flowers.

They pass over the stage in order and state, and then  
Excunt, with a great flourish of trumpets.

2 Gen. A royal train, believe me; these I know;  
Who's that, who bears the Scepter?

1 Gen. Marquess Dorset,  
And that the Earl of Surrey, with the rod.

2 Gen. A bold brave gentleman. That should be  
The Duke of Suffolk.

1 Gen. 'Tis the same: High Steward.

2 Gen. And that my lord of Norfolk.

1 Gen. Yes.

2 Gen. Heav'n bless thee!

Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.

Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;

Our King has all the Indies in his arms,

And more and richer, when he strains that lady:

I cannot blame his conscience.

1 Gen. They, that bear  
The cloth of state above her, are four barons  
Of the Cinque-Ports.

2 Gen. Those men are happy; so are all, are near her.  
I take it, she that carries up the train,  
Is that old noble lady, the Dutchess of Norfolk.

1 Gen. It is, and all the rest are Countesses.

2 Gen. Their coronets say so. These are stars, indeed:  
And sometimes falling ones.

1 Gen. No more of that.

*Enter a third Gentleman.*

God save you, Sir. Where have you been broiling?

3 Gen. Among the crowd i'th' Abby, where a finger  
Could not be wedg'd in more; I am stifled,  
With the meer-rankness of their joy.

2 Gen. You saw the ceremony?

3 Gen. I did.

1 Gen.

1 Gen. How was it?

3 Gen. Well worth the seeing.

2 Gen. Good Sir, speak it to us.

3 Gen. As well as I am able. The rich stream  
Of lords and ladies, having brought the Queen  
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off  
A distance from her; while her Grace sat down  
To rest a while, some half an hour, or so,  
In a rich chair of state; opposing freely  
The beauty of her person to the people:  
(Believe me, Sir, she is the goodliest woman,  
That ever lay by man;) which when the people  
Had the full view of, such a noise arose  
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,  
As loud, and to as many tunes. Hats, cloaks,  
Doublets, I think, flew up; and had their faces  
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy  
I never saw before. Great-belly'd women,  
That had not half a week to go, like rams  
In the old time of war, would shake the press,  
And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living  
Could say, this is my wife there, all were woven  
So strangely in one piece.

2 Gen. But, pray, what follow'd?

3 Gen. At length her Grace rose, and with modest pace  
Came to the altar, where she kneel'd; and, saint-like,  
Cast her fair eyes to heav'n, and pray'd devoutly.  
Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people:  
When by the Archbishop of *Canterbury*,  
Sh' had all the royal makings of a Queen;  
As holy oil, *Edward Confessor's Crown*,  
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems  
Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir,  
With all the choicest musick of the kingdom,  
Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,  
And with the same full state pac'd back again  
To *York-Place*, where the feast is held.

1 Gen. You must no more call it *York-Place*, that's past  
For since the Cardinal fell, that title's lost,  
'Tis now the King's, and call'd *Whitehall*.



3 Gen. I know it:  
But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name  
Is fresh about me.

2 Gen. What two reverend bishops  
Were those, that went on each side of the Queen?

3 Gen. *Stokesly* and *Gardiner*; the one of *Winchester*,  
Newly preferr'd from the King's Secretary:  
The other, *London*.

2 Gen. He of *Winchester*  
Is held no great good lover of th' Archbishop,  
The virtuous *Cranmer*.

3 Gen. All the land knows that:  
However, yet there's no great breach; when't comes,  
*Cranmer* will find a friend will not shrink from him.

2 Gen. Who may that be, I pray you?

3 Gen. *Thomas Cromwell*,  
A man in much esteem with th' King, and, truly,  
A worthy friend. The King has made him  
Master o'th' jewel-house,  
And one, already, of the privy-council.

2 Gen. He will deserve more.

3 Gen. Yes, without all doubt.  
Come, gentlemen, you shall go my way,  
Which is to th' Court, and there shall be my guests:  
Something I can command; as I walk thither,  
I'll tell ye more.

*Both.* You may command us, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to Kimbolton.

*Enter Catharine Dowager, sick, led between Griffith her  
gentleman usher, and Patience her woman.*

Grif. HOW does your Grace?

Catb. O Griffith, sick to death:

My legs, like loaded branches, bow to th' earth,

Willing to leave their burthen: reach a chair —

So — now, methinks, I feel a little ease. [*Sitting down.*]

Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,

That the great child of honour, Cardinal *Wolfsey*,

Was

Was dead?

*Grif.* Yes, Madam; but I think your Grace,  
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

*Cath.* Pr'ythee, good *Griffith*, tell me how he dy'd.  
If well, he slept before me happily,  
For my example.

*Grif.* Well, the voice goes, Madam.  
For after the stout Earl of *Northumberland*  
Arrested him at *York*, and brought him forward (27)  
(As a man sorely tainted) to his answer,  
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill  
He could not sit his mule.

*Cath.* Alas, poor man!

*Grif.* At last, with easie roads he came to *Leicester*;  
Lodg'd in the Abbey; where the rev'rend Abbot,  
With all his Convent, honourably receiv'd him;  
To whom he gave these words, "O father Abbot,  
"An old man, broken with the storms of state,  
"Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;  
"Give him a little earth for charity!"  
So went to bed; where eagerly his sickness  
Pursu'd him still, and three nights after this,  
About the hour of eight, (which he himself  
Foretold, should be his last) full of repentance,  
Continual meditations, tears and sorrows,  
He gave his honours to the world again,

(27) *Arrested him at York,*] The Earl of *Northumberland*, and Sir *Walter Walsh*, one of the King's Privy Chamber, arrested *Wolsey* of Treason, at his house at *Carwood* in *Yorkshire* on Friday the 4th of November 1530. On Sunday Evening following, in order to be brought up to London, he was remov'd to *Pomfret*; on Monday, to *Doncaster*; and on Tuesday, to the Earl of *Shrewsbury's* Seat at *Sheffield-Park*. Here he was indulg'd to stay upwards of a Fortnight; and here, on Tuesday the 22d, was seiz'd with his last Illness. On Thursday the 24th he began his Journey afresh, tho not recover'd of his Flux, and was carried to another House of the Lord *Shrewsbury's* call'd *Hardwick Hall*; the next day, to *Notingham*; and on Saturday Evening, in a languishing Condition was brought to the Abbey at *Leicester*. He immediately took his Bed, and on Tuesday following, being the 29th of November, and Eve of St. *Andrew*, expir'd there.—This short *Journal*, of the last Stage in Life, of so considerable a Man, I have thought proper to trace backwards; as imagining, it might not be displeasing to certain curious Readers.



His blessed part to heav'n, and slept in peace.

*Cath.* So may he rest, his faults lie gently on him ! (28)  
Yet thus far, *Griffith*, give me leave to speak him,  
And yet with charity ; he was a man  
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking  
Himself with Princes : one, that by suggestion  
Ty'd all the kingdom ; simony was fair play :  
His own opinion was his law. I'th' Presence  
He would say untruths, and be ever double  
Both in his words and meaning. He was never,  
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful.  
His promises were, as he then was, mighty ;  
But his performance, as he now is, nothing.  
Of his own body he was ill, and gave  
The clergy ill example.

*Grif.* Noble madam,  
Mens evil manners live in brasse, their virtues  
We write in water. May it please your Highness  
To hear me speak his good now ?

*Cath.* Yes, good *Griffith*;  
I were malicious else.

*Grif.* This Cardinal, (29)

(28) *His Faults lie buried with him* !] This Reading was first adopted by Mr. Rowe ; all the old Copies have it, as I have restor'd in the Text. The Poet seem'd to have in his Eye the customary Wish among the Latins,—— *Sit tibi terra levis* ! Which *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* have express'd in their *MAID's Tragedy* ;

*Upon my buried Body lay lightly, gentle Earth* ! The opposite to this Expression of our Poet's here, *his Faults lie gently on him* !— occurs frequently in *Menace to Richard 3d*, from the Ghosts of those whom he had murdered :

*Let me fit heavy on thy Soul to morrow !  
Let us be laid within thy Bosom, Richard,  
And weigh thee down to Ruin !*

(29) ———— *This Cardinal*  
*Though from an humble Stock, undoubtedly*  
*Was fashion'd to much Honour. From his Cradle*  
*He was a Scholar, and a ripe, and good one ;*] Thus this Passage has hitherto been most absurdly pointed. That *Wolsey* should be a *ripe Scholar* from his *Cradle*, is most extraordinary and incredible. My Alteration of the Pointing, I dare be positive, gives us the Poet's Meaning ; and expresses that Character, which, *Holingshead* tells us, *Edmund Campian*, in his History of *Ireland*, had given of the Cardinal, *that he was a Man undoubtedly born to Honour.*

Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly  
 Was fashion'd to much honour, from his cradle ;  
 He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one ;  
 Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading ;  
 Lofty and four to them, that lov'd him not ;  
 But to those men, that sought him, sweet as summer.  
 And though he were unsatisfy'd in getting,  
 (Which was a sin) yet in bestowing, Madam,  
 He was most princely : Ever witness for him  
 Those twins of learning that he rais'd in you,  
*Ipswich* and *Oxford* ! one of which fell with him,  
 Unwilling to out-live the good he did it :  
 The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,  
 So excellent in art, and still so rising,  
 That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.  
 His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him ;  
 For then, and not till then, he felt himself,  
 And found the blessedness of being little :  
 And, to add greater honours to his age  
 Than man could give him, he dy'd, fearing God.

*Cath.* After my death I wish no other herald,  
 No other speaker of my living actions,  
 To keep mine honour from corruption,  
 But such an honest chronicler as *Griffith*.  
 Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,  
 With thy religious truth and modesty,  
 Now in his ashes honour. Peace be with him !  
*Patience*, be near me still, and set me lower.  
 I have not long to trouble thee. Good *Griffith*,  
 Cause the musicians play me that sad note,  
 I nam'd my knell ; whilst I sit meditating  
 On that celestial harmony I go to.

*Sad and solemn musick.*

*Grif.* She is asleep : good wench, let's sit down quiet,  
 For fear we wake her. Softly, gentle *Patience*.



*The Vision.* Enter solemnly one after another, six personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces; branches of bays, or palm in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which, the other four make reverend curtsies. Then the two, that held the garland, deliver the same to the other next two; who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head: Which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order: (At which, as it were by inspiration, she makes in her sleep signs of rejoycing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven.) And so in their dancing vanish, carrying the garland with them. The musick continues.

*Cath.* Spirits of peace, where are ye? are ye gone?  
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

*Grif.* Madam, we're here.

*Cath.* It is not you I call for;  
Saw ye none enter, since I slept?

*Grif.* None, madam.

*Cath.* No? saw you not ev'n now a blessed troop  
Invite me to a banquet, whose bright faces  
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?  
They promis'd me eternal happiness,  
And brought me garlands, *Griffith*, which I feel  
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall assuredly.

*Grif.* I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams  
Possess your fancy.

*Cath.* Bid the musick leave,  
'Tis harsh and heavy to me.

[Musick ceases.]

*Pat.* Do you note,  
How much her Grace is alter'd on the sudden?  
How long her face is drawn? how pale she looks,  
And of an earthy cold? observe her eyes.

*Grif.* She is going, wench. Pray, pray, —

*Pat.* Heav'n comfort her!

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* And't like your Grace —

*Cath.* You are a sawcy fellow,  
Deserve we no more rev'rence?

*Grif.* You're to blame,  
Knowing, she will not lose her wonted greatness,  
To use so rude behaviour. Go to, kneel.

*Mes.* I humbly do intreat your Highness' pardon:  
My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying  
A gentleman, sent from the King, to see you.

*Cath.* Admit him entrance, *Griffith.* But this fellow  
Let me ne'er see again. *[Exit Messenger.]*

*Enter Lord Capucius.*

If my sight fail not,  
You should be lord ambassador from the Emperor,  
My royal nephew; and your name *Capucius*.

*Cap.* Madam, the same, your servant.

*Cath.* O my lord,  
The times and titles now are alter'd strangely  
With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray you,  
What is your pleasure with me?

*Cap.* Noble lady,  
First, mine own service to your Grace; the next,  
The King's request that I would visit you;  
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me  
Sends you his princely commendations,  
And heartily intreats you take good comfort.

*Cath.* O my good lord, that comfort comes too late;  
'Tis like a pardon after execution;  
That gentle physick, giv'n in time, had cur'd me;  
But now I'm past all comforts here, but prayers.  
How does his Highness?

*Cap.* Madam, in good health.

*Cath.* So may he ever do, and ever flourish,  
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name  
Banish'd the Kingdom! *Patience*, is that letter,  
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

*Pat.* No, madam.

*Cath.*



*Cath.* Sir, I must humbly pray you to deliver  
This to my lord the King.

*Cap.* Most willing, madam.

*Cath.* In which I have commended to his goodness  
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter ;  
(The dews of heav'n fall thick in blessings on her!)  
Beseeching him to give her virtuous Breeding,

(She's young, and of a noble modest nature ;

I hope, she will deserve well) and a little

To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,

Heav'n knows, how dearly ! my next poor petition

Is, that his noble Grace would have Some pity

Upon my wretched women, that so long

Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully ;

Of which there is not one, I dare avow,

(And now I should not lye) but well deserve,

For virtue and true beauty of the soul,

For honesty and decent carriage,

A right good husband, let him be a noble :

And, sure, those men are happy, that shall have 'em.

The last is for my men ; they are the poorest,

But poverty could never draw 'em from me ;

That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,

And something over to remember me.

If heav'n had pleas'd to've giv'n me longer life

And able means, we had not parted thus.

These are the whole contents. And, good my lord,

By that you love the dearest in this world,

As you wish christian peace to souls departed,

Stand these poor peoples friend, and urge the King

To do me this last right.

*Cap.* By heav'n, I will ;

Or let me lose the fashion of a man.

*Cath.* I thank you, honest lord. Remember me

In all humility unto his Highness ;

And tell him, his long trouble now is passing

Out of this world. Tell him, in death I blest him ;

For so I will— mine eyes grow dim. Farewel,

My lord—*Griffith*, farewel—nay, *Patience*,

You must not leave me yet. I must to bed—

Call in more women—When I'm dead, good wench,  
 Let me be us'd with honour ; strew me over  
 With maiden flow'rs, that all the world may know  
 I was a chaste wife to my grave : embalm me,  
 Then lay me forth ; although un-queen'd, yet like  
 A Queen, and daughter to a King, interr me.  
 I can no more—— [Exeunt, leading Catharine.



## A C T V.

S C E N E, *before the Palace.*

*Enter Gardiner Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a torch before him, met by Sir Thomas Lovel.*

G A R D I N E R.



T'S one a clock, boy, is't not ?

Boy. It hath struck.

Gard. These should be hours for necessities,  
 Not for delights ; times, to repair our nature  
 With comforting repose, and not for us  
 To waste these times. Good hour of night, Sir Thomas ;  
 Whither so late ?

Lov. Came you from the King, my lord ?

Gard. I did, Sir Thomas, and left him at *Primero*  
 With the Duke of *Suffolk*.

Lov. I must to him too,  
 Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

Gard. Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovel ; what's the matter ?  
 It seems, you are in haste : And if there be  
 No great offence belongs to't, give your friend  
 Some touch of your late business. Affairs, that walk  
 (As they Say, spirits do) at midnight, have  
 In them a wilder nature, than the business  
 That seeks dispatch by day.

Lov.



*Lov.* My lord, I love you :  
And durst commend a secret to your ear  
Much weightier than this work. The Queen's in labour,  
They say, in great extremity ; 'tis fear'd,  
She'll with the labour end.

*Gard.* The fruit she goes with  
I pray for heartily, that it may find  
Good time, and live ; but for the stock, Sir *Thomas*,  
I wish it grubb'd up now.

*Lov.* Methinks, I could  
Cry the Amen ; and yet my conscience says,  
She's a good creature, and (sweet lady) does  
Deserve our better wishes.

*Gard.* But, Sir, Sir——  
Hear me, Sir *Thomas*——You're a gentleman  
Of mine own way ; I know you wise, religious ;  
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,  
'Twill not, Sir *Thomas Lovel*, take't of me,  
'Till *Cranmer*, *Cromwell*, her two hands, and she,  
Sleep in their graves.

*Lov.* Now, Sir, you speak of two  
The most remark'd i'th' kingdom ; as for *Cromwell*,  
Beside that of the jewel-house, he's made master  
O'th' Rolls, and the King's Secretary : Further,  
Stands in the gap and trade for more preferments,  
With which the time will load him. Th' Archbishop  
Is the King's hand, and tongue ; and who dare speak  
One syllable against him ?

*Gard.* Yes, Sir *Thomas*,  
There are that dare ; and I my self have ventur'd  
To speak my mind of him ; indeed, this day  
(Sir, I may tell it you,) I think, I have  
Incens'd the lords o'th' Council, that he is  
(For so I know he is, they know he is)  
A most arch-heretick, a pestilence  
That does infect the land ; with which they mov'd,  
Have broken with the King ; who hath so far  
Giv'n ear to our complaint, of his great Grace  
And princely care, foreseeing those fell mischiefs  
Our reasons laid before him ; he hath commanded,

To morrow morning to the council-board  
 He be convented. He's a rank weed, Sir *Thomas*,  
 And we must root him out. From your affairs  
 I hinder you too long : good night, Sir *Thomas*.

[*Exeunt Gardiner and page.*]

*Lov.* Many good nights, my lord ; I rest your servant.  
 [Ex. *Lov.*]

SCENE changes to an Apartment in the Palace.

*Enter King and Suffolk.*

*King.* CHARLES, I will play no more to night;  
 My mind's not on't, you are too hard for me.

*Suf.* Sir, I did never win of you before.

*King.* But little, *Charles*;  
 Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play.

*Re-enter Lovel.*

Now, *Lovel*, from the Queen what is the news ?

*Lov.* I could not personally deliver to her  
 What you commanded me, but by her woman  
 I sent your message ; who return'd her thanks  
 In greatest humbleness, and begg'd your Highness  
 Most heartily to pray for her.

*King.* What say'st thou ! ha !  
 To pray for her ! what ! is she crying out ?

*Lov.* So said her woman, and that her suff'rance made  
 Almost each pang a death.

*King.* Alas, good lady !

*Suf.* God safely quit her of her burthen, and  
 With gentle travel, to the gladding of  
 Your Highness with an heir !

*King.* 'Tis midnight, *Charles* ;  
 Pr'ythee, to bed ; and in thy prayers remember  
 Th' estate of my poor Queen. Leave me alone ;  
 For I must think of that, which company  
 Would not be friendly to.

*Suf.* I wish your Highness



**KING HENRY VIII.**

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A quiet night, and my good mistress will  
Remember in my prayers.

*King. Charles, a good night :* [Exit Suffolk.  
Well, Sir, what follows?

*Enter Sir Anthony Denny.*

*Denny.* Sir, I have brought my lord the Arch-bishop,  
As you commanded me.

*King.* Ha! *Canterbury!*——

*Denny.* Yea, my good lord.

*King.* 'Tis true——where is he, *Denny?*

*Denny.* He attends your Highness' pleasure.

*King.* Bring him to us. [Exit Denny.

*Lov.* This is about that, which the Bishop spake;  
I am happily come hither. [Aside.

*Enter Cranmer and Denny.*

*King.* Avoid the gallery. [Lovel seemeth to stay.

Ha!——I have said——be gone.

What!—— [Exeunt Lovel and Denny.

*Cran.* I am fearful: wherefore frowns he thus?

'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.

*King.* How now, my lord? you do desire to know,  
Wherefore I sent for you.

*Cran.* It is my duty  
T' attend your Highness' pleasure.

*King.* Pray you, rise;

My good and gracious lord of *Canterbury*:

Come, you and I must walk a turn together:

I've news to tell you. Come, give me your hand.

Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak;

And am right sorry to repeat what follows.

I have, and most unwillingly, of late

Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,

Grievous complaints of you; which being consider'd,

Have mov'd us and our Council, that you shall

This morning come before us; where I know,

You cannot with such freedom purge your self,

But that, till further tryal, in those charges  
Which will require your answer, you must take  
Your patience to you, and be well contented  
To make your house our *Tower* : You a brother of us,  
It fits we thus proceed ; or else no witness  
Would come against you.

*Cran.* I humbly thank your Highness,  
And am right glad to catch this good occasion  
Most throughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff  
And corn shall fly afunder. For, I know,  
There's none stands under more calumnious tongues  
Than I my self, poor man.

*King.* Stand up, good *Canterbury* ;  
Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted  
In us, thy friend. Give me thy hand, stand up ;  
Pr'ythee, let's walk. Now, by my holy dame,  
What manner of man are you ? my lord, I look'd,  
You would have given me your petition, that  
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together  
Your self and your accusers, and have heard you  
Without indurance further.

*Cran.* Most dread Liege,  
The good I stand on is my truth and honesty :  
If they shall fall, I with mine enemies  
Will triumph o'er my person ; which I weigh not,  
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing  
What can be said against me.

*King.* Know you not  
How your state stands i' th' world, with the whole world ?  
Your foes are many, and not small ; their practices  
Must bear the same proportion ; and not ever  
The justice and the truth o'th' question carries  
The due o'th' verdict with it. At what ease  
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt  
To swear against you ? such things have been done,  
You're pōtently oppos'd ; and with a malice  
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,  
I mean, in perjur'd witness, than your master,  
Whose minister you are, while here he liv'd  
Upon this naughty earth ? go to, go to,

You



You take a precipice for no leap of danger,  
And woo your own destruction.

*Cran.* God and your Majesty  
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into  
The trap is laid for me!

*King.* Be of good cheer;  
They shall no more prevail, than we give way to:  
Keep comfort to you, and this morning see  
You do appear before them. If they chance,  
In charging you with matters, to commit you;  
The best persuasions to the contrary  
Fail not to use; and with what vehemency  
Th' occasion shall instruct you. If intreaties  
Will render you no remedy, this Ring  
Deliver them, and your appeal to us  
There make before them. Look, the good man weeps!  
He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother!  
I swear, he is true-hearted; and a soul  
None better in my kingdom. Get you gone,  
And do as I have bid you. [*Exit Cranmer.*]  
H'as strangled all his language in his tears.

*Enter an old Lady.*

*Gent. Within.* Come back; what mean you?

*Lady.* I'll not come back: the tidings that I bring  
Will make my boldness manners. Now good angels  
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person  
Under their blessed wings!

*King.* Now, by thy looks  
I guess thy message. Is the Queen deliver'd?  
Say, ay; and of a boy.

*Lady.* Ay, ay, my Liege;  
And of a lovely boy; the God of heav'n  
Both now and ever bless her!—'tis a girl,  
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your Queen  
Desires your visitation; and to be  
Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you,  
As cherry is to cherry.

*King. Lovell,*—

*Lov. Sir.*

*King.* Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the Queen.

[*Exit King.*]

*Lady.* An hundred marks! by this light, I'll ha' more.  
An ordinary groom is for such payment.  
I will have more, or scold it out of him.  
Said I for this, the girl was like him? I'll  
Have more, or else unfay't: now, while 'tis hot,  
I'll put it to the issue. [*Exit Lady.*]

### SCENE, before the Council-chamber.

*Enter Cranmer.*

*Cran.* I Hope, I'm not too late; and yet the gentleman,  
That was sent to me from the Council, pray'd me  
To make great haste. All fast? what means this? ho?  
Who waits there? sure, you know me?

*Enter Door-Keeper.*

*D. Keep.* Yes, my lord;  
But yet I cannot help you.

*Cran.* Why?

*D. Keep.* Your Grace must wait, 'till you be call'd for.

*Enter Doctor Butts.*

*Cran.* So.—

*Butts.* This is a piece of malice: I am glad,  
I came this way so happily. The King  
Shall understand it presently. [*Exit Butts.*]

*Cran.* 'Tis Butts,  
The King's physician; as he past along,  
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!  
Pray heav'n, he found not my disgrace! for certain,  
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,  
(God turn their hearts, I never sought their malice)  
To quench mine honour: they would shame to make me  
Wait else at door: a fellow-counsellor,  
'Mong boys and grooms and lackeys! but their pleasures  
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

*Enter*



# King HENRY VII.

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*Enter the King and Butts, at a window above.*

*Butts.* I'll shew your Grace the strangest sight—

*King.* What's that, *Butts*?

*Butts.* I think, your Highness saw this many a day.

*King.* Body o' me: where is it?

*Butts.* There, my lord:

The high promotion of his Grace of *Canterbury*,  
Who holds his state at door 'mongst purfevants,  
Pages, and foot-boys.

*King.* Ha! 'tis he, indeed.

Is this the honour they do one another?

'Tis well, there's one above 'em yet. I thought,

They'd parted so much honesty among 'em,

At least, good manners; as not thus to suffer

A man of his place, and so near our favour,

To dance attendance on their lordships pleasures;

And at the door too, like a post with packets.

By holy *Mary*, *Butts*, there's knavery;

Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close.

We shall hear more anon,—

## S C E N E, *the Council.*

*A council-table brought in with chairs and stools, and placed under the state. Enter Lord Chancellor, places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand: A seat being left void above him, as for the Arch-bishop of Canterbury, Duke of Suffolk, Duke of Norfolk, Surrey, Lord Chamberlain, and Gardiner, seat themselves in order on each side. Cromwel at the lower end, as Secretary.*

*Chan.* **S**PEAK to the business, Mr. Secretary; (30)  
Why are we met in Council?

*Crom.* Please your Honours,

The

(30) *Chan.* *Speak to the Business,*] This Lord Chancellor, tho' a Character, has hitherto had no place in the *Dramatis Personæ*. In the last Scene of the fourth Act, we heard, that Sir Thomas Moore was appointed Lord-Chancellor: but it is not He, whom the Poet here introduces. *Wol-*  
*sey,*

The cause concerns his Grace of Canterbury.

*Gard.* Has he had knowledge of it?

*Crom.* Yes.

*Nor.* Who waits there?

*D. Keep.* Without, my noble lords?

*Gard.* Yes.

*D. Keep.* My lord Arch-bishop;

And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

*Chan.* Let him come in.

*D. Keep.* Your Grace may enter now.

[*Cranmer approaches the council table.*]

*Chan.* My good lord Arch-bishop, I'm very sorry  
To sit here at this present, and behold  
That chair stand empty: but we all are men  
In our own natures frail, and capable  
Of frailty, few are angels; from which frailty  
And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,  
Have misdemean'd your self, and not a little:  
Toward the King first, then his Laws, in filling  
The whole realm, by your teaching and your chaplains,  
(For so we are inform'd) with new opinions  
Divers and dang'rous, which are heresies;  
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

*Gard.* Which reformation must be sudden too,  
My noble lords; for those, that tame wild horses,  
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle;  
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur 'em,  
'Till they obey the manage. If we suffer  
(Out of our easiness and childish pity  
To one man's honour) this contagious sickness,  
Farewel all physick: and what follows then?  
Commotions, uproars, with a gen'ral taint  
Of the whole state: as of late days our neighbours

*sey*, by Command, deliver'd up the Seals on the 18th of November 1529; on the 25th of the same Month, they were deliver'd to Sir Thomas Moore, who surrender'd them on the 16th of May, 1532. Now the Conclusion of this Scene taking Notice of Queen Elizabeth's Birth, (which brings it down to the Year 1534.) Sir Thomas Audley must necessarily be our Poet's Chancellor; who succeeded Sir Thomas Moore, and held the Seals many Years.



# King HENRY VIII.

91

The upper *Germany* can dearly witness,  
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

*Cran.* My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress  
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd  
(And with no little study) that my teaching,  
And the strong course of my Authority,  
Might go one way, and safely; and the end  
Was ever to do well: nor is there living  
(I speak it with a single heart, my lords)  
A man that more detests, more stirs against,  
(Both in his private conscience and his place)  
Defacers of the publick peace, than I do.  
Pray heav'n, the King may never find a heart  
With less allegiance in it! Men, that make  
Envy and crooked malice nourishment,  
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,  
That, in this case of justice, my accusers,  
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,  
And freely urge against me.

*Suf.* Nay, my lord,  
That cannot be; you are a counsellor,  
And by that virtue no man dare accuse you. [ment;

*Gard.* My lord, because we've business of more mo-  
We will be short wi'you. 'Tis his Highness' pleasure,  
And our consent, for better tryal of you,  
From hence you be committed to the *Tower*;  
Where, being but a private man again,  
You shall know, many dare accuse you boldly,  
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

*Cran.* Ay, my good lord of *Winchester*, I thank you,  
You're always my good friend; if your will pass,  
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,  
You are so merciful. I see your end,  
'Tis my undoing. Love and meekness, lord,  
Become a church-man better than ambition;  
Win straying souls with modesty again,  
Cast none away. That I shall clear my self,  
(Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience)  
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience  
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,

But

But reverence to your Calling makes me modest.

*Gard.* My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,  
That's the plain truth; your painted gloss discovers,  
To men, that understand you, words and weakness.

*Crom.* My lord of *Winchester*, you are a little,  
By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,  
However faulty, yet should find respect  
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty  
To load a falling man.

*Gard.* Good Mr. Secretary,  
I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst  
Of all this table, say so.

*Crom.* Why, my lord?

*Gard.* Do not I know you for a favourer  
Of this new sect? ye are not found.

*Crom.* Not found?

*Gard.* Not found, I say.

*Crom.* Would you were half so honest!  
Mens prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

*Gard.* I shall remember this bold language.

*Crom.* Do.

Remember your bold life too.

*Cham.* This is too much;  
Forbear for shame, my lords.

*Gard.* I've done.

*Crom.* And I.

*Cham.* Then thus for you, my lord: it stands agreed,  
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith  
You be convey'd to th' *Tower* a prisoner;  
There to remain, till the King's further pleasure  
Be known unto us. Are you all agreed, lords?

*All.* We are.

*Cran.* Is there no other way of mercy,  
But I must needs to th' *Tower*, my lords?

*Gard.* What other  
Would you expect? you're strangely troublesome:  
Let some o'th' Guard be ready there.

*Enter*



*Enter the Guard.*

*Cran.* For me?  
Must I go like a traitor then?

*Gard.* Receive him,  
And see him safe i'th' Tower.

*Cran.* Stay, good my lords,  
I have a little yet to say. Look there, lords;  
By virtue of that Ring, I take my cause  
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it  
To a most noble judge, the King my master.

*Cham.* This is the King's Ring.

*Sur.* 'Tis no counterfeit.

*Suf.* 'Tis his right Ring, by heav'n. I told ye all,  
When we first put this dang'rous stone a rowling,  
'Twould fall upon our selves.

*Nor.* D' you think, my lords,  
The King will suffer but the little finger  
Of this man to be vex'd?

*Cham.* 'Tis now too certain.  
How much more is his life in value with him?  
Would I were fairly out on't.

*Crom.* My mind gave me,  
In seeking tales and informations  
Against this man, whose honesty the devil  
And his disciples only envy at,  
Ye blew the fire that burns ye; now have at ye.

*Enter King, frowning on them; takes his seat.*

*Gard.* Dread Sov'reign, how much are we bound to  
In daily thanks, that gave us such a Prince; [heav'n  
Not only good and wise, but most religious:  
One, that in all obedience makes the Church  
The chief aim of his honour; and to strengthen  
That holy duty, out of dear respect,  
His royal self in judgment comes to hear  
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

*King.* You're ever good at sudden commendations,  
*Bishop of Winchester.* But know, I come not  
To hear such flatt'ries now; and in my presence

They are too thin and base to hide offences.  
 To me you cannot reach: you play the spaniel,  
 And think with wagging of your tongue to win me:  
 But whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I'm sure,  
 Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.  
 Good man, sit down: now let me see the proudest

[To Cran.]

He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee.  
 By all that's holy, he had better starve,  
 Than but once think; this place becomes thee not.

*Sur.* May't please your Grace ———

*King.* No, Sir, it does not please me.  
 I thought, I had had men of some understanding  
 And wisdom, of my Council; but I find none.  
 Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,  
 This good man, (few of you deserve that title)  
 This honest man, wait like a lowlie foot-boy  
 At chamber-door, and one as great as you are?  
 Why, what a shame was this? did my commission  
 Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye  
 Pow'r, as he was a counsellor to try him;  
 Not as a groom. There's some of ye, I see,  
 More out of malice than integrity,  
 Would try him to the utmost, had ye means;  
 Which ye shall never have, while I do live.

*Cham.* My most dread Sovereign, may it like your Grace  
 To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd  
 Concerning his imprisonment, was rather,  
 If there be faith in men, meant for his tryal,  
 And fair purgation to the world, than malice;  
 I'm sure, in me.

*King.* Well, well, my lords, respect him:  
 Take him, and use him well; he's worthy of it.  
 I will say thus much for him, if a Prince  
 May be beholden to a subject, I  
 Am, for his love and service, so to him.  
 Make me no more ado, but all embrace him:  
 Be friends for shame, my lords. My lord of *Canterbury*,  
 I have a suit which you must not deny me.  
 There is a fair young maid, that yet wants baptism;

You



You must be godfather, and answer for her.

*Cran.* The greatest monarch now alive may glory  
In such an honour ; how may I deserve it,  
That am a poor and humble subject to you ?

*King.* Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons :  
you shall have

Two noble partners with you : the old Dutchess  
Of *Norfolk*, and the lady Marquess *Dorset* —  
Once more, my lord of *Winchester*, I charge you  
Embrace and love this man.

*Gard.* With a true heart  
And brother's love I do it.

*Cran.* And let heav'n  
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

*King.* Good man, those joyful tears shew thy true heart :  
The common voice, I see, is verify'd  
Of thee, which says thus : do my lord of *Canterbury*  
But one shrewd turn, and he's your friend for ever.  
Come, lords, we trifle time away : I long  
To have this young one made a christian.  
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain :  
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain. [Exe.

S C E N E, *the Palace-yard.*

*Noise and tumult within : Enter Porter and his man.*

*Port.* **Y**ou'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals ; do you  
take the Court for *Paris Garden* ? ye rude  
slaves, leave your gaping.

*Within.* Good Mr. Porter, I belong to th' larder.

*Port.* Belong to the gallows and be hang'd, ye rogue :  
is this a place to roar in ? fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves,  
and strong ones ; these are but switches to 'em : I'll scratch  
your heads ; you must be seeing christnings ? do you look  
for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals ?

*Man.* Pray, Sir, be patient ; 'tis as much impossible  
(Unless we swept them from the door with cannons)  
To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep

On *May*-day morning; which will never be:  
We may as well push against *Pauls*, as stir 'em.

*Port.* How got they in, and be hang'd?

*Man.* Alas, I know not; how gets the tide in?

As much as one sound cudgel of four foot  
(You see the poor remainder) could distribute,  
I made no spare, Sir.

*Port.* You did nothing, Sir.

*Man.* I am not *Sampson*, nor *Sir Guy*, nor *Colebrand*, to  
mow 'em down before me; but if I spar'd any that had  
a head to hit, either young or old, he or she, cuckold or  
cuckold-maker, let me never hope to see a chine again;  
and that I would not for a cow, God save her.

*Wilbin.* Do you hear, Mr. Porter?

*Port.* I shall be with you presently, good Mr. Puppy.  
Keep the door close, firrah.

*Man.* What would you have me do?

*Port.* What should you do, but knock 'em down by the  
dozens? is this *Morefields* to muster in? or have we some  
strange *Indian* with the great tool come to Court, the wo-  
men so besiege us? bless me! what a fry of fornication is  
at the door? on my christian conscience, this one christ-  
ning will beget a thousand; here will be father, god-father,  
and all together.

*Man.* The spoons will be the bigger, Sir. There is a  
fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brasier by  
his face; for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now  
reign in's nose; all that stand about him are under the line,  
they need no other penance; that fire-drake did I hit three  
times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged  
against me; he stands there like a mortar-piece to blow  
us up. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near  
him, that rail'd upon me 'till her pink'd porringer fell off  
her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I  
mist the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cry'd  
out, Clubs! when I might see from far some forty trun-  
cheoneers draw to her succour; which were the hope of  
the strand, where she was quarter'd. They fell on; I  
made good my place; at length they came to th' broom-  
staff with me, I defy'd 'em still; when suddenly a file  
of



of boys behind 'em deliver'd such a shower of pibbles, loose shot, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the Work; the devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely.

*Port.* These are the youths that thunder at a playhouse, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience but the Tribulation of *Tower-Hill*, or the limbs of *Limehouse*, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two beadles, that is to come.

*Enter Lord Chamberlain.*

*Cham.* Mercy o' me! what a multitude are here? They grow still too; from all parts they are coming, As if we kept a fair. Where are these porters; These lazy knaves? ye've made a fine hand, fellows; There's a trim rabble let in; are all these Your faithful friends o' th' suburbs? we shall have Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies, When they pass back from th' Christning?

*Port.* Please your Honour, We are but men; and what so many may do, Not being torn in pieces, we have done: An Army cannot rule 'em.

*Cham.* As I live, If the King blame me for't, I'll lay ye all By th' heels, and suddenly; and on your heads Clap round fines for neglect: y'are lazy knaves; And here ye ly<sup>s</sup> baiting of bumbards, when Ye should do service. Hark, the trumpets sound; Th' are come already from the Christening; Go break among the press, and find a way out To let the troop pass fairly; or I'll find A *Marshallsea*, shall hold ye play these two months.

*Port.* Make way there for the Princess.

*Man.* You great fellow, stand close up, or I'll make your head ake.

*Port.* You i'th' camblet, get up o'th' rail, I'll peck you o'er the pales else.

[*Exeunt.*]

VOL. V.

G

SCENE

## SCENE, the Palace.

*Enter Trumpets sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, Cranmer, Duke of Norfolk with his Marshal's staff, Duke of Suffolk, two Noblemen bearing great standing bowls for the christening gifts; then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Dutcheſs of Norfolk, god-mother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, &c. Train born by a lady: then follows the Marchioness of Dorset, the other god-mother, and ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.*

*Gart.* Heav'n, from thy endless goodness send long life,  
And ever happy, to the high and mighty  
Princes of England, fair Elizabeth!

*Flourish. Enter King and Guard.*

*Cran.* And to your royal Grace, and the good Queen,  
My noble partners and my self thus pray;  
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,  
That heav'n e'er laid up to make parents happy,  
May hourly fall upon ye!

*King.* Thank you, good lord Arch-bishop:  
What is her name?

*Cran.* Elizabeth.

*King.* Stand up, lord.  
With this kiss take my Blessing: God protect thee,  
Into whose hand I give thy life.

*Cran.* Amen.

*King.* My noble gossips, y'have been too prodigal,  
I thank you heartily: so shall this lady,  
When she has so much English.

*Cran.* Let me speak, Sir;  
(For Heav'n now bids me) and the words I utter,  
Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth.  
This royal Infant, (heaven still move about her)  
Though in her cradle, yet now promises  
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,  
Which time shall bring to ripeness. She shall be

(But



(But few now living can behold that goodness)  
 A pattern to all Princes living with her,  
 And all that shall succeed. *Sheba* was never  
 More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue,  
 Than this blest soul shall be. All Princely graces,  
 That mould up such a mighty piece as this,  
 With all the virtues that attend the good,  
 Shall still be doubled on her. Truth shall nurse her:  
 Holy and heav'nly thoughts still counsel her:  
 She shall be lov'd and fear'd. Her own shall bless her;  
 Her foes shake, like a field of beaten corn,  
 And hang their heads with sorrow. Good grows with her.  
 In her days, ev'ry man shall eat in safety,  
 Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing  
 The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.  
 God shall be truly known, and those about her  
 From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,  
 And claim by those their Greatness, not by blood.  
 Nor shall this peace sleep with her; but as when  
 The bird of wonder dies, the maiden Phoenix,  
 Her ashes new create another heir,  
 As great in admiration as her self;  
 So shall she leave her blessedness to one,  
 (When heav'n shall call her from this cloud of darkness)  
 Who from the sacred ashes of her honour  
 Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,  
 And so stand fix'd. Peace, Plenty, Love, Truth, Terrour,  
 That were the servants to this chosen infant,  
 Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him;  
 Where-ever the bright sun of heav'n shall shine,  
 His honour and the greatness of his name  
 Shall be, and make new nations. He shall flourish,  
 And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches  
 To all the plains about him: children's children  
 Shall see this, and bless heav'n.

*King.* Thou speakest wonders.

*Cran.* She shall be, to the happiness of *England*, (31)

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An

(31) *She shall be to the Happiness of England,*  
*An aged Princess ;] The Transition here from the Complimentary Ad-*  
*dress*

An aged Princess ; many days shall see her,  
 And yet no day without a deed to crown it.  
 Would, I had known no more ! but she must die, (32)  
 She must, the Saints must have her yet a Virgin ;  
 A most unspotted lilly she shall pass  
 To th' ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

*King.* O lord Arch-bishop,  
 Thou'lt made me now a man ; never, before  
 This happy child, did I get any thing.  
 This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,  
 That when I am in heav'n, I shall desire  
 To see what this child does, and praise my maker.  
 I thank ye all. — To you, my good Lord Mayor,

dress to King *James* the First is so abrupt, that it seems obvious to me, that Compliment was inserted after the Accession of that Prince. If this Play was wrote, as in my opinion it was, in the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth* ; we may easily determine where *Cranmer's* Eulogium of that Princess concluded. I make no question but the Poet rested here ;

*And claim by those their Greatness, not by Blood.* All that the Bishop says after this, was an occasional Homage paid to her Successor ; and evidently inserted after her Demise. How naturally, without this Insertion, does the King's Joy, and satisfactory Reflection upon the Bishop's Prophecy come in !

*King.* *Thou speakest Wonders. O Lord Archbilhop,*  
*Thou'lt made me now a Man. Never, before*  
*This happy Child, did I get any Thing, &c.*

Whether the King would so properly have made this Inference, upon hearing that a Child of so great Hopes should dye without Issue, is submitted to Judgment.

(32) *Would I had known no more : but She must dye,*  
*She must, the Saints must have her ; yet a Virgin,*  
*A most unspotted Lilly, &c.]* Thus the Editors hitherto, in their Sagacity, have pointed this Passage, and destroy'd the true Sense of it. The first part of this Sentence is a Wish : The other should be a sorrowful Continuation of the Bishop's Prophecy. But, sure, *Cranmer* was too wise and pious a Man, too well acquainted with the State of Mortality, to make it a part of his Lamentation that this good Princess must one time or other go to Heaven. As I point it, the Poet makes a fine Compliment to his Royal Mistress's Memory, to lament that she must dye without leaving an Heir of her Body behind her. *Palamon* and *Arcite*, in the *Two Noble Kinsmen* of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, being made Prisoners to *Theseus*, and fearing they shall dye in that Captivity, lament their Fate, I remember, in much the same manner.

— *Here the Graces of our Youths must wither,*  
*Like a too timely Spring ; here Age must find us,*  
*And, which is heaviest, Palamon, unmarried.*

And



And your good brethren, I am much beholden: (33)  
 I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,  
 And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, lords;  
 Ye must all see the Queen, and she must thank ye,  
 She will be sick else. This day no man think,  
 H'as business at his house, for all shall stay;  
 This little one shall make it holy-day. [Exeunt.]

(33) *And you good Brethren,]* But, the Aldermen never were call'd Brethren to the King. The Top of the Nobility are but Cousins and Counsellors. Dr. Thirlby, therefore, rightly advised;

*And your good Brethren* —

i. e. the Lord Mayor's Brethren; which is properly their Style. So in the Chorus before the 5th Act of Henry V.

*The Mayor, and all his Brethren in best Sort,  
 Like to the Senators of antique Rome,  
 With the Plebeians swarming at their Heels,  
 Go forth, and fetch their conqu'ring Cæsar in.*





## EPILOGUE.

**T**IS ten to one, this *Play* can never please  
All that are here: some come to take their ease,  
And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear,  
We've frighted with our trumpets: so, 'tis clear,  
They'll say, it's naught. Others, to hear the city  
Abus'd extremely, and to cry, that's witty!  
Which we have not done neither; that, I fear,  
All the expected Good we are like to hear  
For this *Play* at this time, is only in  
The merciful construction of good wom'n;  
(For such a one we shew'd 'em) If they smile,  
And say, 'twill do; I know, within a while  
All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,  
If they hold, when their ladies bid 'em clap.





Dramatis Personae.

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THE  
LIFE *and* DEATH  
OF  
King *LEAR*.

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# Dramatis Personæ.

LEAR, *King of Britain.*

*King of France.*

*Duke of Burgundy.*

*Duke of Cornwall.*

*Duke of Albany.*

*Earl of Glo'ster,*

*Earl of Kent.*

*Edgar, Son to Glo'ster,*

*Edmund, Bastard Son to Glo'ster.*

*Curan, a Courtier.*

*Doctor,*

*Fool.*

*Oswald, Steward to Gonerill.*

*A Captain, employ'd by Edmund.*

*Gentleman, Attendant on Cordelia.*

*A Herald.*

*Old Man, Tenant to Glo'ster.*

*Servant to Cornwall.*

1st. } *Servants to Glo'ster,*  
2d. }

Gonerill, }  
Regan, } *Daughters to Lear,*  
Cordelia, }

*Knights attending on the King, Officers, Messengers,  
Soldiers and Attendants.*

SCENE *lyes in Britain.*

KING





# KING LEAR.

## ACT I.

SCENE, *the King's Palace.*

*Enter Kent, Glo'ster, and Edmund the Bastard.*

KENT.

Thought, the King had more affected the Duke of *Albany* than *Cornwall*.

**I** Glo. It did always seem so to us : but now, in the Division of the Kingdom, it appears not, which of the Dukes he values most ; for qualities are so weigh'd, that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord ?

Glo. His Breeding, Sir, hath been at my charge. I have so often blush'd to acknowledge him, that now I am braz'd to't.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could ; whereupon she grew round-womb'd ; and had, indeed, Sir, a son for her cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault ?

*Kent.*

*Kent.* I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

*Glo.* But I have a son, Sir, by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account; though this knave came somewhat sawcily to the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good sport at his making, and the whorson must be acknowledg'd. Do you know this Nobleman, *Edmund*?

*Edm.* No, my lord.

*Glo.* My lord of *Kent*;—  
Remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

*Edm.* My services to your lordship.

*Kent.* I must love you, and sue to know you better.

*Edm.* Sir, I shall study your deserving.

*Glo.* He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again.

[*Trumpets sound, within.*]

The King is coming.

*Enter King Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Gonerill, Regan, Cordelia, and Attendants.*

*Lear.* Attend the lords of *France* and *Burgundy*, *Gloster*.

*Glo.* I shall, my Liege.

[*Exit.*]

*Lear.* Mean time we shall express our darker purpose.

Give me the Map here. Know, we have divided,  
In three, our Kingdom; and 'tis our fast intent,  
To shake all cares and business from our age;  
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we  
Unburthen'd crawl tow'rd death. Our son of *Cornwall*,  
And You, our no less loving son of *Albany*,  
We have this hour a constant will to publish  
Our daughters sev'ral Dow'rs, that future strife [gundy,  
May be prevented now. The Princes *France* and *Bur-*  
Great rivals in our younger daughter's love,  
Long in our Court have made their am'rous sojourn,  
And here are to be answer'd. Tell me, daughters,  
(Since now we will divest us, both of rule,  
Int'rest of territory, cares of state;)  
Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most?  
That we our largest bounty may extend,

Where



Where nature doth with merit challenge. *Gonerill,*  
Our eldest born, speak first.

*Gon.* I love you, Sir,  
Dearer than eye-sight, space and liberty;  
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;  
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour:  
As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found.  
A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable,  
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

*Cor.* What shall *Cordelia* do? love and be silent. [*Aside.*

*Lear.* Of all these Bounds, ev'n from this line to this,  
With shadowy forests and with champions rich'd,  
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,  
We make thee lady. To thine and *Albany's* issue  
Be this perpetual.—What says our second daughter,  
Our dearest *Regan*, wife of *Cornwall*? speak.

*Reg.* I'm made of that self-metal as my sister,  
And prize me at her worth, in my true Heart. (1)  
I find, she names my very deed of love:  
Only she comes too short: that I profess  
My self an enemy to all other joys,  
Which the most precious square of sense possesses;  
And find, I am alone felicitate  
In your dear Highness' love.

*Cor.* Then poor *Cordelia*! [*Aside.*  
And yet not so, since, I am sure, my love's  
More pond'rous than my tongue.

*Lear.* To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,  
Remain this ample third of our fair Kingdom;  
No less in space, validity, and pleasure,  
Than that confer'd on *Gonerill*.—Now our joy,  
Although our last, not least; to whose young love,  
The vines of *France*, and milk of *Burgundy*,  
Strive to be int'ress'd: what say you, to draw

(1) *And prize me at her Worth. In my true Heart,*] *Ms. Bishop* pre-  
scrib'd the Pointing of this Passage, as I have regulated it in the Text.  
*Regan* would say, that in the Truth of her Heart and Affection, she e-  
quals the worth of her Sister. Without this Change in the Pointing, she  
makes a Boast of her self without any Cause assign'd.

A third, more opulent than your sisters? speak.

*Cor.* Nothing, my lord.

*Lear.* Nothing?

*Cor.* Nothing.

*Lear.* Nothing can come of nothing; speak again.

*Cor.* Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave  
My heart into my mouth: I love your Majesty  
According to my bond, no more nor less.

*Lear.* How, how, *Cordelia*? mend your speech a little,  
Lest you may mar your fortunes.

*Cor.* Good my lord,  
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me. I  
Return those duties back, as are right fit;  
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.  
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say,  
They love you, all? hap'ly, when I shall wed,  
That lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall carry  
Half my love with him, half my care and duty.  
Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,  
To love my father all.—

*Lear.* But goes thy heart with this?

*Cor.* Ay, my good lord.

*Lear.* So young, and so untender?

*Cor.* So young, my lord, and true.

*Lear.* Let it be so, thy truth then be thy dower:  
For by the sacred radiance of the sun,  
The mysteries of *Hecate*, and the night,  
By all the operations of the orbs,  
From whom we do exist, and cease to be:  
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,  
Propinquity, and property of blood,  
And as a stranger to my heart and me  
Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barb'rous *Scythian*,  
Or he that makes his generation, messes  
To gorge his appetite; shall to my bosom  
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,  
As thou, my sometime daughter.

*Kent.* Good my Liege—

*Lear.* Peace, *Kent*!

Come not between the dragon and his wrath.



I lov'd her most, and thought to set my Rest  
On her kind nurs'ry. Hence, avoid my sight! —

[To Cor.]

So be my grave my peace, as here I give  
Her father's heart from her; Call *France*; who stirs?  
Call *Burgundy*. — *Cornwall* and *Albany*,  
With my two daughters dowres, digest the third.  
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.  
I do invest you jointly with my Power,  
Preheminence, and all the large effects  
That troop with Majesty. Our self by monthly course,  
With reservation of an hundred Knights,  
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode  
Make with you by due turns: only retain  
The name and all th' addition to a King:  
The sway, revenue, execution,  
Beloved sons, be yours; which to confirm,  
This Cor'onet part between you. [Giving the Crown.]

*Kent*. Royal *Lear*,

Whom I have ever honour'd as my King,  
Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,  
And as my patron thought on in my pray'rs —

*Lear*. The bow is bent and drawn, make from the shaft.

*Kent*. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade  
The region of my heart; be *Kent* unmannerly,  
When *Lear* is mad: what would'st thou do, old man?  
Think'st thou, that duty shall have dread to speak,  
When pow'r to flatter's bows? to plainness Honour  
Is bound, when Majesty to folly falls.

Reserve thy State; with better judgment check  
This hideous rashness; with my life I answer,  
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;  
Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low sound  
Reverbs no hollowness.

*Lear*. *Kent*, on thy life no more.

*Kent*. My life I never held but as a pawn  
To wage against thy foes; nor fear to lose it,  
Thy safety being the motive.

*Lear*. Out of my sight!

*Kent*. See better, *Lear*, and let me still remain

The

The true blank of thine eye.

*Lear.* Now by *Apollo* —

*Kent.* Now by *Apollo*, King,  
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

*Lear.* O vassal! miscreant! —

[*Laying his hand on his sword.*]

*Alb. Corn.* Dear Sir, forbear.

*Kent.* Kill thy physician, and thy fee bestow  
Upon the foul disease; revoke thy doom,  
Or whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,  
I'll tell thee, thou dost evil.

*Lear.* Hear me, recreant!

Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow,  
Which we durst never yet; and with strain'd pride,  
To come betwixt our sentence and our power;  
(Which nor our nature, nor our place, can bear;) —  
Our potency made good, take thy reward.  
Five days we do allot thee for provision,  
To shield thee from disasters of the world;  
And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back  
Upon our Kingdom; if, the tenth day following,  
Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,  
The moment is thy death: away! By *Jupiter*,  
This shall not be revok'd.

*Kent.* Fare thee well, King; sith thus thou wilt appear,  
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here;  
The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,  
That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said;  
And your large speeches may your deeds approve,  
That good effects may spring from words of love:  
Thus *Kent*, O Princes, bids you all adieu,  
He'll shape his old course in a country new. [Exit.]

*Enter Glo'ster, with France and Burgundy, and Attendants.*

*Glo.* Here's *France* and *Burgundy*, my noble lord. (2)

(2) *Cor.* *Here's France, and Burgundy, my noble Lord.*] The Generality of the Editions, antient and modern, stupidly place this Verse to *Cordelia*. But I have, upon the Authority of the old 4to, restor'd it to the right Owner, *Glo'ster*; who was, but a little before, sent by the King to conduct *France* and *Burgundy* to him.

*Lear.*



*Lear.* My lord of *Burgundy*,  
We first address tow'rd you, who with this King  
Have rivall'd for our daughter; what at least  
Will you require in present dowre with her,  
Or cease your quest of love?

*Bur.* Most royal Majesty,  
I crave no more than what your Highness offer'd,  
Nor will you tender less.

*Lear.* Right noble *Burgundy*,  
When she was dear to us, we held her so;  
But now her price is fall'n: Sir, there she stands,  
If aught within that little seeming substance,  
Or all of it with our displeasure piec'd,  
And nothing more, may fitly like your Grace,  
She's there, and she is yours.

*Bur.* I know no answer.

*Lear.* Will you with those infirmities she owes,  
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,  
Dowr'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,  
Take her, or leave her?

*Bur.* Pardon, royal Sir;  
Election makes not up on such conditions. [me,

*Lear.* Then leave her, Sir; for by the pow'r that made  
I tell you all her wealth.—For you, great King,  
[To France.

I would not from your love make such a stray,  
To match you where I hate; therefore beseech you,  
T' avert your liking a more worthy way  
Than on a wretch, whom nature is agham'd  
Almost t' acknowledge hers.

*France.* This is most strange!  
That she, who ev'n but now was your best object,  
Your Praise's argument, balm of your age,  
Dearest and best; should in this trice of time  
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle  
So many folds of favour! sure, her offence  
Must be of such unnatural degree,  
That monsters it; (3) or your fore-voucht affection

Fal'n

(3) *As monstrous is,* This bald Reading is a modern Sophistication:  
the oldest and best Copies read; That

Fal'n into taint : which to believe of her,  
Must be a faith, that reason without miracle  
Should never plant in me.

*Cor.* I yet beseech your Majesty,  
(If, for I want that glib and oily art,  
To speak and purpose not ; since what I well intend,  
I'll do't before I speak.) that you make known  
It is no vicious blot, murther, or foulness,  
No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step,  
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour :  
But ev'n for want of that, for which I'm richer,  
A still solliciting eye, and such a tongue,  
That I am glad I've not ; though, not to have it,  
Hath lost me in your liking.

*Lear.* Better thou  
Hadst not been born, than not have pleas'd me better.

*France.* Is it but this ? a tardiness in nature,  
Which often leaves the history unspoke,  
That it intends to do ? my lord of *Burgundy*,  
What say you to the lady ? love's not love,  
When it is mingled with regards, that stand  
Aloof from th'intire point. Say, will you have her ?  
She is her self a dowry.

*Bur.* Royal King,  
Give but that portion which your self propos'd,  
And here I take *Cordelia* by the hand,  
Dutchess of *Burgundy*.

*Lear.* Nothing : — I've sworn.

*Bur.* I'm sorry then, you have so lost a father,  
That you must lose a husband.

*That monsters it —*

i. e. that makes a Monster, a Prodigy, of it : And our Poet uses this  
Verb elsewhere in such a Sense. So *Albany*, afterwards in this Play, says  
to *Goneril*, his Wife ;

*Thou chang'd, and self-converted Thing ! for Shame,  
Be-monster not thy Features.*

And so, in *Coriolanus* ;

*I'd rather have One scratch my Head i'th' Sun,  
When the Aldrum were struck, than idly sit  
To hear my Nothings monster'd.*



Cor. Peace be with *Burgundy*,  
Since that respects of fortune are his love,  
I shall not be his wife.

*France*. Fairest *Cordelia*, that art most rich, being poor,  
Most choice, forsaken; and most lov'd, despis'd!  
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:  
Be't lawful, I take up what's cast away.  
Gods, Gods! 'tis strange, that from their cold'st neglect  
My love should kindle to inflam'd respect.  
Thy dow'rless daughter, King, thrown to my chance,  
Is Queen of us, of ours, and our fair *France*:  
Not all the Dukes of wat'rish *Burgundy*  
Can buy this unpriz'd, precious, maid of me.  
Bid them farewell, *Cordelia*, tho' unkind;  
Thou lovest here, a better where to find.

*Lear*. Thou hast her, *France*; let her be thine, for we  
Have no such daughter; nor shall ever see  
That face of hers again; therefore be gone  
Without our grace, our love, our benison:  
Come, noble *Burgundy*. [Flourish. Exeunt *Lear*  
[and *Burgundy*.

*France*. Bid farewell to your sisters.

Cor. Ye jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes  
*Cordelia* leaves you: I know what you are,  
And, like a sister, am most loth to call  
Your faults, as they are nam'd. Love well our father:  
To your professing bosoms I commit him;  
But yet, alas! stood I within his grace,  
I would prefer him to a better place.  
So farewell to you both.

*Reg*. Prescribe not us our duty.

*Gon*. Let your study

Be to content your lord, who hath receiv'd you  
At fortune's alms; you have obedience scanted,  
And well are worth the Want that you have wanted. (4)

(4) *And well are worth the Want that you have wanted.*] This is a very  
obscure Expression, and must be piec'd out with an implied Sense, to be  
understood. This I take to be the Poet's Meaning, stript of the jingle  
which makes it dark: "You well deserve to meet with that *Want* of  
"Love from your Husband, which you have profess'd to *want* for our  
"Father."

*Cor.* Time shall unfold what plaited cunning hides,  
Who covers faults, at last with shame derides.  
Well may you prosper !

*France.* Come, my fair *Cordelia*.

[*Exeunt France and Cor.*]

*Gon.* Sister, it is not little I've to say,  
Of what most nearly appertains to us both ;  
I think, our father will go hence to night.

*Reg.* That's certain, and with you ; next month with us.

*Gon.* You see how full of changes his age is, the observation we have made of it hath not been little ; he always lov'd our sister most, and with what poor judgment he hath now cast her off, appears too grossly.

*Reg.* 'Tis the infirmity of his age ; yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself.

*Gon.* The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash ; then must we look, from his age, to receive not alone the imperfections of long-engrafted condition, but therewithal the unruly waywardness, that infirm and cholerick years bring with them.

*Reg.* Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him, as this of *Kent's* banishment.

*Gon.* There is further complement of leave-taking between *France* and him ; pray you, let us hit together : if our father carry authority with Such disposition as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

*Reg.* We shall further think of it.

*Gon.* We must do something, and i' th' heat. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to a Castle belonging to the Earl of Glo'ster.

*Enter EDMUND, with a Letter.*

*Edm.* **T**HOU, Nature, art my Goddess ; to thy law  
My services are bound ; wherefore should I  
Stand in the plague of custom, and permit

The



The curtesie of nations to deprive me, (5)  
 For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-shines  
 Lag of a brother? Why *bastard*? wherefore *base*?  
 When my dimensions are as well compact,  
 My mind as gen'rous, and my shape as true,  
 As honest Madam's issue? why brand they us  
 With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?  
 Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take (6)  
 More composition and fierce quality;

(5) *The Nicety of Nations.*] This is Mr. Pope's Reading, *ex Cathedra*; for it has the Sanction of None of the Copies, that I have met with. They all, indeed, give it Us, by a foolish Corruption,—the Curiosity of Nations; but I some time ago prov'd, that our Author's Word was, *Curtesie*. So, again, in *As You like it*;

The Courtesie of Nations allows you my better, in that You are the first born.

And again, in *Cymbeline*, this Word stands for *Birth-right*;

—aye hopeless

To have the Courtesie your Cradle promis'd.

Nor must we forget that Tenure in our Laws, whereby some Lands are held by the *Curtesie* of England. And I ought to take Notice, that I had the Concurrence of the Ingenious Dr. Thirlby, who hinted to me this very Emendation, before he knew I made it.

(6) *Who, in the lusty Stealth of Nature,*] These fine Lines are a very signal Proof of our Author's admirable Art, in giving proper Sentiments to his Characters. And such a Proof, as hath in it something very extraordinary. The *Bastard's* Character is That of a confirm'd Atheist; and the Poet's making him ridicule *judicial Astrology* was design'd as one Instance of that Character: For that impious Juggle had a religious Reverence paid it at that Time: and *Shakespeare* makes his best Characters in this very Play own, and acknowledge the Force of the Stars Influence. The Poet, in short, gives an atheistical Turn to all his Sentiments; and how much the Lines, following this, are in this Character, may be seen by that strange monstrous Wish, which *Vanini*, the infamous *Neapolitan* Atheist, made in his Tract *De Admirandis Naturæ*; printed at *Paris* in 1616, the very Year that our Author dy'd. "O! Utinam extrâ legitimum & con-  
 " nubialem thorum effem procreatus! Itâ enim Progenitores mei in Venerem  
 " incaluisse ardentius, ac cumulativè affatimque generosa Sêmîna contu-  
 " lissent; è quibus Ego formæ blanditiâ et elegantiam, robustas Corporis  
 " Vires, mentemque innubilam consequutus fuisset. At quia Conjugatorum  
 " sum Soboles, his orbatus sum bonis."—Now had this Book been publish'd ten Years before, who would not have sworn that *Shakespeare* hinted at this Passage? But the Divinity of his Genius here, as it were, foretold what such an Atheist, as *Vanini* was, would say, when he wrote upon this Subject.

Mr. Warburton.

Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,  
 Go to creating a whole tribe of fops,  
 Got 'tween a-sleep and wake? Well then,  
 Legitimate *Edgar*, I must have your land;  
 Our father's love is to the bastard *Edmund*,  
 As to th' legitimate; fine word — legitimate —  
 Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,  
 And my invention thrive, *Edmund* the base  
 Shall be th' legitimate. — I grow, I prosper;  
 Now, Gods, stand up for bastards!

*To him, Enter Glo'ster.*

*Glo.* Kent banish'd thus! and *France* in choler parted!  
 And the King gone to night! subscrib'd his pow'r!  
 Confin'd to exhibition! all is gone  
 Upon the gad! — *Edmund*, how now? what news?  
*Edm.* So please your lordship, none.

[*Putting up the letter.*

*Glo.* Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?

*Edm.* I know no news, my lord.

*Glo.* What paper were you reading?

*Edm.* Nothing, my lord.

*Glo.* No! what needed then that terrible dispatch of  
 it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not such  
 need to hide it self. Let's see; come, if it be nothing,  
 I shall not need spectacles.

*Edm.* I beseech you, Sir, pardon me, it is a letter from  
 my brother, that I have not all o'er-read; and for so much  
 as I have perus'd, I find it not fit for your o'erlooking.

*Glo.* Give me the letter, Sir.

*Edm.* I shall offend, either to detain, or give it; the  
 contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

*Glo.* Let's see, let's see.

*Edm.* I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote  
 this but as an essay, or taste of my virtue.

*Glo.* reads.] *This policy and reverence of ages makes the  
 world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from  
 us, 'till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle  
 and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; which  
 sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to  
 me,*



*me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep, till I wak'd him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother Edgar. —*

*Hum—— Conspiracy!—— sleep, 'till I wake him—— you should enjoy half his revenue—— My son Edgar! had he a hand to write this! a heart and brain to breed it in! When came this to you? who brought it?*

*Edm.* It was not brought me, my lord; there's the cunning of it. I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

*Glo.* You know the character to be your brother's?

*Edm.* If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear, it were his; but in respect of that, I would fain think, it were not.

*Glo.* It is his.

*Edm.* It is his hand, my lord; I hope, his heart is not in the contents.

*Glo.* Has he never before founded you in this business?

*Edm.* Never, my lord. But I have heard him oft maintain it to be fit, that sons at perfect age, and fathers declining, the father should be as a ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

*Glo.* O villain, villain! his very opinion in the letter. Abhorred villain! unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish! Go, firrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him. Abominable villain! where is he?

*Edm.* I do not well know, my lord; if it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother, 'till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you should run a certain course; where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your Honour, and to no other pretence of danger.

*Glo.* Think you so?

*Edm.* If your Honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction: and that, without any further delay than this very evening.

*Glo.* He cannot be such a monster.

*Edm.* Nor is not, sure.

*Glo.* To his Father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him——Heav'n and Earth! *Edmund*, seek him out; wind me into him, I pray you; frame the business after your own wisdom. I would unstate my self, to be in a due resolution.

*Edm.* I will seek him, Sir, presently: convey the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

*Glo.* These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us; tho the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds it self scourg'd by the frequent effects. Love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide. In cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in Palaces, treason; and the bond crack'd 'twixt son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction, there's son against father; the King falls from bias of nature, there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time. Machinations, hollownests, treachery, and all ruinous disorders follow us disquietly to our graves! Find out this villain, *Edmund*; it shall lose thee nothing, do it carefully——and the noble and true-hearted *Kent* banish'd! his offence, Honesty. 'Tis strange. [Exit.

*Manet Edmund.*

*Edm.* This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune, (often the surfeits of our own behaviour) we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon and stars (7); as if we were villains on necessity; fools, by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treacherous, by spherical predominance; drunkards, lyars,

(7) *We make guilty of our Disasters, the Sun, the Moon, and Stars.*] It was the Opinion of judicial Astrologers, that whatsoever good Dispositions the Infant, unborn, might be endow'd with, either from Nature or traductively from its Parents; yet if, at the hour of Birth, its Delivery was by any casual Accident so accelerated, or retarded, that it fell in with the Predominancy of a malignant Constellation; that momentary Influence would entirely change its Nature, and byas it to all the contrary ill Qualities.——This was so wretched and monstrous an Opinion, that it well deserved and was well fitted for the Lash of Satire.

Mr. Warburton.  
and



and adulterers, by an inforc'd obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on. An admirable evasion of whore-master Man, to lay his goatish disposition on the charge of a star! my father compounded with my mother under the Dragon's tail, and my nativity was under *Ursa major*; so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous. I should have been what I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing.

*To him, Enter Edgar.*

Pat! — he comes, like the Catastrophe of the old comedy; my cue is villanous Melancholy, with a sigh like *Tom o' Bedlam* — O, these eclipses portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, me —

*Edg.* How now, brother *Edmund*, what serious contemplation are you in?

*Edm.* I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

*Edg.* Do you busie your self with that?

*Edm.* I promise you, the effects, he writes of, succeed unhappily. When saw you my father last?

*Edg.* The night gone by.

*Edm.* Spake you with him?

*Edg.* Ay, two hours together.

*Edm.* Parted you in good terms, found you no displeasure in him, by word or countenance?

*Edg.* None at all.

*Edm.* Bethink your self, wherein you have offended him: and, at my intreaty, forbear his presence, until some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure; which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

*Edg.* Some villain hath done me wrong.

*Edm.* That's my fear; I pray you, have a continent forbearance 'till the speed of his rage goes slower: and as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak: pray you, go, there's my key: if you do stir abroad, go arm'd.

*Edg.* Arm'd, brother!

*Edm.* Brother, I advise you to the best; - I am no honest man, if there be any good meaning toward you: I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it; pray you, away.

*Edg.* Shall I hear from you anon? [Exit.

*Edm.* I do serve you in this business:  
A credulous father, and a brother noble,  
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,  
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty  
My practices ride easie: I see the business.  
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit;  
All with me's meet, that I can fashion fit. [Exit.

S C E N E, *the Duke of Albany's Palace.*

*Enter Gonerill, and Steward.*

*Gon.* DID my father strike my gentleman for chiding  
of his fool?

*Stew.* Ay, madam.

*Gon.* By day and night, he wrongs me; every hour  
He flashes into one gross crime or other,  
That sets us all at odds; I'll not endure it:  
His Knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us  
On ev'ry trifle. When he returns from hunting,  
I will not speak with him; say, I am sick.  
If you come slack of former services,  
You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.

*Stew.* He's coming, madam, I hear him.

*Gon.* Put on what weary negligence you please,  
You and your fellows: I'd have it come to question.  
If he distaste it, let him to my sister,  
Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,  
Not to be over-rul'd: Idle old Man, (8)  
That still would manage those Authorities,

(8) *Idle old Man,*] The following Lines, as they are fine in themselves, and very much in Character for *Gonerill*, I have restor'd from the Old 4to. The last Verse, which I have ventur'd to amend, is there printed thus;  
*With Checks, like Flatt'ries when they are seen abus'd.*



That he hath giv'n away! — Now, by my Life,  
Old Fools are Babes again; and must be used  
With Checks, like Flatt'ers when they're seen t'abuse us.  
Remember, what I have said.

*Stew.* Very well, madam.

*Gon.* And let his Knights have colder looks among you:  
what grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows so: I'll  
write strait to my sister to hold my course: prepare for  
dinner.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to an open Place before the Palace.

*Enter Kent disguis'd.*

*Kent.* If but as well I other accents borrow,  
And can my speech diffuse, my good intent (9)  
May carry thro' it self to that full issue,  
For which I raz'd my likeness. Now, banish'd Kent,  
If thou can'st serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,  
So may it come, thy master, whom thou lov'st,  
Shall find thee full of labours.

*Horns within. Enter Lear, Knights and Attendants.*

*Lear.* Let me not stay a jot for dinner, go, get it ready:  
How now, what art thou? [To Kent.]

(9) *And can my Speech diffuse,*] This Reading we deriv'd first from  
Mr. Rowe's Edition; and from thence it has taken possession in the two  
Impressions given us by Mr. Pope. But the Poet's Word was certainly,  
*diffuse*: And Kent would say, "If I can but so spread out my Accents,"  
(*de telle sorte espandre*, as the French term it;) "vary my Tone, and Ut-  
terance, so widely from what it used to be as to disguise it; &c." And  
*diffused* in this Sense of *obsolete*, *disguised*, our Poet has more than once  
employ'd.

*Let them from forth a Saw-pit rush at once,  
With some diffused Song:—*

*Merry Wives of Windsor.*

*To swearing, and stern looks, diffus'd Attire,*

*King Henry Vth.*

*Vouchsafe, diffus'd Infection of a Man,*

*King Richard IIIrd.*

*Kent.*

*Kent.* A man, Sir.

*Lear.* What dost thou profess? what would'st thou with us?

*Kent.* I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly, that will put me in trust; to love him that is honest; to converse with him that is wise and says little; to fear judgment; to fight when I cannot chuse, and to eat no fish.

*Lear.* What art thou?

*Kent.* A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the King.

*Lear.* If thou beest as poor for a subject, as he is for a King, thou art poor enough. What would'st thou?

*Kent.* Service.

*Lear.* Whom would'st thou serve?

*Kent.* You.

*Lear.* Dost thou know me, fellow?

*Kent.* No, Sir, but you have that in your countenance, which I would fain call master.

*Lear.* What's that?

*Kent.* Authority.

*Lear.* What services canst thou do?

*Kent.* I can keep honest counsels, ride, run, marr a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualify'd in; and the best of me is diligence.

*Lear.* How old art thou?

*Kent.* Not so young, Sir, to love a woman for singing; nor so old, to doat on her for any thing. I have years on my back forty eight.

*Lear.* Follow me, thou shalt serve me; if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet. Dinner, ho, dinner——where's my knave? my fool? go you, and call my fool hither. You, you, firrah, where's my daughter?

*Enter Steward.*

*Stew.* So please you——

[*Exit.*

*Lear.* What says the fellow there? call the clotpole back:



back : where's my fool, ho?— I think, the world's asleep : how now ? where's that mungrel ?

*Knight.* He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

*Lear.* Why came not the slave back to me when I call'd him ?

*Knight.* Sir, he answer'd me in the roundest manner, he would not.

*Lear.* He would not ?

*Knight.* My lord, I know not what the matter is ; but to my Judgment, your Highness is not entertain'd with that ceremonious affection as you were wont ; there's a great abatement of kindness appears as well in the general dependants, as in the Duke himself also, and your daughter.

*Lear.* Ha ! say'st thou so ?

*Knight.* I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken ; for my duty cannot be silent, when I think your Highness is wrong'd.

*Lear.* Thou but remember'st me of my own conception. I have perceiv'd a most faint neglect of late, which I have rather blamed as my own jealous curiosity, than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness ; I will look further into't ; but where's my fool ? I have not seen him these two days.

*Knight.* Since my young lady's going into France, Sir, the fool hath much pined away.

*Lear.* No more of that, I have noted it well ; go you and tell my daughter, I would speak with her. Go you, call hither my fool. O, you, Sir, come you hither, Sir ; who am I, Sir ?

*Enter Steward.*

*Stew.* My lady's father.

*Lear.* My lady's father ? my lord's knave ! —you whorson dog, you slave, you cur.

*Stew.* I am none of these, my lord ; I beseech your pardon.

*Lear.* Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal ?

[Striking him.]

*Stew.* I'll not be struck, my lord.

*Kent.*

*Kent.* Nor tript neither, you base foot-ball player.

[*Tripping up his heels.*]

*Lear.* I thank thee, fellow. Thou serv'st me and I'll love thee.

*Kent.* Come, Sir, arise, away; I'll teach you differences: away, away; if you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry; but away, go to: have you wisdom? so. —

[*Pushes the Steward out.*]

*Lear.* Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee; there's earnest of thy service.

*To them, Enter Fool.*

*Fool.* Let me hire him too, here's my coxcomb.

[*Giving his cap.*]

*Lear.* How now, my pretty knave? how do'st thou?

*Fool.* Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

*Kent.* Why, my boy?

*Fool.* Why? for taking one's part, that is out of favour; nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly. There, take my coxcomb; why, this fellow has banish'd two of his daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb. How now, nuncle? would, I had two coxcombs, and two daughters.

*Lear.* Why, my boy?

*Fool.* If I give them all my living, I'll keep my coxcomb my self; there's mine, beg another of thy daughters.

*Lear.* Take heed, Sirrah, the whip. —

*Fool.* Truth's a dog must to kennel, he must be whip'd out, when the lady brach may stand by th' fire and stink.

*Lear.* A pestilent gall to me.

*Fool.* Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

[*To Kent.*]

*Lear.* Do.

*Fool.* Mark it, nuncle;  
Have more than thou showest,  
Speak less than thou knowest,  
Lend less than thou owest,  
Ride more than thou goest,  
Learn more than thou trowest,



Set less than thou throwest,  
Leave thy drink and thy whore,  
And keep within door,  
And thou shalt have more  
Than two tens to a score.

*Kent.* This is nothing, fool.

*Fool.* Then it is like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer,  
you gave me nothing for't; can you make no use of no-  
thing, nuncle?

*Lear.* Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of  
nothing.

*Fool.* Pr'ythee, tell him, so much the rent of his land  
comes to: he will not believe a fool. [To Kent.]

*Lear.* A bitter fool! —

*Fool.* Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between  
a bitter fool and a sweet one?

*Lear.* No lad, teach me. [Land, (10)]

*Fool.* That Lord, that counsel'd thee to give away thy  
Come, place him here by me! do Thou for him stand;  
The sweet and bitter Fool will presently appear,  
The One, in motley here; the Other, found out there.

*Lear.* Dost thou call me fool, boy?

*Fool.* All thy other titles thou hast given away; that  
thou wast born with.

*Kent.* This is not altogether fool, my lord.

*Fool.* No, faith; Lords, and great men will not let  
me; if I had a monopoly on't, they would have part  
on't: nay, the Ladies too, they'll not let me have all  
fool to my self, they'll be snatching.

Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns.

*Lear.* What two crowns shall they be?

*Fool.* Why, after I have cut the egg i'th' middle and eat  
up the meat, the two crowns of the egg: when thou  
clovest thy Crown i'th' middle and gav'st away both parts,  
thou bor'st thine ass on thy back o'er the dirt; thou had'st  
little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gav'st thy golden

(10) *Fool.* That Lord, that counsel'd thee —] These four Lines I  
have restor'd from the old 4to; and, surely, the Retrenchment of them  
by the Players was very injudicious. For, without them, how very ab-  
surdly does *Lear* reply, *Dost thou call me Fool, boy?*

one away: if I speak like my self in this, let him be whip'd that first finds it so.

*Fools ne'er had less grace in a year,  
For wisemen are grown foppish;  
And know not how their wits to wear,  
Their manners are so apish.* [Singing.

**Lear.** When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

**Fool.** I have used it, nuncle, e'er since thou mad'st thy daughters thy mothers; for when thou gav'st them the rod, and put'st down thine own breeches,

*Then they for sudden joy did weep,  
And I for sorrow sung;  
That such a King should play bo-peep,  
And go the fools among.* [Singing.

Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a school-master that can teach thy fool to lie; I would fain learn to lie.

**Lear.** If you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipt.

**Fool.** I marvel, what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipt for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipt for lying; and, sometimes, I am whipt for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o'thing than a fool, and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o'both sides, and left nothing i'th' middle: here comes one o'th' parings.

*To them, Enter Gonerill.*

**Lear.** How now, daughter, what makes that frontlet on? you are too much of late i'th' frown.

**Fool.** Thou wast a pretty fellow, when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure; I am better than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing.—— Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; [*To Gonerill.*] so your face bids me, tho' you say nothing.

*Mum,*



*Mum, mum, be that keeps nor crust nor crum, [Singing.  
Weary of all, shall want some.*

That's a sheal'd peascod.

Gon. Not only, Sir, this your all-licens'd fool,  
But other of your insolent retinue,  
Do hourly carp and quarrel, breaking forth  
In rank and not to be endured riots.

I thought by making this well known unto you,  
T'have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful,  
By what your self too late have spoke and done,  
That you protect this course, and put it on  
By your allowance; if you should, the fault  
Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep;  
Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal,  
Might in their working do you that offence,  
(Which else were shame,) that then necessity  
Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For you know, nuncle,  
*The hedge-sparrow fed the Cuckoo so long,  
That it had its head bit off by its Young;*  
So out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. I would, you would make use of your good wisdom,  
Whereof I know you are fraught, and put away  
These dispositions, which of late transport you  
From what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an Ass know when the cart draws the  
horse? whoop, *Jug*, I love thee.

Lear. Does any here know me? this is not *Lear*:-  
Does *Lear* walk thus? speak thus? where are his eyes?  
Either his notion weakens, his discernings

Are lethargied——Ha! waking——'tis not so;  
Who is it that can tell me who I am?

*Lear's* shadow? I would learn; for by the marks  
Of sovereignty, of knowledge, and of reason,  
I should be false persuaded I had daughters.  
Your name, fair gentlewoman?——

Gon. This admiration, Sir, is much o'th' favour  
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you,  
To understand my purposes aright.

You, as you're old and reverend, should be wise.  
 Here do you keep a hundred Knights and Squires,  
 Men so disorder'd, so debauch'd and bold,  
 That this our Court, infected with their manners,  
 Shews like a riotous Inn; Epicurism and lust  
 Make it more like a tavern or a brothel,  
 Than a grac'd Palace. Shame itself doth speak  
 For instant remedy. Be then desir'd  
 By her, that else will take the thing she begs,  
 † Of fifty to disquantity your train;  
 And the remainders, that shall still depend,  
 To be such men as may besort your age,  
 And know themselves and you.

*Lear.* Darkness and devils!

Saddle my horses, call my train together. —  
 Degen'rate bastard! I'll not trouble thee;  
 Yet have I left a daughter.

*Gon.* You strike my people, and your disorder'd rabble  
 Make servants of their betters.

*To them, Enter Albany.*

*Lear.* Woe! that too late repents—O, Sir, are you  
 Is it your will, speak, Sir? prepare my horses.— [come?  
 [To Alb.

Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,  
 More hideous when thou shew'st thee in a child,  
 Than the sea-monster.

*Alb.* Pray, Sir, be patient.

*Lear.* Detested kite! thou liest. [To Gonerill.

My train are men of choice and rarest parts,  
 That all particulars of duty know;  
 And in the most exact regard support  
 The worships of their names. O most small fault!  
 How ugly didst thou in *Cordelia* shew?  
 Which, like an engine, wrencht my frame of nature  
 From the fixt place; drew from my heart all love,

† A little is the common reading; but it appears, from what Lear says in the next Scene, that this number fifty was requir'd to be cut off, which (as the editions shew) is nowhere specify'd by Gonerill.

*Mr. Pope.*  
*And*



And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!  
Beat at this gate that let thy folly in, [Striking his head.  
And thy dear judgment out.—Go, go, my people.

Alb. My lord, I'm guiltless, as I'm ignorant,  
Of what hath moved you.

Lear. It may be so, my lord—  
Hear, Nature, hear; dear Goddess, hear a Father!  
Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend  
To make this creature fruitful:  
Into her womb convey sterility,  
Dry up in her the organs of increase,  
And from her derogate body never spring  
A Babe to honour her! If she must teem,  
Create her child of spleen, that it may live,  
And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her;  
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth,  
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks: (11)  
Turn all her mother's pains and benefits  
To laughter and contempt; that she may feel  
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is,  
To have a thankless child.—Go, go, my people.

Alb. Now, Gods, that we adore, whereof comes this?

Gon. Never afflict your self to know of it;  
But let his disposition have that scope,  
That dotage gives it.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers at a clap?  
Within a fortnight?—

Alb. What's the matter, Sir?

Lear. I'll tell thee—life and death! I am asham'd,  
That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus;  
[To Gon.  
That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,

(11) *With cadent Tears,*] Mr. Warburton very happily here suspects our Author wrote, *cadent*; as an Epithet of much more Energy, and more likely to effect Lear's Imprecation. He brings in Confirmation, what the King says presently after:

*That these hot Tears, that break from me perforce,*  
And what he says towards the End of the 4th Act:

—but I am bound  
Upon a Wheel of Fire, that mine own Tears  
Do scald like molten Lead.

Should make thee worth them. — blasts and fogs upon thee !

Th' untented woundings of a father's curse (12)

Pierce every sense about thee ! Old fond eyes,

Beweep this Cause again, I'll pluck ye out,

And cast you, with the waters that you lose,

To temper clay. Ha ! is it come to this ?

Let it be so : I have another daughter,

Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable ;

When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails

She'll flea thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find,

That I'll resume the shape, which thou dost think

I have cast off for ever.

[*Ex. Lear and attendants.*]

*Gon.* Do you mark that ?

*Alb.* I cannot be so partial, *Gonerill*,

To the great love I bear you, —

*Gon.* Pray you, be content. What, *Oswald*, ho !

You, Sir, more knave than fool, after your master.

*Fool.* Nuncle *Lear*, nuncle *Lear*, tarry, take the fool

A Fox, when one has caught her, [with thee :

And such a daughter,

Should sure to the slaughter,

If my cap would buy a halter,

So the fool follows after.

[*Exit.*]

*Gon.* This man hath had good counsel, — a hundred

'Tis politick, and safe, to let him keep

[*Knights !*]

A hundred Knights ; yes, that on ev'ry dream,

Each buz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,

(12) *Th' untender Woundings*,] I have here restor'd the Reading of all the genuine Copies, which *Mr. Pope* had degraded ; as it seems the most expressive, and conveys an Image exactly suiting with the Poet's Thought. 'Tis true, *untender* signifies, *sharp, severe, harsh*, and all the Opposites to the Idea of *tender*. But as a Wound *untented* is apt to rankle inwards, smart, and fester, I doubt not, but *Shakespeare* meant to intimate here ; that a Father's Curse shall be a Wounding of such a sharp, inveterate Nature, that nothing shall be able to tent it ; i. e. to search the Bottom, and help in the Cure of it. We have a Passage in *Cymbeline*, that very strongly confirms this Meaning.

*I've heard, I am a Strumpet ; and mine Ear*

*(Therein false struck) can take no greater Wound,*

*Nor Tent to bottom that.*



He may enguard his dotage with their pow'rs,  
And hold our lives at mercy. *Oswald*, I say.

*Alb.* Well, you may fear too far ;——

*Gon.* Safer than trust too far.

Let me still take away the harms I fear,  
Not fear still to be harm'd. I know his heart ;  
What he hath utter'd, I have writ my sister ;  
If she'll sustain him and his hundred Knights,  
When I have shew'd th' unfitness——

*Enter Steward.*

How now, *Oswald*?

What, have you writ that letter to my sister ?

*Stew.* Ay, Madam.

*Gon.* Take you some company, and away to horse ;  
Inform her full of my particular fears,  
And thereto add such reasons of your own,  
As may compact it more. So get you gone,  
And hasten your return. *[Exit Steward.]*

———No, no, my lord,  
This milky gentleness and course of yours,  
Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,  
You are much more at task for want of wisdom,  
Than prais'd for harmful mildness.

*Alb.* How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot tell ;  
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

*Gon.* Nay, then——

*Alb.* Well, well, th' event. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E, a Court-Yard belonging to the Duke of  
Albany's Palace.

*Re-enter Lear, Kent, Gentleman and Fool.*

*Lear.* **G**O you before to *Glo'ster* with these letters ;  
acquaint my daughter no further with any  
thing you know, than comes from her demand out of  
the letter ; if your diligence be not speedy, I shall be  
there afore you.

*Kent.* I will not sleep, my lord, 'till I have delivered  
your letter. *[Exit Fool.]*

*Fool.* If a man's brain were in his heels, wer't not in danger of kibes?

*Lear.* Ay, boy.

*Fool.* Then, I pr'ythee, be merry, thy wit shall not go slip-shod.

*Lear.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Fool.* Shalt see, thy other daughter will use thee kindly; for though she's as like this as a crab's like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

*Lear.* What can'st tell, boy?

*Fool.* She will taste as like this, as a crab does to a crab. Can'st thou tell, why one's nose stands i'th' middle of one's face?

*Lear.* No.

*Fool.* Why, to keep one's eyes of either side one's nose; that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

*Lear.* I did Her wrong —

*Fool.* Can'st tell how an oyster makes his shell?

*Lear.* No.

*Fool.* Nor I neither; but I can tell, why a snail has a house.

*Lear.* Why?

*Fool.* Why, to put's head in, not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

*Lear.* I will forget my nature: so kind a father! be my horses ready?

*Fool.* Thy asses are gone about 'em; the reason, why the seven stars are no more than seven, is a pretty reason.

*Lear.* Because they are not eight.

*Fool.* Yes, indeed; thou wouldst make a good fool.

*Lear.* To take't again perforce! — monster ingratitude!

*Fool.* If you were my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

*Lear.* How's that?

*Fool.* Thou should'st not have been old, 'till thou hadst been wise.

*Lear.* O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heav'n! Keep me in temper, I would not be mad.

*Enter*



*Enter Gentleman.*

How now, are the horses ready?

*Gent.* Ready, my lord.

*Lear.* Come, boy.

*Fool.* She that's a maid now, and laughs at my departure,  
Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter.

*[Exit.]*



A C T II.

SCENE, *A Castle belonging to the Earl of Gloucester.*

*Enter Edmund and Curan, severally.*

EDMUND.

A V E thee, *Curan.*



*Cur.* And you, Sir. I have been with your father, and given him notice that the Duke of Cornwall, and *Regan* his Dutchess, will be here with him this night.

*Edm.* How comes that?

*Cur.* Nay, I know not; you have heard of the news abroad; I mean, the whisper'd ones; for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments.

*Edm.* Not I; pray you, what are they?

*Cur.* Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the Dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

*Edm.* Not a word.

*Cur.* You may do then in time. Fare you well, Sir.

*[Exit.]*

*Edm.* The Duke be here to night! the better! best!  
This weaves it self perforce into my business;  
My father hath set guard to take my brother,

And I have one thing of a queazy question  
Which I must act: briefness, and fortune work!  
Brother, a word; descend; Brother, I say;—

*To him, Enter Edgar.*

My father watches; O Sir, fly this place,  
Intelligence is giv'n where you are hid;  
You've now the good advantage of the night—  
Have you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of Cornwall?  
He's coming hither, now i'th' night, i'th' haste,  
And *Regan* with him; have you nothing said  
Upon his Party 'gainst the Duke of Albany?  
Advise your self.

*Edg.* I'm sure on't, not a word.

*Edm.* I hear my father coming. Pardon me—  
In cunning, I must draw my sword upon you—  
Draw, seem to defend your self.  
Now quit you well—  
Yield—come before my father—light ho, here! —  
Fly, brother—Torches!—so farewell— [*Ex. Edg.*  
Some blood, drawn on me, would beget opinion  
[*Wounds his arm.*

Of my more fierce endeavour. I've seen drunkards  
Do more than this in sport. Father! father!  
Stop, stop, no help?—

*To him, Enter Glo'ster, and servants with torches.*

*Glo.* Now, *Edmund*, where's the villain?

*Edm.* Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,  
Mumbling of wicked Charms, conj'ring the moon  
To stand 's auspicious mistress.

*Glo.* But where is he?

*Edm.* Look, Sir, I bleed.

*Glo.* Where is the villain, *Edmund*?

*Edm.* Fled this way, Sir, when by no means he could—

*Glo.* Pursue him, ho! go after. By no means, what—

*Edm.* Persuade me to the murder of your lordship;  
But that, I told him, the revenging Gods  
'Gainst Parricides did all the thunder bend,  
Spoke with how manifold and strong a bond

The



The child was bound to th' father.—Sir, in fine,  
 Seeing how lothly opposite I stood  
 To his unnat'ral purpose, in fell motion  
 With his prepared sword he charges home  
 My unprovided body, lanc'd my arm ;  
 And when he saw my best alarmed spirits,  
 Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to th' encounter,  
 Or whether gasted by the noise I made,  
 Full suddenly he fled.

*Glo.* Let him fly far ;  
 Not in this land shall he remain uncaught  
 And found ; dispatch—the noble Duke my master,  
 My worthy and arch-patron, comes to-night ; (13)  
 By his authority I will proclaim it,  
 That he, which finds him, shall deserve our thanks,  
 Bringing the murth'rous coward to the stake :  
 He that conceals him, death.

*Edm.* When I dissuaded him from his intent,  
 And found him pight to do it, with curst speech  
 I threaten'd to discover him ; he replied,  
 Thou unpossessing Bastard ! do'st thou think,  
 If I would stand against thee, would the reposal  
 Of any trust, virtue, or worth in thee  
 Make thy words faith'd ? no ; what I should deny,—  
 (As this I would, although thou did'st produce  
 My very character) I'd turn it all  
 To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice ;  
 And thou must make a dullard of the world,  
 If they not thought the profits of my death  
 Were very pregnant and potential spurs  
 To make thee seek it. [*Trumpets within.*]

*Glo.* O strange, fasten'd, villain !  
 Would he deny his letter ?—I never got him.—  
 Hark, the Duke's trumpets ! I know not why he comes—

(13) *My worthy Arch and Patron.*] I can meet with no Authority of this Word used in this manner, to signify, my Prince, my Chief ; but always as an epitatic Particle prefix'd and annex'd to another Noun : and therefore I have ventur'd to suppose a Transposition of the Copulative, and that we ought to read, *Arch-patron*, as *Arch-duke*, *Arch-angel*, *Arch-bishop*, &c.

All Ports I'll bar ; the villain shall not 'scape ;  
 The Duke must grant me that ; besides, his picture  
 I will send far and near, that all the Kingdom  
 May have due note of him ; and of my land,  
 (Loyal and natural Boy !) I'll work the means  
 To make thee capable.

*Enter Cornwall, Regan, and attendants.*

*Corn.* How now, my noble friend ? since I came hither,  
 Which I can call but now, I have heard strange news.

*Reg.* If it be true, all vengeance comes too short,  
 Which can pursue th' offender ; how does my lord ?

*Glo.* O Madam, my old heart is crack'd, it's crack'd.

*Reg.* What, did my father's godson seek your life ?  
 He whom my father nam'd, your *Edgar* ?

*Glo.* O lady, lady, Shame would have it hid.

*Reg.* Was he not companion with the riotous Knights,  
 That tend upon my father ?

*Glo.* I know not, Madam : 'tis too bad, too bad.

*Edm.* Yes, Madam, he was of that consort.

*Reg.* No marvel then, though he were ill affected ;  
 'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,  
 To have th' expence and waste of his revenues.  
 I have this present evening from my sister  
 Been well inform'd of them ; and with such cautions,  
 That if they come to sojourn at my house,  
 I'll not be there.

*Corn.* Nor I, assure thee, *Regan* ;

*Edmund*, I hear, that you have shewn your father  
 A child-like office.

*Edm.* 'Twas my duty, Sir.

*Glo.* He did bewray his practice, and receiv'd  
 This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

*Corn.* Is he pursued ?

*Glo.* Ay, my good lord.

*Corn.* If he be taken, he shall never more  
 Be fear'd of doing harm : make your own purpose,  
 How in my strength you please. As for you, *Edmund*,  
 Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant  
 So much commend it self, you shall be ours ;

Natures



Natures of such deep Trust we shall much need :  
You we first seize on.

*Edm.* I shall serve you, Sir,  
Truly, however else.

*Gla.* I thank your Grace.

*Corn.* You know not why we came to visit you—

*Reg.* Thus out of season threading dark-ey'd night; (14)  
Occasions, noble *Glo'ster*, of some prize,  
Wherein we must have use of your advice.—  
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,  
Of differences, which I best thought it fit  
To answer from our home: the sev'ral messengers  
From hence attend dispatch. Our good old friend,  
Lay Comforts to your bosom; and bestow  
Your needful counsel to our businesses,  
Which crave the instant use.

*Glo.* I serve you, Madam:  
Your Graces are right welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Kent, and Steward, severally.*

*Stew.* Good evening to thee, friend; art of this house?

*Kent.* Ay.

*Stew.* Where may we set our horses?

*Kent.* I'th' mire.

*Stew.* Pr'ythee, if thou lov'st me, tell me.

*Kent.* I love thee not.

*Stew.* Why then I care not for thee.

*Kent.* If I had thee in *Lipsbury* pinfold, I would make  
thee care for me.

*Stew.* Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

*Kent.* Fellow, I know thee.

(14) ———— threading dark-ey'd Night.] I have not ven-  
tur'd to displace this Reading, tho I have great Suspicion that the Poet  
wrote,

————— treading dark-ey'd night.

i. e. travelling in it. The other carries too obscure, and mean an Al-  
lusion. It must either be borrow'd from the Cant-phrase of *threading of*  
*Alleys*, i. e. going thro bye-passages to avoid the high Streets; or to  
*threading a Needle in the dark.*

*Stew.*

*Stew.* What dost thou know me for?

*Kent.* A knave, a rascal, an eater of broken meats, a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy worsted-stocking knave; a lilly-liver'd, action-taking, knave; a whorion, glass-gazing, super-serviceable finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that would't be a bawd in way of good service; and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pander, and the son and heir of a mungril bitch; one whom I will beat into clam'rous whining, if thou deny't the least syllable of thy addition.

*Stew.* Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one, that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee?

*Kent.* What a brazen-fac'd varlet art thou, to deny thou know'st me? is it two days ago, since I tript up thy heels, and beat thee before the King? draw, you rogue; for tho' it be night, yet the moon shines; I'll make a sop o'th' moonshine of you; you whorson, cullionly, barber-monger, draw.

[Drawing his sword.]

*Stew.* Away, I have nothing to do with thee.

*Kent.* Draw, you rascal; you come with letters against the King; and take Vanity, the Puppet's part, against the royalty of her father; draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks — draw, you rascal, come your ways.

*Stew.* Help, ho! murther! help! —

*Kent.* Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand, you neat slave, strike.

[Beating him.]

*Stew.* Help ho! murther! murther! —

*Enter Edmund, Cornwall, Regan, Glo'ster, and Servants.*

*Edm.* How now, what's the matter? Part —

*Kent.* With you, goodman boy, if you please; come, I'll flesh ye; come on, young master.

*Glo.* Weapons? arms? what's the matter here?

*Corn.* Keep peace, upon your lives; he dies, that strikes again; what's the matter?

*Reg.* The messengers from our sister and the King?

*Corn.* What is your difference? speak.

*Stew.* I am scarce in breath, my lord.

*Kent.*



*Kent.* No marvel, you have so bestir'd your valour; you cowardly rascal! nature disclaims all share in thee: a tailor made thee.

*Corn.* Thou art a strange fellow; a tailor make a man?

*Kent.* I, a tailor, Sir; a stone-cutter, or a painter could not have made him so ill, tho' they had been but two hours o'th' trade.

*Corn.* Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

*Stew.* This antient ruffian, Sir, whose life I have spar'd at suit of his grey beard —

*Kent.* Thou whorson zed! thou unnecessary letter! my lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes with him. Spare my grey beard? you wagtail! —

*Corn.* Peace, Sirrah! You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

*Kent.* Yes, Sir, but anger hath a privilege.

*Corn.* Why art thou angry?

*Kent.* That such a slave as this shou'd wear a sword, Who wears no honesty: such smiling rogues as these, Like rats, oft bite the holy cords in twain (15)

Too

(15) *Like rats, oft bite the holy Cords atwaine, Which are t' intrince, t' unloose;*] Thus the first Editors blunder'd this Passage into unintelligible Nonsense. Mr. *Pope* so far has disengag'd them, as to give us plain Sense; but by throwing out the Epithet *holy*, 'tis evident, he was not aware of the Poet's fine Meaning. I'll first establish and prove the Reading; then explain the Allusion. Thus the Poet gave it;

*Like rats, oft bite the holy Cords in twain,*

*Too intrinicate t' unloose —*

This Word again occurs in our Author's *Antony and Cleopatra*, where she is speaking to the Aspick;

————— Come, mortal Wretch;

*With thy sharp Teeth this Knot intrinicate*

*Of Life at once untie.*

And we meet with it in *Cynthia's Revels* by Ben. Jonson.

*Yet there are certain puntilio's, or (as I may more nakedly insinuate them) certain intrinicate Strokes and Wards, to which your Activity is not yet amounted; &c.*

It means, inward, hidden; perplex; as a Knot, hard to be unravell'd; it is deriv'd from the Latin adverb *intrinsecus*; from which the *Italians* have coin'd a very beautiful Phrase, *intrinsecarsi col uno*, i. e. to grow intimate with, to wind one self into another. And now to our Author's Sense. *Kent* is rating the Steward, as a Parasite of *Gonerill's*; and supposes very justly, that he has somented the Quarrel betwixt that Prince and

Too 'intrinsecate t'unloose : sooth every passion,  
 That in the nature of their lords rebels :  
 Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods ;  
 Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks  
 With ev'ry Gale and Vary of their masters ;  
 As knowing nought, like dogs, but following.  
 A plague upon your epileptick visage !  
 Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool ?  
 Goose, if I had you upon *Sarum*-plain,  
 I'd drive ye cackling home to *Camelot*. (16)

*Corn.* What art thou mad, old fellow ?

*Glo.* How fell you out ? say that.

*Kent.* No contraries hold more antipathy,  
 Than I and such a knave.

*Corn.* Why dost thou call him knave ? what is his fault ?

*Kent.* His countenance likes me not. [hers.]

*Corn.* No more, perchance, does mine, nor his, nor

*Kent.* Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain ;

I have seen better faces in my time,  
 Than stand on any shoulder that I see  
 Before me at this instant.

*Corn.* This is some fellow,

Who having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect  
 A sawcy roughness ; and constrains the garb,  
 Quite from his nature. He can't flatter, he, —  
 An honest mind and plain, he must speak truth ;  
 An they will take it, so ; if not, he's plain.

These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness

Harbour

and her Father : in which Office, he compares him to a sacrilegious Rat :  
 and by a fine Metaphor, as Mr. Warburton observed to me, styles the  
 Union between Parents and Children the *holy Cords*.

(16) ——— [cackling home to Camelot.] As *Sarum*, or *Salisbury*,  
 Plain is mention'd in the preceding Verse, I presume this *Camelot* to be  
 That mention'd by *Holingshead*, and call'd *Camaletum*, in the Marshes of  
*Somersetshire*, where there was an old Tradition of a very strong Castle.  
*Langham* in his Account of Queen *Elizabeth's* Reception at *Kenilworth*,  
 says, from King *Arthur's* Acts, that That Prince kept his Royal Court at  
*Camelot* : but whether this be the Place already mention'd, or some o-  
 ther of that Name in *Wales*, or the *Camelot* in *Sterling-County* in *Scot-*  
*land*, I am not able to say.



Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,  
Than twenty silly ducking observants,  
That stretch their duties nicely.

*Kent.* Sir, in good faith, in sincere verity,  
Under th' allowance of your grand aspect,  
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire  
On flickering *Phæbus'* front —

*Corn.* What mean'st by this?

*Kent.* To go out of my dialect, which you discommend  
so much : I know, Sir, I am no flatterer ; he, that be-  
guil'd you in a plain accent, was a plain knave ; which  
for my part I will not be, though I should win your dis-  
pleasure to intreat me to't.

*Corn.* What was th' offence you gave him?

*Stew.* I never gave him any :  
It pleas'd the King his master very lately  
To strike at me upon his misconstruction ;  
When he conjunct, and flatt'ring his displeasure,  
Tript me behind ; being down, insulted, rail'd,  
And put upon him such a deal of man, that  
That worthied him ; got praises of the King,  
For him attempting who was self-subdu'd ;  
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,  
Drew on me here again.

*Kent.* None of these rogues and cowards,  
But *Ajax* is their fool.

*Corn.* Fetch forth the Stocks.  
You stubborn ancient knave, you rev'rend braggart,  
We'll teach you —

*Kent.* Sir, I am too old to learn :  
Call not your Stocks for me, I serve the King ;  
On whose employment I was sent to you.  
You shall do small respect, shew too bold malice  
Against the grace and person of my master,  
Stocking his messenger.

*Corn.* Fetch forth the Stocks ;  
As I have life and honour, there shall he sit 'till noon.

*Reg.* 'Till noon ! 'till night, my lord, and all night too.

*Kent.* Why, Madam, if I were your father's dog,  
You could not use me so.

*Reg.* Sir, being his knave, I will. [*Stocks brought out.*]

*Corn.* This is a fellow of the self-same nature  
Our sister speaks of. Come, bring away the Stocks.

*Glo.* Let me beseech your Grace not to do so;  
His fault is much, and the good King his master  
Will check him for't; your purpos'd low correction  
Is such, as basest and the meanest wretches  
For pilf'rings, and most common trespasses,  
Are punish'd with. The King must take it ill,  
That he, so slightly valued in his messenger,  
Should have him thus restrain'd.

*Corn.* I'll answer that.

*Reg.* My Sister may receive it much more worse,  
To have her Gentleman abus'd, assaulted,  
For following her affairs. Put in his legs —

[*Kent is put in the Stocks.*]

Come, my lord, away. [*Exeunt Regan and Cornwall.*]

*Glo.* I'm sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the Duke's pleasure,  
Whose disposition, all the world well knows,  
Will not be rubb'd nor stop'd. I'll intreat for thee.

*Kent.* Pray, do not, Sir. I've watch'd and travell'd  
Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle: [hard;  
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels;  
Give you good morrow.

*Glo.* The Duke's to blame in this, 'twill be ill taken.

[*Exit.*]

*Kent.* Good King, that must approve the common Saw,  
Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st  
To the warm sun!

Approach, thou beacon to this under-globe,

[*Looking up to the moon.*]

That by thy comfortable beams I may  
Peruse this letter. Nothing almost sees miracles,  
But misery. I know, 'tis from *Cordelia*;  
Who hath most fortunately been inform'd  
Of my obscured course. I shall find time  
From this enormous state, and seek to give  
Losses their remedies. All weary and o'er-watch'd,  
Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold  
This shameful lodging.



Fortune, good night; smile once more, turn thy wheel  
[He sleeps.]

SCENE *changes to a part of a Heath.*

*Enter Edgar.*

Edg. I'VE heard my self proclaim'd;  
And, by the happy hollow of a tree,  
Escap'd the hunt. No port is free, no place,  
That Guard and most unusual vigilance  
Does not attend my taking. Whiles I may 'scape,  
I will preserve my self: and am bethought  
To take the basest and the poorest shape,  
That ever Penury in contempt of man  
Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with filth;  
Blanket my loins; else all my hair in knots; (17)  
And with presented nakedness out-face  
The winds, and persecutions of the sky.  
The country gives me proof and president  
Of bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,  
Strike in their numb'd and mortify'd bare arms  
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;  
And with this horrible object, from low farms,  
Poor pelting villages, sheep-coats and mills,  
Sometimes with lunatick bans, sometimes with pray'rs,

\_\_\_\_\_ put all my Hair in Knots;] This is a modern  
Reading: All the old Copies intended to read, and the first *folio* actually  
does;

\_\_\_\_\_ else all my Hair in knots.  
i. e. twist it in the manner of *Elf-locks*: i. e. Hairs so intricately inter-  
wove, as not to be disengag'd; and by Superstition suppos'd to have been  
twisted by *Elves*, or *Fairies*. We find them mention'd in our Author's  
*Romeo and Juliet*;

*That plats the manes of horses in the Night,  
And cakes the Elf-locks in foul sluttish Hairs,  
Which once untangled, much Misfortune bodes.*

And in the Induction to Ben. Jonson's *Magnetick Lady*.

\_\_\_\_\_ But if you light on the wrong End, you will pull all into a Knot  
or Elf-lock; which Nothing but the Sheers, or a Candle, will undo or se-  
parate.

Inforce

Enforce their charity; poor *Turlygood*! poor *Tam*! —  
That's something yet: *Edgar* I nothing am. [Exit.

**S C E N E** *changes, again, to the Earl of Gloucester's Castle.*

*Enter Lear, Fool, and Gentleman.*

*Lear.* 'TIS strange, that they should so depart from  
And not send back my messenger. [home,

*Gent.* As I learn'd,

The night before, there was no purpose in them  
Of this remove,

*Kent.* Hail to thee, noble master!

*Lear.* Ha! mak'st thou thy shame thy pastime?

*Kent.* No, my lord.

*Fool.* Ha, ha, he wears cruel garters; horses are ty'd  
by the heads, dogs and bears by th' neck, monkeys by  
th' loins, and men by th' legs; when a man is over-lusty  
at legs, then he wears wooden nether stocks.

*Lear.* What's he, that hath so much thy Place mistook,  
To set thee here?

*Kent.* It is both he and she,  
Your son and daughter.

*Lear.* No.

*Kent.* Yes.

*Lear.* No, I say.

*Kent.* I say, yea.

*Lear.* By *Jupiter*, I swear, no.

*Kent.* By *Juno*, I swear, ay.

*Lear.* They durst not do't.

They could not, would not do't; 'tis worse than murder,  
To do upon respect such violent outrage:  
Resolve me with all modest haste, which way  
Thou might'st deserve, or they impose, this usage,  
Coming from us?

*Kent.* My lord, when at their home  
I did commend your Highness' letters to them,  
Ere I was risen from the place, that shew'd  
My duty kneeling, came a reeking Post,

Stew'd



Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth  
 From *Gonerill* his mistress, salutation;  
 Deliver'd letters spight of intermission,  
 Which presently they read: on whose contents  
 They summon'd up their meiny, strait took horse;  
 Commanded me to follow, and attend  
 The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks;  
 And meeting here the other messenger,  
 Whose welcome, I perceiv'd, had poison'd mine;  
 (Being the very fellow, which of late  
 Display'd so sawcily against your Highness,)  
 Having more man than wit about me, I drew;  
 He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries:  
 Your son and daughter found this trespass worth  
 The shame which here it suffers.

*Fool.* Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly that  
 Fathers, that wear rags, [way.  
 Do make their children blind;  
 But fathers, that bear bags,  
 Shall see their children kind.

Fortune, that arrant whore,  
 Ne'er turns the key to th' poor,  
 But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolours from  
 Thy dear daughters, as thou canst tell in a year.

*Lear.* Oh, how this mother swells up tow'rd my heart!  
*Hysterica passio*, — down, thou climbing sorrow,  
 Thy element's below; where is this daughter?

*Kent.* With the Earl, Sir, here within.

*Lear.* Follow me not; stay here. [Exit.

*Gen.* Made you no more offence,  
 But what you speak of?

*Kent.* None;

How chance the King comes with so small a number?

*Fool.* An thou hadst been set i'th' stocks for that ques-  
 tion, thou'dst well deserved it.

*Kent.* Why, fool?

*Fool.* We'll set thee to school to an Ant, to teach thee  
 there's no lab'ring i'th' winter. All, that follow their  
 noses, are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there's  
 not a nose among twenty, but can smell him that's stink-

ing——let go thy hold, when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes upward, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again; I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

That Sir, which serves for gain,  
And follows but for form,  
Will pack when it begins to rain,  
And leave thee in the storm:  
But I will tarry, the fool will stay,  
And let the wise man fly:  
The knave turns fool, that runs away;  
The fool no knave, perdy.

*Kent.* Where learn'd you this, fool?

*Fool.* Not I th' Stocks, fool.

*Enter Lear and Glo'ster.*

*Lear.* Deny to speak with me? they're sick; they're weary,

They have travell'd all the night? mere fetches,  
The images of revolt and flying off.  
Bring me a better answer——

*Glo.* My dear lord,  
You know the fiery quality of the Duke:  
How unremoveable, and fixt he is  
In his own course.

*Lear.* Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!——  
Fiery? what fiery quality? why, *Glo'ster*,  
I'd speak with th' Duke of *Cornwall*, and his wife.

*Glo.* Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.

*Lear.* Inform'd them? dost thou understand me, man?

*Glo.* Ay, my good lord. [father]

*Lear.* The King would speak with *Cornwall*, the dear  
Wou'd with his daughter speak; commands her service:  
Are they inform'd of this?—my breath and blood!——  
Fiery? the fiery Duke? tell the hot Duke, that——  
No, but not yet; may be, he is not well;  
Infirmary doth still neglect all office,  
Whereto our health is bound; we're not our selves,  
When



When Nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind  
To suffer with the body. I'll forbear;  
And am fall'n out with my more headier will,  
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit, [fore  
For the sound man.—Death on my state! but where—  
Should he sit here? this Act persuades me,  
That this remotion of the Duke and her  
Is practice only. Give me my servant forth;  
Go, tell the Duke and's wife, I'd speak with them:  
Now, presently,—bid them come forth and hear me,  
Or at their chamber-door I'll beat the drum,  
'Till it cry, sleep to death.

Glo. I would have all well betwixt you. [Exit.

Lear. Oh me, my heart! my rising heart! but down.

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the Eels,  
when she put them i'th' Pasty alive; she rapt 'em o'th'  
coxcombs with a stick, and cry'd, down wantons, down;  
'Twas her brother, that in pure kindness to his horse but-  
ter'd his hay.

*Enter Cornwall, Regan, Glo'ster, and Servants.*

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn. Hail to your Grace! [Kent is set at liberty.

Reg. I am glad to see your Highness.

Lear. Regan, I think, you are; I know, what reason  
I have to think so; if thou wert not glad,  
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,  
Sepulchring an adultress. O, are you free? [To Kent.  
Some other time for that. Beloved Regan,  
Thy sister's naught: oh Regan, she hath tied  
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here;  
[Points to his heart.

I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not believe,  
With how deprav'd a quality—oh Regan!—

Reg. I pray you, Sir, take patience; I have Hope,  
You less know how to value her desert,  
Than she to scant her duty.

Lear. Say? How is that?—

Reg. I cannot think, my sister in the least  
Would fail her obligation. If, perchance,

She have restrain'd the riots of your followers ;  
'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesom end,  
As clears her from all blame.

*Lear.* My curses on her !——

*Reg.* O Sir, you are old,  
Nature in you stands on the very verge  
Of her confine ; you should be rul'd and led  
By some discretion, that discerns your state  
Better than you your Self : therefore, I pray you,  
That to our sifter you do make return ;  
Say, you have wrong'd her, Sir.

*Lear.* Ask her forgiveness ?

Do you but mark, how this becomes the Use ? (18)  
Dear daughter, I confess, that I am old ;  
Age is unnecessary : on my knees I beg,  
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.

*Reg.* Good Sir, no more ; these are unsightly tricks :  
Return you to my sifter.

*Lear.* Never, *Regan* :

She hath abated me of half my train ;  
Look'd blank upon me ; struck me with her tongue, (19)  
Most

(18) *Do you but mark how this becomes the House ?* ] This Phrase is to me unintelligible, and seems to say nothing to the purpose : Neither can it mean, as I conceive, how this becomes the Order of Families. *Lear* would certainly intend to reply, how does asking my Daughters Forgiveness become me as a Father, and agree with common Fashion, the establish'd Rule and Custom of Nature ? And therefore it seems no Doubt to me, but the Poet wrote, as I have alter'd the Text. Let us examine, how he has express'd elsewhere upon this Sentiment.

*Alonso* says, in the *Tempest* ;

*But, oh, how oddly will it sound, that I  
Must ask my Child Forgiveness ?*

And *Volumnia*, in *Coriolanus*, says to her Son ;

*I kneel before thee, and improperly  
Shew Duty as mistaken all the while  
Between the Child and Parent.*

Now what is odd, and improper, and mistaken, must be concluded to be against Rule and Custom : And that *Shakespeare* employs *Use* in this Signification, is too obvious to want a Proof.

(19) *Look'd black upon me,* ] This is a Phrase which I do not understand ; neither have I any where else met with it. But to look blank is a known Expression, signifying, either to give discouraging Looks to another, or to stand dismay'd and disappointed one's-self. The Poet means here,



Most serpent-like, upon the very heart.  
 All the stor'd vengeance of heaven fall  
 On her ingrateful Top ! strike her young bones,  
 You taking airs, with lameness !——

Corn. Fie, Sir ! fie !

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames  
 Into her scornful eyes ! infect her beauty,  
 You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the pow'rful sun  
 To fall, and blast her pride.

Reg. O the blest gods !

So will you wish on me, when the rash mood is on.

Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse :  
 Thy tender-hested nature shall not give (20)  
 Thee o'er to harshness ; her eyes are fierce, but thine

K 3

Do

here, that Regan gave him cold Looks, as he before phrases it in this Play.  
 In Hamlet, he has chang'd the Adjective into a Verb ;

*Each Opposite, that blanks the Face of Joy.*

Milton (a studious Imitator not only of our Poet's Words, but Phrases ;) often uses blank in our Author's Sense here ;

*There without Sign of Boast, or Sign of Joy,  
 Sollicitous and blank, he thus began.*

Par. Reg. B. 2.

*And with Confusion blank his Worshippers.*

Sampf. Agonist.

*And noble Grace, that dash'd brute Violence ;  
 With sudden Adoration and blank Awe,*

*Masque at Ludlow-Castle.*

————— Adam, soon as he heard  
*The fatal Trespass done by Eve, amaz'd,  
 Astonied stood and blank.*

Par. lost. B. 9.

And in another Passage, with an equivalent Expression ;

*Thus while he spake, each Passion dimm'd his Face.*

Ibid. B. 4.

(20) *Thy tender-hearted Nature.*] This, as I presume, was Mr. Pope's Sophistication ; I have restored from the Old Copies, *tender-hested* ; (which, I am satisfied, was the Poet's Word) i. e. whose Bosom is *brav'd* with tender Passions. So in *Winter's Tale*.

————— *But if one present  
 Th' abhor'd Ingredient to his Eye make known  
 How he hath drunk, he cracks his Gorge, his Sides,  
 With violent Hests.*

And again afterwards in the same Play ;

————— *'Tis such as You,*

*That*

Do comfort, and not burn. 'Tis not in thee  
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,  
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,  
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt  
Against my coming in. Thou better know'st  
The offices of nature, bond of child-hood,  
Effects of courtesie, dues of gratitude :  
Thy half o'th' Kingdom thou hast not forgot,  
Wherein I thee endow'd.

*Reg.* Good Sir, to th' purpose.

[*Trumpet within,*

*Lear.* Who put my man i'th' Stocks ?

*Enter Steward.*

*Corn.* What trumpet's that ?

*Reg.* I know't, my sister's : this approves her letter,  
That she would soon be here. Is your lady come ?

*Lear.* This is a slave, whose easie-borrowed pride  
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.  
Out, varlet, from my sight.

*Corn.* What means your Grace ?

*Enter Gonerill.*

*Lear.* Who stockt my servant ? *Regan,* I've good hope,  
Thou didst not know on't.—— Who comes here ?  
O Heav'ns,  
If you do love old men, if your sweet sway (21)  
Hallow obedience, if your selves are old,

*That creep like Shadows by him, and do fight*

*At each his needless heavings.*

So, speaking of *Cordelia's* Grief, in our present Play,

*Once, or twice,*

*She heav'd the Name of Father*

*Pantingly forth.*

And so the *Dauphin*, in *King John*,

*Lift up thy Brow, renowned Salisbury ;*

*And with a great Heart heave away this Storm.*

(21) ————— if your sweet sway

Allow Obedience,] Could any Man in his Senses, and *Lear* has 'em yet,  
make it a Question whether Heaven allow'd Obedience ? Undoubtedly,  
the Poet wrote—— Hallow Obedience,—— i. e. if by your Ordinances  
you hold and pronounce it sanctified, and punish the Violators of it as  
sacrilegious Persons,

*Mr. Warburton.*

Make



Make it your cause; send down and take my part.

Art not asham'd to look upon this beard?

O *Regan*, will you take her by the hand?

*Gon.* Why not by th' hand, Sir? how have I offended?

All's not offence, that indiscretion finds,

And dotage terms so.

*Lear.* O fides, you are too tough!

Will you yet hold?—how came my man i'th Stocks?

*Corn.* I set him there, Sir: but his own disorders

Deserv'd much less advancement,

*Lear.* You? did you?

*Reg.* I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.

If, 'till the expiration of your month,

You will return and sojourn with my sister,

Dismissing half your train, come then to me;

I'm now from home, and out of that provision

Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

*Lear.* Return to her? and fifty men dismiss'd?

No, rather I abjure all roofs, and chuse (22)

To be a comrade with the wolf and owl;

To wage, against the enmity o'th' air,

Necessity's sharp pinch ——— Return with her?

Why, the hot-blooded *France*, that dow'rless took

Our youngest born, I could as well be brought

To knee his throne, and 'Squire-like pension beg,

To keep base life a-foot; ——— Return with her?

Perswade me rather to be slave, and lumpster,

To this detested groom.

*Gon.* At your choice, Sir.

*Lear.* I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad,

(22) ——— and chuse

To wage against the enmity o'th' air.

To be a Comrade with the Wolf and Owl.

Necessity's sharp Pinch.] The Breach of the Sense here is a manifest Proof, that these Lines were transpos'd by the first Editors: Neither can there be any Syntax or Grammatical Coherence, unless we suppose *Necessity's sharp Pinch* to be the Accusative to *wage*. As I've plac'd the Verses, the Sense is fine and easy: and the Sentence complete and finish'd.

I will not trouble thee, my child. Farewel ;  
 We'll no more meet, no more see one another ;  
 But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter, O  
 Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,  
 Which I must needs call mine ; thou art a bile,  
 A plague-fore, or imbossed carbuncle,  
 In my corrupted blood ; but I'll not chide thee.  
 Let shame come when it will, I do not call it ;  
 I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,  
 Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove.  
 Mend, when thou can'st ; be better, at thy leisure.  
 I can be patient, I can stay with Regan ;  
 I, and my hundred Knights.

*Reg.* Not altogether so ;  
 I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided  
 For your fit welcome ; give ear to my sister ;  
 For those that mingle reason with your passion,  
 Must be content to think you old, and so——  
 But she knows what she does.

*Loar.* Is this well spoken ?

*Reg.* I dare avouch it, Sir ; what, fifty followers ?  
 Is it not well ? what should you need of more ?  
 Yea, or so many ? since both charge and danger  
 Speak 'gainst so great a number : how in one house  
 Should many people under two commands  
 Hold amity ? 'tis hard, almost impossible.

*Gon.* Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance

From those that she calls servants, or from mine ?

*Reg.* Why not, my lord ? if then they chanc'd to  
 slack ye,

We could controul them ; if you'll come to me,  
 (For now I spy a danger) I intreat you  
 To bring but five and twenty ; to no more  
 Will I give place or notice.

*Lear.* I gave you all ——

*Reg.* And in good time you gave it.

*Lear.* Made you my Guardians, my depositaries ;  
 But kept a reservation to be follow'd

With



With such a number ; must I come to you  
With five and twenty ? *Regan*, said you so ?

*Reg.* And speak't again, my lord, no more with me.

*Lear.* Those wicked creatures yet do look well-fa-  
vour'd,

When others are more wicked : Not being worst,  
Stands in some rank of praise ; I'll go with thee ;  
Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty ;  
And thou art twice her love.

*Gon.* Hear me, my lord ;  
What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,  
To follow in a house, where twice so many  
Have a command to tend you ?

*Reg.* What needs one ?

*Lear.* O, reason not the need : our basest beggars  
Are in the poorest thing superfluous ;  
Allow not nature more than nature needs,  
Man's life is cheap as beasts. Thou art a lady ;  
If only to go warm were gorgeous,  
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,  
Which scarcely keeps thee warm ; but for true need,  
You heav'ns, give me that patience which I need !  
You see me here, you Gods, a poor old man,  
As full of grief as age ; wretched in both !  
If it be you, that stir these daughters hearts  
Against their father, fool me not so much  
To bear it tamely ; touch me with noble anger ; (23)

(23) *touch me with noble Anger.*] It would puzzle one at first, to find the Sense, and Drift, and Coherence of this Petition. For if the Gods sent this Affliction for his Punishment, how could he expect that they would defeat their own Design, and assist him to revenge his Injuries by *touching him with noble Anger* ? This Question cannot well be answer'd, without going a little further than ordinary for the Solution. We may be assured then, that *Shakespeare* had here in his Mind those Opinions the antient Poets held of the Misfortunes of particular Families. They tell us, that when the Anger of the Gods (for any Act of Impiety) was rais'd against an offending Family, that their Method of Punishment was this: first, they inflamed the Breasts of the Children to unnatural Acts against their Parents ; and then, of the Parents against their Children ; that they might destroy one another : and that both these Outrages were the Acts of the Gods. To consider *Lear* as alluding to this, makes his Prayer exceeding pertinent and fine.

Mr. Warburton.

O let not womens weapons, water-drops,  
 Stain my man's cheeks. No, you unnat'ral hags,  
 I will have such revenges on you both, (24)  
 That all the world shall — I will do such things,  
 What they are, yet I know not ; but they shall be  
 The terrors of the earth : you think, I'll weep :  
 No, I'll not weep. I have full cause of weeping :  
 This heart shall break into a thousand flaws,  
 Or ere I weep. O fool, I shall go mad.

[*Exeunt Lear, Gloster, Kent and Fool.*]

*Corn.* Let us withdraw, 'twill be a storm.

[*Storm and tempest.*]

*Reg.* This house is little ; the old man and his people  
 Cannot be well bestow'd.

*Gon.* 'Tis his own blame hath put himself from rest,  
 And must needs taste his folly.

*Reg.* For his particular, I'll receive him gladly ;  
 But not one follower.

*Gon.* So am I purpos'd.  
 Where is my lord of Gloster ?

[*Enter Gloster.*]

*Corn.* Follow'd the old man forth ; — he is return'd.

*Glo.* The King is in high rage, and will I know not  
 whither.

*Corn.*

(24) *I will have such Revenges on you both,  
 That all the World shall —* ] This fine abrupt Breaking off, and Sup-  
 pression of Passion in its very height, (a Figure, which the Great Rhetoricians have call'd, *anastrophe*) is very familiar with our Author, as with other good Writers, and always gives an Energy to the Subject. That, by *Neptune* in the first Book of the *Æneid*, is always quoted as a celebrated Instance of this Figure:

*Quos ego — Sed mater præstat componere fletus.*  
 What *Lear* immediately subjoins here, *I will do such Things, — What they are, yet I know not —* seems to carry the visible Marks of Imitation.

*Magnum est quodcumque paravi ;*  
*Quid sit, abduc ; dubito.*

*Haud, quid sit, scio ;*  
*Sed grande quiddam est.*

*Senec. in Thyest.*



*Corn.* 'Tis best to give him way, he leads himself.

*Gon.* My lord, intreat him by no means to stay.

*Glo.* Alack, the night comes on; and the high winds  
Do sorely ruffle, for many miles about  
There's scarce a bush.

*Reg.* O Sir, to wilful men,  
The injuries, that they themselves procure,  
Must be their school-masters: shut up your doors;  
He is attended with a desp'rate train;  
And what they may incense him to, being apt  
To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.

*Corn.* Shut up your doors, my lord, 'tis a wild night.  
My *Regan* counsels well: come out o'th' storm.

[*Exeunt.*]



A C T III.

SCENE, *A Heath.*

*A storm is heard with thunder and lightning. Enter Kent,  
and a Gentleman, severally.*

K E N T.

H O's there, besides foul weather?

*Gent.* One minded like the weather, most  
unquietly.

*Kent.* I know you, where's the King?

*Gent.* Contending with the fretful elements;

Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea;  
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,  
That things might change, or cease: tears his white hair,  
(Which the impetuous blasts with eyeless rage  
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of.)  
Strives in his little World of Man t' outscorn  
The to-and-fro-conflicting Wind and Rain.

This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,  
The lion, and the belly-pinched wolf  
Keep their furr dry; unbonnetted he runs,  
And bids what will, take all.

*Kent.* But who is with him?

*Gent.* None but the fool, who labours to out-jest  
His heart-struck injuries.

*Kent.* Sir, I do know you,  
And dare, upon the warrant of my note,  
Commend a dear thing to you. There's division  
(Although as yet the face of it is cover'd  
With mutual cunning) 'twixt *Albany* and *Cornwall*:  
Who have (as who have not, whom their great stars (25)  
Thron'd and set high?) servants, who seem no less;  
Which are to *France* the spies and speculations  
Intelligent of our state. What hath been seen,  
Either in snuffs and packings of the Dukes;  
Or the hard rein, which both of them have born  
Against the old kind king; or something deeper,  
(Whereof, perchance, these are but furnishings——)  
But true it is, from *France* there comes a power  
Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already,  
Wise in our negligence, have secret sea  
In some of our best ports, and are at point  
To show their open banner—Now to you,  
If on my credit you dare build so far  
To make your speed to *Dover*, you shall find  
Some that will thank you, making just report  
Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow  
The King hath cause to plain.  
I am a gentleman of blood and breeding,  
And from some knowledge and assurance of you,  
Offer this office.

*Gent.* I'll talk further with you.

(25) *Who have, as who have not,—*] The eight subsequent Verses were degraded by Mr. *Pope*, as unintelligible, and to no purpose. For my part, I see nothing in them but what is very easie to be understood; and the Lines seem absolutely necessary to clear up the Motives, upon which *France* prepar'd his Invasion: nor without them is the Sense of the Context complete.

*Kent.*



Kent. No, do not:

For confirmation that I am much more  
Than my out-wall, open this purse and take  
What it contains. If you shall see *Cordelia*,  
(As, fear not, but you shall) shew her that Ring,  
And she will tell you who this fellow is,  
That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm!  
I will go seek the King.

Gent. Give me your hand, have you no more to say?

Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet;  
That, when we have found the King, (in which you take  
That way, I this :) he that first lights on him,  
Hollow the other.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

*Storm still. Enter Lear and Fool.*

Lear. Blow winds, and crack your cheeks; rage, blow!  
You cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout  
'Till you have drencht our steeples, drown'd the cocks!  
You sulph'rous and thought-executing fires,  
Vaunt-couriers of oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,  
Singe my white head. And thou all-shaking thunder,  
Strike flat the thick rotundity o'th' world;  
Crack nature's mould, all germins spill at once. (26)

That

(26) *Crack Nature's Mould, all Germins spill at once.*] Thus all the Editions have given us this Passage, and Mr. Pope has explain'd *Germins*, to mean, *relations*, or *kindred Elements*. Then it must have been *germanes* (from the Latin Adjective, *germanus*;) a Word more than once used by our Author, tho' always false spelt by his Editors. So, in *Hamlet*;

*The Phrase would be more germane to the matter, if we could carry Cannon by our Sides:*

And so in *Othello*;

*You'll have your Nephews neigh to you; You'll have Coursers for Cousins, and Gemets for Germanes.*

But the Poet means here, "Crack Nature's Mould, and spill all the "Seeds of Matter, that are hoarded within it." To retrieve which Sense, we must write *Germins*; (a Substantive deriv'd from *Germen*, *gmoed*: as the old Glossaries expound it;) and so we must again in *Macheth*;

————— *The the Treasure*  
*Of Nature's Germins tumble all together,*  
*Ev'n till Destruction sickens.*

And

That make ingrateful man.

*Fool.* O nuncle, court-holy-water in a dry house is better than the rain-waters out o' door. Good nuncle, in, and ask thy daughters blessing: here's a night, that pities neither wife men nor fools.

*Lear.* Rumble thy belly full, spit fire, spout rain; Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters; I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness; I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children; You owe me no subscription. Then let fall Your horrible pleasure;—here I stand, your slave; A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man! But yet I call you servile ministers, That have with two pernicious daughters joyn'd Your high-engender'd battles, 'gainst a head So old and white as this. Oh! oh! 'tis foul.

*Fool.* He that has a house to put's head in, has a good head-piece: The codpiece that will house, before the head has any: The head and he shall lose, so beggars marry many. That man that makes his toe, what he his heart should make, Shall of a corn cry woe, and turn his sleep to wake. For there was never yet fair woman, but she made mouths in a glass.

*To them, Enter Kent.*

*Lear.* No, I will be the pattern of all patience, I will say nothing.

*Kent.* Who's there?

*Fool.* Marry here's grace, and a cod-piece, that's a wise man and a fool.

*Kent.* Alas, Sir, are you here? things that love night, Love not such nights as these: the wrathful Skies Gallow the very wand'ers of the dark,

And to put this Emendation beyond all Doubt, I'll produce one more Passage, where our Author not only uses the same Thought again, but the Word that ascertains my Explication. In *Winter's Tale*;

*Let Nature crush the Sides o'th' Earth together,  
And marr the Seeds within.*

And



And make them keep their caves: since I was man,  
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,  
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never  
Remember to have heard. Man's nature cannot carry  
Th' affliction, nor the force.

*Lear.* Let the great gods,  
That keep this dreadful pudder o'er our heads,  
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch, (27)  
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,  
Unwhipt of justice. Hide thee, thou bloody hand;  
Thou Perjure, and thou Simular of virtue, (28)  
That art incestuous: caitiff, shake to pieces,  
That under covert and convenient seeming,  
Hast practis'd on man's life! — Close pent-up guilts,  
Rive your concealing continents, and ask  
These dreadful summoners grace. — I am a man,  
More sinn'd against, than sinning.

*Kent.* Alack, bare-headed?  
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;  
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest:  
Repose you there, while I to this hard house  
(More hard than is the stone whereof 'tis rais'd;  
Which even but now, demanding after you,  
Denied me to come in) return, and force  
Their scantied courtesie.

*Lear.* My wits begin to turn.  
Come on, my boy. How dost, my boy? art cold?  
I'm cold my self. Where is the straw, my fellow?  
The art of our necessities is strange,

(27) Tremble, *thou wretch,*] Thus *Juvenal* in his 13th Satire:

*Hi sunt qui trepidant, & ad omnia fulgura pallent,*  
*Cum tonat; &c.*

(28) *Thou perjur'd, and thou simular man of Virtue,*] The first *Folio*  
leaves out *man* in this Verse; and, I believe, rightly to the Poet's Mind.  
He would use a Simular of Virtue to signify, a false Pretender to it; a  
Dissembler, that would make an outward Shew of it: as he elsewhere  
employs *perjure* substantively, for a perjur'd Creature.

So in *Love's Labour lost*;

*Why, he comes like a Perjure, wearing Papers.*

And so, in his *Troublesom Reign of King John*, in two Parts:

*But now black-spotted Perjure as he is.*

That

That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel;  
 Poor fool and knave, I've one part in my heart,  
 That's sorry yet for thee.

Fool. *He that has an a little tynie wit,  
 With heigh ho, the wind and the rain;  
 Must make content with his fortunes fit,  
 Though the rain it raineth every day.*

Lear. True, my good boy: come, bring us to this hovel. [Exit.

Fool. 'Tis a brave night to cool a curtezan.  
 I'll speak a prophecy, or ere I go;  
 When priests are more in words than matter,  
 When brewers marr their malt with water;  
 When nobles are their tailors tutors;  
 No hereticks burn'd, but wenches suitors;  
 When every case in law is right,  
 No Squire in debt, nor no poor Knight;  
 When slanders do not live in tongues,  
 And cut-purses come not to throngs;  
 When usurers tell their gold i'th' field,  
 And bawds and whores do churches build:  
 Then shall the realm of *Albion*  
 Come to great confusion:  
 Then comes the time, who lives to see't,  
 That Going shall be us'd with feet.  
 This prophecy *Merlin* shall make, for I do live before his  
 time. [Exit.

SCENE, *An apartment in Glo'ster's castle.*

*Enter Glo'ster, and Edmund.*

Glo. **A**LACK, alack, *Edmund*, I like not this unnatural dealing; when I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house; charg'd me, on pain of perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, or any way sustain him,

*Edm.*



*Edm.* Most savage and unnatural !

*Glo.* Go to ; say you nothing. There is division between the Dukes, and a worse matter than that : I have receiv'd a letter this night, 'tis dangerous to be spoken ; (I have lock'd the letter in my closet :) these injuries, the King now bears, will be revenged home ; there is part of a power already footed ; (28) we must incline to the King ; I will look for him, and privily relieve him ; go you, and maintain talk with the Duke, that my charity be not of him perceiv'd ; if he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed ; if I die for it, as no less is threaten'd me, the King my old master must be relieved. There are strange things toward, *Edmund* ; pray you, be careful. [Exit.]

*Edm.* This courtesie, forbid thee, shall the Duke Instantly know, and of that letter too.

This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me

That which my father loses ; no less than all.

The younger rises, when the old doth fall. [Exit.]

SCENE changes to a part of the Heath, with a hovel.

*Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.*

*Kent.* **H**ERE is the place, my lord ; good my lord, enter ;

The tyranny o'th' open night's too rough

For nature to endure. [Storm still.]

*Lear.* Let me alone.

(28) *There is part of a power already landed.* This Reading, notwithstanding Mr. Pope's Declaration in his Preface, is not *ex fide Codicum*. All the authentick Copies read, *footed*, i. e. on foot, on their March. If this Gentleman's nice Ear was offended at the Word in this place, how came he to let it pass undisturb'd in some others ? As, for Instance, afterwards in this Play ;

*And what Confed'racy have you with the traytors,*

*Late footed in the kingdom ?*

And again, in *Henry Vth.*

*Dispatch us with all Speed, lest that our King*

*Come here himself to question our delay ;*

*For he is footed in this Land already.*

*Kent.* Good my lord, enter here.

*Lear.* Wilt break my heart?

*Kent.* I'd rather break mine own; good my lord, enter.

*Lear.* Thou think'st 'tis much, that this contentious  
Invades us to the skin; so 'tis to thee; [storm

But where the greater malady is fixt,

The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear,

But if thy flight lay toward the roaring sea,

Thou'dst meet the bear i'th' mouth; when the mind's free,

The body's delicate; the tempest in my mind

Doth from my senses take all Feeling else,

Save what beats there. Filial ingratitude!

Is it not, as this mouth should tear this hand

For lifting food to't?—But I'll punish home;

No, I will weep no more—In such a night,

To shut me out?—pour on, I will endure:

In such a night as this? O *Regan, Gonerill,*

Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all —

O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;

No more of that. —

*Kent.* Good my lord, enter here.

*Lear.* Pr'ythee, go in thy self; seek thine own ease;

This tempest will not give me leave to ponder

On things would hurt me more—but I'll go in,

In, boy, go first. You houseless poverty —

Nay, get thee in; I'll pray, and then I'll sleep —

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,

That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm!

How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,

Your loop'd and window'd raggedness defend you

From seasons such as these? — O, I have ta'en

Too little care of this! take physick, Pomp;

Expose thy self to feel what wretches feel,

That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,

And shew the Heavens more just.

[*Tom.*

*Edg. within.* Fathom and half, fathom and half! poor

*Fool.* Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit; help  
me, help me. [The Fool runs out from the bovel.

*Kent.* Give me thy hand, who's there?

*Fool.* A spirit, a spirit; he says, his name's poor *Tom.*

*Kent.*



*Kent.* What art thou, that dost grumble there i'th' straw? come forth.

*Enter Edgar, disguis'd like a Madman.*

*Edg.* Away! the foul fiend follows me. Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind. Humph, go to thy bed and warm thee.

*Lear.* Didst thou give all to thy daughters? and art thou come to this? (29)

L 2

*Edg.*

(29) *Didst Thou give all to thy Daughters? and art thou come to this?* Here *Lear's* Madness first begins to break out. His Mind, long beating on his Afflictions, had laid a Preparation for his Frenzy: and nothing was wanting but such an Object as *Edgar*, to set it on Work, as it were by Sympathy. In this our Author has shewn an exquisite Knowledge of Nature; as he has, with no less Propriety, distinguish'd the King's real, from the Other's assum'd Passion. What *Lear* says, for the most part, springs either from the Source and Fountain of his Disorder; the Injuries done him by his Daughters; or his Desire of being reveng'd on them. What *Edgar* says, seems a fantastick Wildness, only extorted to disguise Sense, and to blunt the Suspicion of his Concealment. This makes it, that we are always most strongly affected with the King's Madness, as we know it to be a real Distress. But tho' what *Edgar* says, seems Extravagance of Thought, and the Coinage of the Poet's Brain only, to the End already mention'd; yet I'll venture to assure my Readers, his whole Frenzy is Satire levell'd at a modern Fact, which made no little Noise at that Period of Time: and consequently, must have been a rapturous Entertainment to the Spectators, when it was first presented. The Secret is this: While the Spaniards were preparing their Armado against England, the Jesuits were here busily at Work to promote the Success by making Converts. One Method they us'd, to do this, was to dispossess pretended Demoniacks of their own Church: by which Artifice, they made several hundred Converts among the common People, and grew so elate upon their Success, as to publish an Account of their Exploits in this wonderful Talent of exorcising. A main Scene of their Business, in this seeming-holy Discipline, lay in the Family of one Mr. Edmund Peckham; where Marwood a Servant of Antony Babington's, (who was afterwards executed for Treason) Trayford an Attendant upon Mr. Peckham, and Sarah and Friswood Williams and Anne Smith (three Chambermaids in that Family) were supposed to be possess'd by Devils, and came under the Hands of the Priests for their Cure. The Parties either so little lik'd the Discipline, or the Jesuits behav'd with such ill Address, that the Consequence was, the Imposture was discover'd: the Demoniacks were examin'd; and their Confessions taken upon Oath before the Privy Council. The whole Matter being blown up, the Criminals brought to the Stake, and the Trick of Devil-bunting brought into Ridicule; Dr. Harsenet (who was Chaplain

*Edg.* Who gives any thing to poor *Tom*? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; set ratsbane by his Porridge, made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting horse, over four inch'd bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor, —blest thy five wits; *Tom's* a-cold. O do, de, do, de, do, de; —blest thee from whirl-winds, star-blasting, and taking; do poor *Tom* some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes. There could I have him now, and there, and here again, and there. [*Storm still.*]

*Lear.* What, have his daughters brought him to this pass? Could'st thou save nothing? did'st thou give 'em all?

*Fool.* Nay, he reserv'd a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

*Lear.* Now all the plagues, that in the pendulous air Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!

*Kent.* He hath no daughters, Sir.

*Lear.* Death! traitor, nothing could have subdu'd na-  
To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters. [*ture*]  
Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers  
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?

Chaplain to Archbishop *Bancroft*, and himself afterwards Archbishop of *York*) wrote a smart Narrative of this whole Proceeding under the following Title: "A Declaration of egregious Popish Impostures, to wit:—  
"draw the Hearts of her Majesty's Subjects from their Allegiance, &c.  
"under the pretence of casting out Devils, practis'd by *Edmunds*, alias  
"Weston, a Jesuit; and divers Romish Priests, his wicked Associates.  
"Whereunto are annex'd the Copies of the Confessions and Examinations  
"of the Parties themselves, which were pretended to be possess'd and  
"dispossess'd, &c. Printed by *James Roberts*, in 1603." — This Transaction was so rise in every Body's Mouth, upon the Accession of King *James* the 1st to the Crown; that our Poet thought proper to make his Court, by helping forward the Ridicule of it. (I need only observe now, that *Edgar* thro' all his Frenzy supposes himself possess'd by Fiends; and that the greatest Part of his dissembled Lunacy, the Names of his Devils, and the descriptive Circumstances he alludes to in his own Case, are all drawn from this Pamphlet, and the Confessions of the poor deluded Wretches. The Address of our Author in this popular Piece of Satire, and that excentrick Madnes he has built upon it, made me imagine, the stating a Fact, so little known, might apologize for the Length of this Note on the Occasion.



Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot  
Those pelican daughters.

Edg. Pillicock sat on pillicock-hill, alow, alow, loo,  
loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools, and mad-  
men.

Edg. Take heed o'th' foul fiend; obey thy parents;  
keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not with man's  
sworn spouse; set not thy sweet-heart on proud array.  
Tom's a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that  
(30) curl'd my hair, wore gloves in my cap, serv'd the lust  
of my mistress's heart, and did the act of darkness with  
her: swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke  
them in the sweet face of heav'n. One that slept in the  
contriving lust, and wak'd to do it. Wine lov'd I deep-  
ly; dice dearly; and in woman, out-paramour'd the  
Turk. False of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; hog  
in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in mad-

(30) ———— *that curl'd my Hair, wore Gloves in my Cap;*] A  
learned Gentleman, whom I have no Privilege to name, intimated to me,  
that *Shakespeare's* Reading must have been ———— *wore Cloves in my Cap,* —  
alluding to the prevailing Mode, in those days, among the spruce Gal-  
lants, of quilting *Spices* and other Perfumes within the Linings of their  
Hats. I thought it but Justice to mention a Hint so serviceably design'd;  
tho, with Deference, I must be oblig'd to dissent in Opinion, and think  
that the Text calls for no Alteration. It was a frequent Custom to wear  
Gloves in the Hat, upon three different Motives; either as the Favour of  
a Mistress; in Honour of some other respected Friend; or as a Mark to be  
challeng'd by an Adversary where a Duel was depending. And to this  
Custom in all these three Cases, has our Author at different Times alluded.  
King Richard II.

*His Answer was, he would unto the Stews,  
And from the common'st Creature pluck a Glove,  
And wear it as a Favour.*

King Henry V.

*Here, Uncle Exeter, fill this Glove with Crowns,  
And give it to this Fellow. Keep it, Fellow,  
And wear it for an Honour in thy Cap.*

And, again, in the same Play.

K. Henry. Give me any Gage of thine, and I will wear it in my Bonnet;  
then if ever thou dar'st acknowledge it, I will make it my Quarrel.

Will. Here's my Glove.

ness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to woman. Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lender's books, and defie the foul fiend. Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind: says suum, mun, nonny, dolphin my boy, boy, *Seffey*: let him trot by. [Storm still.]

*Lear.* Thou wert better in thy grave, than to answer with thy uncover'd body this extremity of the skies. Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou ow'st the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha! here's three of us are sophisticated. Thou art the thing it self; unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art. Off, off, you lendings: come, unbutton here, [Tearing off his cloaths.]

*Fool.* Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented; 'tis a naughty night to swim in. Now a little fire in a wild field, were like an old lecher's heart, a small spark, and all the rest on's body cold; look, here comes a walking fire.

*Edg.* This is the foul Flibbertigibbet; he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the hair-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of the earth.

*St.* Withold footed thrice the Wold; (31)  
*He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold,*  
*Bid her alight, and her troth plight,*  
*And aroynt thee, witch, aroynt thee.*

*Kent.* How fares your Grace?

(31) Swithold footed thrice the old,] What Idea the Editors had, or whether any, of *footing the old*, I cannot pretend to determine. My ingenious Friend Mr. *Bishop* saw it must be *Wold*, which signifies a Down, or champion Ground, hilly and void of Wood. And as to *St. Withold*, we find him again mention'd in our Author's *Troublesom Reign of King John*, in two Parts:

*Sweet St. Withold, of thy Lenity,*  
*Defend us from Extremity;*



*Enter Glo'ster, with a torch.*

*Lear.* What's he?

*Kent.* Who's there? what is't you seek?

*Glo.* What are you there? your names?

*Edg.* Poor *Tom*, that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tod-pole; the wall-newt, and the water-newt; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallots; swallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipt from tything to tything, and stock-punish'd, and imprison'd: who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body;

*Horse to ride, and weapon to wear;  
But mice, and rats, and such small deer  
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.*

Beware my follower. Peace, *Smolkin*, peace, thou fiend!

*Glo.* What, hath your Grace no better company?

*Edg.* The Prince of Darkness is a gentleman, *Modo* he's call'd, and *Mabu*.

*Glo.* Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile, That it doth hate what gets it.

*Edg.* *Tom's* a-cold.

*Glo.* Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer T' obey in all your Daughters hard commands: Though their injunction be to bar my doors, And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you; Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out, And bring you, where both fire and food is ready.

*Lear.* First, let me talk with this Philosopher;— What is the cause of thunder?

*Kent.* My good lord, take his offer, Go into th' house.

*Lear.* I'll talk a word with this same learned *Theban*: What is your study?

*Edg.* How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

*Lear.* Let us ask you one word in private.

*Kent.* Importune him once more to go, my lord, His Wits begin t' unsettle.

*Glo.* Can'st thou blame him? [Storm still.  
 His Daughters seek his death: ah, that good *Kent*!  
 He said, it would be thus; poor banish'd man!—  
 Thou say'st, the King grows mad; I'll tell thee, friend,  
 I'm almost mad my self; I had a son,  
 Now out-law'd from my blood; he sought my life,  
 But lately, very late; I lov'd him, friend,  
 No father his son dearer: true to tell thee,  
 The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this?  
 I do beseech your Grace.

*Lear.* O cry you mercy, Sir:  
 Noble Philosopher, your company.

*Edg.* Tom's a-cold.

*Glo.* In, fellow, into th' hovel; keep thee warm.

*Lear.* Come, let's in all.

*Kent.* This way, my lord.

*Lear.* With him;

I will keep still with my Philosopher.

*Kent.* Good my lord, sooth him; let him take the fellow.

*Glo.* Take him you on.

*Kent.* Sirrah, come on; along with us.

*Lear.* Come, good *Athenian*.

*Glo.* No words, no words, hush.

*Edg.* Child *Rowland* to the dark tower came,  
 His word was still, fie, foh, and fum,  
 I smell the blood of a *British* man. [Exeunt.

### SCENE changes to Glo'ster's Castle.

*Enter Cornwall, and Edmund.*

*Corn.* I Will have revenge, ere I depart his house.

*Edm.* How, my lord, I may be censur'd,  
 that Nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears  
 me to think of.

*Corn.* I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death: but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reprobable badness in himself.



*Edm.* How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just? this is the letter, which he spoke of; which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of *France*. Oh heavens! that this treason were not; or not I the detector.

*Corn.* Go with me to the Dutchess.

*Edm.* If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

*Corn.* True or false, it hath made thee Earl of *Gloster*: seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our Apprehension.

*Edm.* If I find him comforting the King, it will stuff his suspicion more fully.—[*aside.*] I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

*Corn.* I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. [Exeunt.]

### SCENE, a Chamber, in a Farm-house.

*Enter Kent and Glo'ster.*

*Glo.* **H**ERE is better than the open Air, take it thankfully: I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can; I will not be long from you. [Exit.]

*Kent.* All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience: the gods reward your kindness!

*Enter Lear, Edgar, and Fool.*

*Edg.* *Fraterreto* calls me, and tells me, *Nero* is an angler in the lake of darkness: pray innocent, and beware the foul fiend. (32)

*Fool.* Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me, whether a madman be a gentleman, or a yeoman?

(32) *Fraterreto calls me,*] As Mr. *Pope* had begun to insert several Speeches in the mad Way, into this Scene, from the Old Edition; I have ventur'd to replace several others, which stand upon the same Footing, and had an equal right of being restor'd.

*Lear.*

*Lear.* A King, a King.

*Fool.* No, he's a yeoman that has a gentleman to his son: for he's a mad yeoman, that sees his son a gentleman before him.

*Lear.* To have a thousand with red burning spits  
Come hizzing in upon 'em——

*Edg.* The foul fiend bites my back.

*Fool.* He's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf,  
the health of a horse, the love of a boy, or the oath of  
a whore.

*Lear.* It shall be done, I will arraign 'em strait.  
Come sit thou here, most learned justicer;  
Thou sapient Sir, sit here—now, ye she-foxes!—

*Edg.* Look, where she stands and glares. Wantest  
At tryal, Madam? [thou eyes

*Come o'er the Broom, Bessy, to me.*

*Fool.* Her Boat bath a Leak, and she must not speak  
*Why she dares not come over to thee.*

*Edg.* The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a  
nightingale. Hopdance cries in Tom's belly for two white  
herrings. Croak not black angel, I have no food for  
thee.

*Kent.* How do you, Sir? stand you not so amaz'd;  
Will you lye down, and rest upon the Cushions?

*Lear.* I'll see their tryal first, bring me in the evidence.  
Thou robed man of justice, take thy place;  
And thou his yoke-fellow of equity,  
Bench by his side. You are o'th' commission, sit you too.

*Edg.* Let us deal justly.—

*Sleepest, or wakest thou, jolly Shepherd?*

*Thy Sheep be in the Corn;*

*And for one Blast of thy minikin Mouth,*

*Thy Sheep shall take no Harm.*

*Purre, the Cat, is grey.*

*Lear.* Arraign her first, 'tis Gonerill. I here take my  
Oath before this honourable Assembly, she kick'd the  
poor King her Father.

*Fool.* Come hither, Mistress, is your name Gonerill?

*Lear.* She cannot deny it.

*Fool.* Cry you mercy, I took you for a Joint-stool.

*Lear.*



*Lear.* And here's another, whose warpt Looks proclaim

What store her Heart is made of. Stop her there ;  
Arms, arms, sword, fire, ——— Corruption in the place !  
False justicer, why hast thou let her scape ?

*Edg.* Bless thy five wits.

*Kent.* O pity ! Sir, where is the patience now,  
That you so oft have boasted to retain ?

*Edg.* My tears begin to take his part so much,  
They mar my counterfeiting. [*Aside.*]

*Lear.* The little dogs and all,  
*Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart ;* see, they bark at me——

*Edg.* *Tom* will throw his head at them ; avaunt, you  
Be thy mouth or black or white, [*curs !*]

Tooth that poisons if it bite ;  
Mastiff, grey-hound, mungril grim,

Hound or spaniel, brache, or hym ;  
Or bobtail tike, or trundle-tail,

*Tom* will make him weep and wail :  
For, with throwing thus my head,

Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.  
Do, de, de, de : *Sessey*, come, march to wakes and fairs,

And market towns ; poor *Tom*, thy horn is dry.

*Lear.* Then let them anatomize *Regan*——see what  
breeds about her heart——Is there any cause in nature that  
makes these hard hearts ? You, Sir, I entertain for one  
of my hundred ; only, I do not like the fashion of your  
garments. You will say, they are *Persian* ; but let them  
be chang'd.

*Re-enter Glo'ster.*

*Kent.* Now, good my lord, lye here and rest a while.

*Lear.* Make no noise, make no noise, draw the cur-  
So, so, we'll go to supper i'th' morning. [*tains ;*]

*Fool.* And I'll go to bed at noon.

*Glo.* Come hither, friend ; where is the King, my  
master ?

*Kent.* Here, Sir, but trouble him not ; his wits are  
gone.

*Glo.*

*Gla.* Good friend, I pr'ythee, take him in thy arms :  
 I have o'er-heard a plot of death upon him :  
 There is a litter ready, lay him in't,  
 And drive tow'r'd *Dover*, friend, where thou shalt meet  
 Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master.  
 If thou should'st dally half an hour, his life,  
 With thine, and all that offer to defend him,  
 Stand in assured loss. Take up, take up,  
 And follow me, that will to some provision  
 Give thee quick conduct.

*Kent.* Opprest Nature sleeps: (33)  
 This Rest might yet have balm'd thy broken Senses,  
 Which, if Conveniency will not allow,  
 Stand in hard Cure. Come, help to bear thy Master;  
 Thou must not stay behind. [To Fool.

*Glo.* Come, come, away.

[*Exeunt, bearing off the King.*

*Manet* Edgar.

*Edg.* When we our Betters see bearing our Woes,  
 We scarcely think our Miseries our Foes.  
 Who alone suffers, suffers most i'th' Mind;  
 Leaving free things, and happy Shows behind :  
 But then the Mind much Suff'rance does o'erskip,  
 When Grief hath Mates, and Bearing Fellowship.  
 How light, and portable, my pain seems now,  
 When That, which makes me bend, makes the King bow ;  
 He childed, as I father'd !—*Tom*, away ;  
 Mark the high Noises, and thyself bewray,  
 When false Opinion, whose wrong Thought defiles thee,  
 In thy just Proof repeals, and reconciles thee.

(33) ——— *opprest Nature sleeps :*] These two concluding Speeches by *Kent* and *Edgar*, and which by no means ought to have been cut off, I have restored from the Old Quarto. The Soliloquy of *Edgar* is extremely fine ; and the Sentiments of it are drawn equally from Nature and the Subject. Besides, with Regard to the Stage it is absolutely necessary : For as *Edgar* is not design'd, in the Constitution of the Play, to attend the King to *Dover* ; how absurd would it look for a Character of his Importance to quit the Scene without one Word said, or the least Intimation what we are to expect from him ?

What



What will, hap more to Night; safe scape the King!

Lurk, Lurk.—

[Exit Edgar.]

SCENE changes to Glo'ster's Castle.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gonerill, Edmund, and Servants.

Corn. POST speedily to my lord your husband, shew him this letter; the army of *France* is landed; seek out the traitor *Glo'ster*.

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure. Edmund, keep you our sister company; the revenges, we are bound to take upon your traitorous father, are not fit for your beholding. Advise the Duke, where you are going, to a most festinate preparation; we are bound to the like. Our Posts shall be swift, and intelligent betwixt us. Farewel, dear sister; farewel, my lord of *Glo'ster*.

Enter Steward.

How now? where's the King?

Stew. My lord of *Glo'ster* hath convey'd him hence. Some five or six and thirty of his Knights, Hot Questripts after him, met him at gate; Who with some other of the Lords dependants, Are gone with him tow'rd *Dover*; where they boast To have well-armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.

Gon. Farewel, sweet lord, and sister.

[Exeunt Gon. and Edm.]

Corn. Edmund, farewel: —go seek the traitor *Glo'ster*;

Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us:

Though well we may not pass upon his life

Without the form of justice; yet our pow'r

Shall do a court'sie to our wrath, which men

May blame, but not controul.

Enter

*Enter Glo'ster, brought in by Servants.*

Who's there? the traitor?

*Reg.* Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

*Corn.* Bind fast his corky arms.

[*sider.*

*Glo.* What mean your Graces? Good my Friends, con-  
You are my Guests: Do me no foul play, friends.

*Corn.* Bind him, I say.

[*They bind him.*

*Reg.* Hard, hard: O filthy traitor!

*Glo.* Unmerciful lady as you are! I'm none.

*Corn.* To this chair bind him. Villain, thou shalt  
find —

*Glo.* By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done  
To pluck me by the beard.

*Reg.* So white, and such a traitor?

*Glo.* Naughty lady,  
These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,  
Will quicken and accuse thee; I'm your Host;  
With robber's hands, my hospitable favours  
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

*Corn.* Come, Sir, what letters had you late from  
France?

*Reg.* Be simple answerer, for we know the truth.

*Corn.* And what confed'racy have you with the  
traitors,  
Late footed in the kingdom?

*Reg.* To whose hands  
Have you sent the lunatick King? speak.

*Glo.* I have a letter guessingly set down,  
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,  
And not from one oppos'd.

*Corn.* Cunning —

*Reg.* And false.

*Corn.* Where hast thou sent the King?

*Glo.* To Dover.

*Reg.* Wherefore to Dover?

Wast thou not charg'd, at peril —

*Corn.* Wherefore to Dover? let him first answer that.

*Glo.* I am ty'd to th' stake, and I must stand the

*Reg.* Wherefore to Dover? [course.

*Glo.*



*Glo.* Because I would not see thy cruel nails  
Pluck out his poor old eyes ; nor thy fierce sister  
In his anointed flesh stick boarish phangs.  
The sea, with such a storm as his bare head  
In hell-black night indur'd, would have buoy'd up,  
And quench'd the stelled fires: (34)  
Yet poor old heart, he help'd the heav'ns to rain.  
If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,  
Thou should'st have said, " good porter, turn the key ;  
All cruels else subscrib'd ; but I shall see  
The winged vengeance overtake such children.

*Corn.* See't shalt thou never. Fellows, hold the chair.  
Upon these eyes of thine, I'll set my foot.

[*Glo'ster is held down, while Cornwall treads out one  
of his eyes.*]

*Glo.* He that will think to live 'till he be old,  
Give me some help.—O cruel ! O you gods !

*Reg.* One side will mock another ; th' other too.

*Corn.* If you see vengeance—

*Ser.* Hold your hand, my lord :  
I've serv'd you, ever since I was a child ;

(34) *And quench'd the stelled fires.*] The sagacious Editors have all  
blunder'd in this Word without the least Variation: It is indisputable,  
that the Author must have wrote.

*And quench'd the stelled fires.*

i. e. the starry Fires ; an adjective coin'd from *Stella*. The *Romans* form'd  
both a Participle active, and Adjective passive from this Word.

—— *extemplò, cælo stellante, serena*

*Sidera respondent in Aquâ radiantia mundi.*

*Lucret. l. 4.*

*Hinc illum Corythi Tyrrhenâ ab sede profectum*

*Aurea nunc solio stellantis regia cæli*

*Accipit ;*

*Virg. Æn. 7.*

—— *atque illi stellatus Iaspide fukvâ*

*Ensis erat.*

*Idem. Æn. 4.*

I am aware, that neither *stellans*, nor *stellatus* are entirely adequate in  
Sense, or Usage, to *stelled* in our Author. As the Word, however is  
aptly deriv'd, I hope, *Shakespeare* will stand protected by *Horace's* Pre-  
cept ;

*Dixeris egregiè, notum si callida Verbum*

*Reddiderit junctura novum.*

But

But better service have I never done you,  
Than now to bid you hold.

*Reg.* How now, you dog?

*Serv.* If you did wear a beard upon your chin,  
I'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?

*Corn.* My villain!

*Serv.* Nay then come on, and take the chance of anger.

[*Fight; in the Scuffle Cornwall is wounded.*]

*Reg.* Give me thy sword. A peasant stand up thus?

[*Kills him.*]

*Serv.* Oh, I am slain——my lord, you have one eye  
left

To see some mischief on him. Oh—— [Dies.]

*Corn.* Lest it see more, prevent it; out, vile gelly:  
Where is thy lustre now? [Treads out the other eye.]

*Glo.* All dark and comfortless——where's my son  
Edmund?

*Edmund,* enkindle all the sparks of nature  
To quit this horrid act.

*Reg.* Out, treacherous villain.

Thou call'st on him, that hates thee: It was he,  
That made the overture of thy treasons to us:  
Who is too good to pity thee.

*Glo.* O my follies!

Then *Edgar* was abus'd. Kind gods, forgive  
Me that, and prosper him!

*Reg.* Go thrust him out

At gates, and let him smell his way to *Dover*.

[*Ex. with Glo'ster.*]

How is't, my lord? how look you?

*Corn.* I have receiv'd a hurt; follow me, lady.——

Turn out that eyeless villain; throw this slave

Upon the dunghil.——*Regan,* I bleed apace.

Untimely comes this hurt. Give me your arm.

[*Exit Corn. led by Regan.*]

*1st. Serv.* I'll never care what Wickedness I do, (35)

If this Man come to Good.

*2d. Serv.*

(35) *I'll never care what Wickedness I do.* This short Dialogue I have  
inserted from the Old Quarto, because I think it full of Nature. Ser-  
vants,



2d. Serv. If She live long,  
And, in the End, meet the old course of Death,  
Women will all turn Monsters. [I am

1st. Serv. Let's follow the old Earl, and get the Bed-  
To lead him where he would ; his roguish Madness  
Allows itself to any Thing. [Eggs

2d. Serv. Go thou ; I'll fetch some Flax and whites of  
T' apply to's bleeding Face. Now, Heaven help him !  
[Exeunt severally.]



A C T IV.

S C E N E, *An open Country.*

*Enter Edgar.*

**Y**ET better thus, and known to be contemn'd,  
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be  
*worst*, (36)  
The lowest, most dejected thing of Fortune,  
Stands still in esperance ; lives not in fear.  
The lamentable change is from the *best* ;  
The *worst* returns to laughter. Welcome then,  
Thou unsubstantial air, that I embrace !  
The wretch, that thou hast blown unto the *worst*,  
Owes nothing to thy blasts.

vants, in any House, could hardly see such a Barbarity committed on  
their Master, without Reflections of Pity ; and the Vengeance that they  
presume must overtake the Actors of it, is a Sentiment and Doctrine well  
worthy of the Stage.

(36) ——— *To be worst,*  
The lowest, most dejected thing of Fortune,] This Sentiment is so much  
a-kin to a passage in Ovid, that it seems to be copied directly from it.

——— *Fortuna miserrima tuta est ;*  
*Nam timor Eventus deterioris abest.*

*Epist. 2. lib. 2. ex Ponto.*

*Enter Glo'ster, led by an old man.*

But who comes here ?

My father poorly led ? World, world, O world ! (37)

But that thy strange Mutations make us wait thee,

Life would not yield to age.

*Old Man.* O my good Lord, I have been your tenant,  
And your father's tenant, these fourscore years.

*Glo.* Away, get thee away : good friend, be gone ;

Thy comforts can do me no good at all,

Thee they may hurt.

*Old Man.* You cannot see your way.

*Glo.* I have no way, and therefore want no eyes :

I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 'tis seen,

Our mean secures us ; and our meer defects

Prove our commodities.——O dear son *Edgar*,

The food of thy abused father's wrath ;

Might I but live to see thee in my Touch, (38)

I'd say, I had eyes again !

*Old*

(37) ——— *World, World, O World !*

*But that thy strange Mutations make us hate thee,*] The Reading of this Passage, as it has thus stood in all the Editions, has been endeavour'd to be explain'd severally into a Meaning ; but not satisfactorily. Mr. *Pope's* mock-reasoning upon it has already been rallied in Print, so I forbear to revive it : and the Gentleman, who then advanced a Comment of his own upon the Passage, has since come over to my Emendation. My Explanation of the Poet's Sentiment was, " If the Number of Changes " and Vicissitudes, which happen in Life, did not make us wait, and " hope for some Turn of Fortune for the better, we could never support " the Thought of living to be Old, on any other Terms." And our Duty, as human Creatures, is piously inculcated in this Reflection of the Author. *Apollodorus*, the Comic Poet, has left us a moral Precept, upon which *Shakespeare's* Reflection might have very well been grounded.

Οὐδέπο' ἀδυμῆν τὸν κακῶς πρᾶτ' ὄντα δέε,  
Ἄνδρες, τὰ βελτίω ἢ περσοδοκᾶν αἰεῖ.

*No Body, good People, ought to despond under Misfortunes, but always wait for a better Turn.*

(38) *Might I but live to see thee in my touch,*] I cannot but take Notice, that these fine Boldnesses of Expression are very infrequent in our *English* Poetry, tho familiar with the *Greeks* and *Latins*. We have pass'd another signal One in this very Play.

*Such*



*Old Man.* How now? who's there?

*Edg.* O Gods! who is't can say, I'm at the worst?  
I'm worse, than e'er I was.

*Old Man.* 'Tis poor mad *Tom*.

*Edg.* And worse I may be yet; the worst is not,  
So long as we can say, this is the worst.

*Old Man.* Fellow, where goest?

*Glo.* Is it a beggar-man?

*Old Man.* Madman, and beggar too.

*Glo.* He has some reason, else he could not beg.  
I'th' last night's storm I such a fellow saw;  
Which made me think a man, a worm. My son  
Came then into my mind; and yet my mind  
Was then scarce friends with him. I've heard more since,  
As flies to wanton boys, are we to th' Gods;  
They kill us for their sport.

*Edg.* How should this be?  
Bad is the trade must play the fool to sorrow,  
Ang'ring it self and others.—Bless thee, master.

*Glo.* Is that the naked fellow?

*Old Man.* Ay, my lord.

*Such Sheets of Fire, such Bursts of horrid Thunder,  
Such Groans of roaring Wind and Rain, I never  
Remember to have heard.*

For tho the Verb *hear* properly answers to the *Thunder*, the *Wind*, and *Rain*; yet it does not so, but figuratively, to the *Sheets of Fire*. I have observ'd an Instance of this *implex* Sort, exactly parallel, in the *Hero* and *Leander* of *Musæus* the Grammarian.

Νηχόμερον τε Λέανδρον, ὅμῃ κ' ἰύχρον ἀκείω.  
*I hear Leander swim, the Candle burn.*

The elder Scholiast upon *Æschylus* tells us very judiciously, [μετήγαγε τὰς ἀιδήσεις πρὸς τὸ ἐνεργέστερον] that the transferring the Properties of one Sense to another, was used to add the greater Force and Energy. His Remark is upon this Passage in the *Seven Captains* before *Thebes*;

Κτύπον δέδοξα,  
Πάταγόν τ' ἔχ' ἐνδὲς δορός.

*Alack! I see the Sound, the dreadful Crash,  
Not of a single Spear.*

The late Learned *Dr. Gataker*, in his Treatise upon the *Style* of the *New Testament*, has amass'd Examples of this Figure in Holy Writ, as well as from Heathen Writers, both *Greek* and *Latin*.

*Glo.* Get thee away : if, for my sake,  
Thou wilt o'ertake us hence a mile or twain  
I'th' way tow'rd *Dover*, do it for ancient love ;  
And bring some Covering for this naked soul,  
Whom I'll intreat to lead me.

*Old Man.* Alack, Sir, he is mad. [blind :

*Glo.* 'Tis the time's plague, when madmen lead the  
Do as I bid, or rather do thy pleasure ;  
Above the rest, be gone.

*Old Man.* I'll bring him the best 'parrel that I have,  
Come on't, what will. [Exit.

*Glo.* Sirrah, naked fellow.

*Edg.* Poor *Tom's* a-cold ; — I cannot daub it further.

*Glo.* Come hither, fellow.

*Edg.* And yet I must ;  
Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.

*Glo.* Know'st thou the way to *Dover* ?

*Edg.* Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-path :  
poor *Tom* hath been scar'd out of his good wits. Bless  
thee, good man, from the foul fiend. (39) Five fiends  
have been in poor *Tom* at once ; of Lust, as *Obidicut* ;  
*Hobbididen*, Prince of dumbness ; *Mabu*, of stealing ;  
*Mobu*, of murder ; and *Flibbertigibbet*, of mopping and  
mowing ; who since possesses chamber-maids and waiting-  
women. [plagues

*Glo.* Here, take this purse, thou whom the heavens  
Have humbled to all strokes. That I am wretched,  
Makes thee the happier : heavens deal so still !  
Let the superfluous, and lust-dieted man,  
That slaves your ordinance, that will not see  
Because he do's not feel, feel your power quickly :  
So distribution should undo excess,

(39) *Five Fiends have been in poor Tom at once ;*] This Passage Mr. *Pope* first restor'd from the Old 4to ; but miserably mangled, as it is there. I have set it right, as it came from our Author, by the Help of Bishop *Harsenet's* Pamphlet, already quoted. We find there, all these Devils were in *Sarah* and *Friswood Williams*, Mrs. *Peckham's* two Chamber-maids ; and particularly *Flibbertigibbet*, who made them mop and mow like Apes, says that Author. And to their suppos'd Possession, our Poet is here satirically alluding.



And each man have enough. Do'st thou know *Dover*?

*Edg.* Ay, master.

*Glo.* There is a cliff, whose high and bending head  
Looks fearfully on the confined deep:  
Bring me but to the very brim of it,  
And I'll repair the misery, thou do'st bear,  
With something rich about me: from that place  
I shall no leading need.

*Edg.* Give me thy arm;

Poor *Tom* shall lead thee. [Exeunt.]

SCENE, the Duke of Albany's Palace.

*Enter Gonerill, and Edmund.*

*Gon.* WELCOME, my lord. I marvel, our mild  
husband  
Not met us on the way.

*Enter Steward.*

Now, where's your Master?

*Stew.* Madam, within; but never man so chang'd:  
I told him of the army that was landed:  
He smil'd at it. I told him you were coming,  
His answer was, the worse. Of *Glo'ster's* treachery,  
And of the loyal service of his son,  
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot;  
And told me, I had turn'd the wrong side out.  
What most he should dislike, seems pleasant to him;  
What like, offensive.

*Gon.* Then shall you go no further.  
It is the cowardly terror of his spirit,  
That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs,  
Which tie him to an answer; our wishes on the way  
May prove effects. Back, *Edmund*, to my brother;  
Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers.  
I must change arms at home, and give the distaff  
Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant  
Shall pass between us: you ere long shall hear,  
If you dare venture in your own behalf,

A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech;  
Decline your head. This kiss, if it durst speak,  
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air:  
Conceive, and fare thee well.

*Edm.* Yours in the ranks of death.

*Gon.* My most dear *Glo'ster*! [Exit Edmund.  
Oh, the strange difference of man, and man!  
To thee a woman's services are due,  
My fool usurps my body.

*Stew.* Madam, here comes my lord.

*Enter Albany.*

*Gon.* I have been worth the whistle.

*Alb.* Oh *Gonerill*,

You are not worth the dust, which the rude wind  
Blows in your face. — I fear your disposition:  
That Nature, which contemns its origine,  
Cannot be border'd certain in it self;  
She that her self will shiver, and dis-branch, (40)  
From her maternal sap, perforce must wither, (41)  
And come to deadly use.

*Gon.*

(40) *She that herself will shiver, and disbranch,*] *Shiver*, in this place should bear the Sense of *disbranch*; whereas it means, to shake; to fly a-pieces into Splinters; in which Sense he afterwards uses the Word in this Act;

*Thou'd'st shiver'd like an Egg;*

So that we may be assured, he would not have used the Word in so contrary and false a Sense here; especially, when there is a proper Word to express the Sense of *disbranching*, so near this in Sound, and which he uses in other places, and that is, *shiver*: which, without doubt, is the true Reading here. So in *Mackbeth*;

————— *and Slips of Yew,*

*Sliver'd in the Moon's eclipse;*

And, again, in *Hamlet*;

*There on the pendant Boughs, her Coronet Weeds*

*Clamb'ring to hang, an envious Sliver broke;*

*Mr. Warburton.*

The old 4to reads *Sliver*. But I owed this Note to my Friend's Sagacity, who never once saw that Copy. On the other Hand, what an Instance is it of Mr. Pope's Inaccuracy in Collation, who first added this Passage from the old *Quarto*?

(41) *From her material Sap,*] Thus the old 4to; but *material Sap*, I own, is a Phrase that I don't understand. The *Mother-Tree* is the true technical



Gon. No more; 'tis foolish.

Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile;  
Filths favour but themselves—What have you done?  
Tygers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?  
A father, and a gracious aged man,  
Most barb'rous, most degenerate, have you madded,  
Cou'd my good Brother suffer you to do it,  
A man, a Prince by him so benefited?  
If that the heav'ns do not their visible Spirits  
Send quickly down to tame the vile offences,  
Humanity must perforce prey on it self,  
Like monsters of the deep.

Gon. Milk-liver'd man!

That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;  
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning  
Thine honour, from thy suffering: that not know'st, (42)  
Fools do these villains pity, who are punish'd  
Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy Drum?  
France spreads his Banners in our noiseless land,  
With plumed helm thy slayer begins his threats;  
Whilst thou, a moral fool, sit'st still, and cry'st,  
"Alack! why does he so?—"

technical Term; and considering, our Author has said but just above,  
*That Nature, which contemns its Origine, there is little Room to question*  
but he wrote, — *From her maternal Sap.*

And so our best Classiſical Writers.

*Hic plantas tenero abscondens de corpore matrum; Virg.*

And again,

*Cum semel in sylvis imâ de stirpe recisum*

*Matre caret, —*

And *Valerius Flaccus*;

*Quæ neque jam frondes, virides neque proferet umbras,*

*Ut semel est avulsa jugis, & matre perempta.*

And *Seneca* in his *Trojan Captives*.

*Quæ tenera cæso virga de trunco stetit,*

*Par ipsa matri —*

And more Instances I might have produced from *Rutgersius*, in his *Variae Lection.* l. 4. c. 16.

(42) ——— that not know'st,

*Fools do these Villains pity,*] This I have retriev'd from the first *Quarto*.  
It seems first to have been retrench'd by the Players, for Brevity's sake:  
but, besides that the Lines are fine, they admirably display the taunting,  
termagant Disposition of *Gonerill*, and paint out her Contempt of her Hus-  
band's mild pacifick Spirit.

*Alb.* See thy self, devil :

Proper deformity seems not in the fiend  
So horrid as in woman.

*Gon.* O vain fool !

*Alb.* Thou chang'd, and self-converted thing ! For  
shame, (43)

Be-monster not thy feature. Were't my fitness  
To let these hands obey my [boiling] blood,  
They're apt enough to dislocate and tear  
Thy flesh and bones.—Howe'er thou art a fiend,  
A woman's shape doth shield thee.—

*Gon.* Marry, your manhood now !—

*Enter Messenger.*

*Mes.* Oh, my good lord, the Duke of Cornwall's  
Slain by his servant, going to put out [dead :  
The other eye of *Glo'ster*.

*Alb.* *Glo'ster's* eyes !

*Mes.* A servant, that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,  
Oppos'd against the act ; bending his sword  
To his great master : who, thereat enrag'd,  
Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead :  
But not without that harmful stroke, which since  
Hath pluck'd him after.

*Alb.* This shews you are above,  
You Justices, that these our nether crimes  
So speedily can venge. But O poor *Glo'ster* !  
Lost he his other eye ?

*Mes.* Both, both, my lord.  
This letter, Madam, craves a speedy answer :  
'Tis from your sister.

*Gon.* One way, I like this well ;  
But being widow, and my *Glo'ster* with her,  
May all the building in my fancy pluck  
Upon my hateful life. Another way,  
The news is not so tart. I'll read, and answer. [Exit.

(43) *Thou chang'd, and self-converted Thing !* ] This Reply of *Albany* to his imperious Wife was likewise retrench'd ; but ought not for the future to be lost to our Author.

*Alb.*



*Alb.* Where was his son, when they did take his eyes?

*Mes.* Come with my lady hither.

*Alb.* He's not here.

*Mes.* No, my good lord, I met him back again.

*Alb.* Knows he the wickedness?

*Mes.* Ay, my good lord, 'twas he inform'd against him,

And quit the house of purpose, that their punishment  
Might have the freer course.

*Alb. Glo'ster,* I live

To thank thee for the love thou shew'dst the King,  
And to revenge thine eyes. Come hither, friend,  
Tell me, what more thou know'st.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, Dover.

*Enter Kent, and a Gentleman.*

*Kent.* **T**HE King of *France* so suddenly gone back!  
Know you the reason?

*Gent.* Something he left imperfect in the State,  
Which since his coming forth is thought of, which  
Imports the Kingdom so much fear and danger,  
That his Return was most requir'd and necessary.

*Kent.* Who hath he left behind him General?

*Gent.* The Mareschal of *France*, Monsieur le Far.

*Kent.* Did your letters pierce the Queen to any demon-  
stration of grief?

*Gent.* I, Sir, she took 'em, read 'em in my presence;  
And now and then an ample tear trill'd down  
Her delicate cheek: it seem'd, she was a Queen  
Over her passion, which, most rebel-like,  
Sought to be King o'er her.

*Kent.* O, then it mov'd her.—

*Gent.* But not to Rage. Patience and Sorrow strove  
Which should express her goodliest; you have seen  
Sun-shine and rain at once: —her Smiles and Tears (44)  
Were

(44) ————— her Smiles and Tears  
Were like a better day.] Mr. Pope, who thought fit to restore this Scene  
from

Were like a wetter *May*. Those happiest smiles,  
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know  
What guests were in her Eyes; which parted thence,  
As pearls from diamonds dropt.—In brief,  
Sorrow would be a rarity most belov'd,  
If all could so become it.

*Kent*. Made she no verbal question? [Father

*Gent*. Yes, once, or twice, she heav'd the Name of  
Pantingly forth, as if it prest her heart.

Cry'd, sisters! sisters!—Shame of Ladies! sisters!

*Kent*! Father! Sisters! what? i'th' storm? i'th' night?

Let Pity ne'er believe it!—there she shook

The holy water from her heav'nly Eyes;

And, Clamour-motion'd, then away she started (45)

To

from the old 4to, tacitly sunk this Passage upon us, because he did not understand it. Indeed, it is corrupt; and he might have done himself some Honour in attempting the Cure; but *Rhyme* and *Criticism*, he has convinc'd us, do not always center in the same Person. My Friend Mr. *Warburton* with very happy Sagacity struck out the Emendation, which I have insert'd in the Text. And in Confirmation of it I must observe, that it is very familiar with our Poet, in the Description of Persons, to allude to the Seasons of the Year. To give a few Instances;

*Much Ado about Nothing*.

*Despight his nice Fence and his active Practice,*

*His May of Youth and Bloom of Lustibood.*

*Rich*. 2d.

*My Queen to France, from whence, set forth in Pomp,*

*She came adorned hither like sweet May;*

*Sent back, like Hallowmas, or shortest day.*

*Timon of Athens*;

*She whom the Spittle-house and ulc'rous Sores*

*Would cast the Gorge at, this embalms and spices*

*To th' April day again.*

*Hamlet*;

————— O Rose of May!

*Dear Maid! kind Sister! &c.*

(45) And Clamour-moisten'd,] This Passage, again, Mr. *Pope* sunk upon us; and for the same Reason, I suppose. Mr. *Warburton* discover'd likewise, that this was corrupt: for tho *Clamour*, (as he observes,) may distort the Mouth, it is not wont to moisten the Eyes. But *clamour-motioned* conveys a very beautiful Idea of Grief in *Cordeia*, and exactly in Character. She bore her Grief hitherto, says the Relater, in Silence; but being no longer able to contain it, and wanting to vent it in Groans and Cries, she flies away and retires to her Closet to deal with it in private. This He finely calls, *Clamour-motion'd*; or provok'd to a loud Expression



To deal with grief alone.

Kent. — It is the Stars,

The Stars above us, govern our conditions :

Else one self-mate and mate could not beget

Such different issues. Spoke you with her since ?

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the King return'd ?

Gent. No, since.

Kent. Well, Sir ; the poor distressed *Lear's* in town ;

Who sometimes, in his better tune, remembers

What we are come about ; and by no means

Will yield to see his daughter.

Gent. Why, good Sir ?

Kent. A sov'reign shame so bows him ; his unkindness,

That stript her from his benediction, turn'd her

To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights

To his dog-hearted daughters ; These things sting him

So venomously, that burning shame detains him

From his *Cordelia*.

Gent. Alack, poor gentleman !

[not ?

Kent. Of *Albany's*, and *Cornwall's* Pow'rs you heard

Gent. 'Tis so, they are a-foot.

Kent. Well, Sir, I'll bring you to our master *Lear*,

And leave you to attend him. Some dear cause

Will in Concealment wrap me up awhile :

When I am known aright, you shall not grieve

Lending me this acquaintance. Pray, along with me.

[*Exeunt*.

SCENE, a Camp.

*Enter Cordelia, Physician, and Soldiers.*

Cor. **A**LACK, 'tis he ; why, he was met even now  
As mad as the vext sea ; singing aloud ;

Expression of her Sorrow, which drives her from Company ! — It is not impossible, but *Shakespeare* might have form'd this fine Picture of *Cordelia's* Agony from Holy Writ, in the Conduct of *Joseph* ; who, being no longer able to restrain the Vehemence of his Affection, commanded all his Retinue from his Presence ; and then wept aloud, and discover'd himself to his Brethren.

Crown'd

Crown'd with rank fumiterr, and furrow-weeds, (46)  
 With hardocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,  
 Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow  
 In our sustaining corn. Send forth a cent'ry ;  
 Search every acre in the high-grown field,  
 And bring him to our eye. What can man's Wisdom  
 In the restoring his bereaved sense,  
 He, that helps him, take all my outward worth.

*Phys.* There are means, Madam :  
 Our foster nurse of nature, is repose ;  
 The which he lacks ; that to provoke in him,  
 Are many Simples operative, whose power  
 Will close the eye of anguish.

*Cor.* All blest Secrets,  
 All you unpublish'd Virtues of the Earth,  
 Spring with my tears ; be aidant, and remediate  
 In the good man's distress ! seek, seek for him ;  
 Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life,  
 That wants the means to lead it.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* News, Madam :  
 The *British* Pow'rs are marching hitherward.

(46) *Crown'd with rank Fenitar ;*] There is no such Herb, or Weed, that I can find, of *English* Growth ; tho all the Copies agree in the Corruption. I dare say, I have restor'd its right Name ; and we meet with it again in our Author's *Henry V.* and partly in the same Company as we have it here ;

————— *her fallow Leas*  
*The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory*  
*Do root upon.*

For this Weed is call'd both *Fumitory* and *Fumiterr*, nearer to the *French* Derivation *Fume-terre* : which the Latin Shopmen term *Fumaria*. It is the same, which by *Pliny* (from *Dioscorides* and the other *Greek* Physicians) is named *καπνυδς* : because the Juice of it has the Effect, which *Smoke* has, of making the Eyes water. And as to the Growth of it, *Pliny* tells us particularly that it springs up in Gardens and Fields of Barley ; (*Nascitur in hortis et segetibus hordeaceis*) which our Author here calls, in our *sustaining Corn*.—— I observe, in *Chaucer* it is written *Femetere* ; by a Corruption either of the Scribe, or of vulgar Pronunciation ; if of the latter, it might from thence easily slide, in progress of time, into *Fenitar*.

*Cor.*



*Cor.* 'Tis known before. Our preparation stands  
In expectation of them. O dear father,  
It is thy business that I go about: therefore great *France*  
My Mourning and important Tears hath pitied.  
No blown ambition doth our arms incite,  
But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right:  
Soon may I hear, and see him! [*Exeunt*]

SCENE, *Regan's Palace.*

*Enter Regan, and Steward.*

*Reg.* BUT are my Brother's Powers set forth?

*Stew.* Ay, Madam.

*Reg.* Himself in person there?

*Stew.* With much ado.

Your sister is the better soldier.

*Reg.* Lord *Edmund* spake not with your lady at home?

*Stew.* No, Madam.

*Reg.* What might import my sister's letter to him?

*Stew.* I know not, lady.

*Reg.* Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.

It was great ignorance, *Gloster's* eyes being out,

To let him live; where he arrives, he moves

All hearts against us: *Edmund*, I think, is gone,

In pity of his misery, to dispatch

His nighted life: moreover to descry

The strength o'th' enemy.

*Stew.* I must needs after him, Madam, with my letter.

*Reg.* Our troops set forth to morrow: stay with us:

The ways are dangerous.

*Stew.* I may not, Madam;

My lady charg'd my duty in this business.

*Reg.* Why should she write to *Edmund*? might not you

Transport her purposes by word? Belike,

Something—— I know not what—— I'll love

thee much——

Let me unseal the letter.

*Stew.* Madam, I had rather——

*Reg.*

*Reg.* I know, your lady do's not love her husband :  
I'm sure of that ; and, at her late being here,  
She gave strange œiliads, and most speaking looks  
To noble *Edmund*. I know, you're of her bosom.

*Stew.* I, Madam?

*Reg.* I speak in understanding : you are ; I know't ;  
Therefore, I do advise you, take this note.  
My lord is dead ; *Edmund* and I have talk'd,  
And more convenient is he for my hand,  
Than for your lady's : you may gather more :  
If you do find him, pray you, give him this ;  
And when your Mistress hears thus much from you,  
I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her. So farewel.  
If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,  
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

*Stew.* 'Would I could meet him, Madam, I should shew  
What party I do follow.

*Reg.* Fare thee well.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE, the Country, near Dover.

*Enter Glo'ter, and Edgar as a Peasant.*

*Glo.* **W**HEN shall I come to th' top of that same hill?  
*Edg.* You do climb up it now. Look, how

*Glo.* Methinks, the ground is even. [we labour.

*Edg.* Horrible steep.

Hark, do you hear the sea?

*Glo.* No, truly.

*Edg.* Why then your other senses grow imperfect.  
By your eyes anguish.

*Glo.* So may it be, indeed.

Methinks, thy voice is alter'd ; and thou speak'st  
In better phrase and matter than thou didst.

*Edg.* You're much deceiv'd : in nothing am I chang'd,  
But in my garments.

*Glo.* Sure, you're better spoken. [fearful

*Edg.* Come on, Sir, here's the place—stand still. How  
And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low !  
The crows and choughs, that wing the midway air,

Shew



Shew scarce so gross as beetles. Half way down  
Hangs one, that gathers Samphire ; dreadful trade !  
Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head.  
The fisher-men, that walk upon the beach,  
Appear like mice ; and yond tall anchoring bark,  
Diminish'd to her cock ; her cock, a buoy  
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge,  
That on th' unnumbered idle pebbles chafes,  
Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more,  
Left my brain turn, and the deficient sight  
Topple down headlong.

*Glo.* Set me, where you stand.

*Edg.* Give me your hand : you're now within a foot  
Of th' extream verge : for all below the moon  
Would I not leap upright.

*Glo.* Let go my hand :

Here, friend,'s another purse, in it a Jewel  
Well worth a poor man's taking. Fairies, and Gods,  
Prosper it with thee ! Go thou further off,  
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

*Edg.* Now fare ye well, good Sir. [*Seems to go.*]

*Glo.* With all my heart.

*Edg.* Why do I trifle thus with his despair ?  
'Tis done to cure it.

*Glo.* O you mighty Gods !

This world I do renounce ; and in your sights  
Shake patiently my great affliction off :  
If I could bear it longer, and not fall  
To quarrel with your great opposeless Wills,  
My snuff and loathed part of nature should  
Burn it self out. If *Edgar* live, O blefs him !  
Now, fellow, fare thee well. [*He leaps and falls along.*]

*Edg.* Good Sir, farewell.

And yet I know not how Conceit may rob  
The treasury of life, when life it self  
Yields to the theft. Had he been where he thought,  
By this, had thought been past.—Alive or dead ?  
Ho, you, hear you, friend ! Sir ! Sir ! speak !  
Thus might he pass, indeed—yet he revives.  
What are you, Sir ?

*Glo.* Away, and let me die.

*Edg.* Had'st thou been aught but Goss'mer, feathers, [air,  
So many fathom down precipitating,  
Thou'd'st shiver'd like an egg : but thou dost breathe,  
Hast heavy substance, bleed'st not ; speak, art sound ?  
Ten masts at each make not the altitude, (47)  
Which thou hast perpendicularly fall'n.  
Thy life's a miracle. Speak yet again.

*Glo.* But have I fall'n, or no ?

*Edg.* From the dread summit of this chalky bourn !  
Look up a height, the shrill-gorg'd Lark so far  
Cannot be seen or heard : do but look up.

*Glo.* Alack, I have no eyes.  
Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit,  
To end it self by death ? 'twas yet some comfort,  
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,  
And frustrate his proud will.

*Edg.* Give me your arm.

Up, so—how is't ? feel you your legs ? you stand.

*Glo.* Too well, too well.

*Edg.* This is above all strangeness.  
Upon the crown o'th' cliff, what thing was that,  
Which parted from you ?

*Glo.* A poor unfortunate beggar.

*Edg.* As I stood here below, methought, his eyes  
Were two full moons ; he had a thousand noses,  
Horns welk'd, and wav'd like the enridged sea :  
It was some fiend. Therefore, thou happy father,  
Think, that the clearest gods, who make them honours (48)  
Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.

*Glo.* I do remember now : henceforth I'll bear

(47) *Ten Masts* attach'd—] This is Mr. Pope's Reading ; but I know not from what Authority. Mr. Rowe gave it us, *Ten Masts* at least—a poor, dragging Expression. All the old Copies read, as I have restor'd in the Text, *Ten Masts* at each.

'Tis certain, 'tis a bold Phrase, but I dare warrant, it was our Author's ; and means, *Ten Masts* placed at the Extremity of each other.

(48) *Think, that the dearest Gods—*] This too is Mr. Pope's Reading. All the authentick Copies have it, *clearest Gods* ; i. e. open, and righteous, in their Dealings. So, our Author again, in his *Timon* ;

*Roots, ye clear Heav'ns !*



Affliction, 'till it do cry out it self,  
*Enough, enough*, and die. That thing you speak of;  
 I took it for a man; often 'twould say,  
 The fiend, the fiend—he led me to that place.

*Edg.* Bear free and patient thoughts.

*Enter Lear, drest madly with Flowers:*

But who comes here?

The safer sense will ne'er accommoda te

His master thus.

*Lear.* No, they cannot touch me for coyning: I am  
 the King himself.

*Edg.* O thou side-piercing sight!

*Lear.* Nature's above art in that respect. There's your  
 press-mony. (49) That fellow handles his bow like a  
 crow-keeper: draw me a clothier's yard. Look, look;  
 a mouse! Peace, peace;—this piece of toasted cheese will  
 do't—there's my gauntlet, I'll prove it on a giant.  
 Bring up the brown bills. O, well flown, Barb! (50)  
 i'th' clout, i'th' clout: hewgh.—Give the word.

VOL. V.

N

*Edg.*

(49) *That Fellow handles his Bow like a Cowkeeper.*] Thus Mr. Pope  
 in his last Edition; but I am afraid, I betray'd him into the Error by an  
 absurd Conjecture of my own, in my SHAKESPEARE restored. 'Tis certain  
 we must read *Crowkeeper* here; as likewise in this Passage of *Romeo and*  
*Juliet*:

*We'll have no Cupid hooded with a Scarf,*

*Bearing a Tartar's painted Bow of Lath;*

*Scaring the Ladies like a Crowkeeper.*

And, it seems, in several Counties to this day, they call a stuff'd Figure,  
 representing a Man, and arm'd with a Bow and Arrow, (set up to fright  
 the Crows, and other Birds of Prey, from the Fruit and Corn;) a *Crow-*  
*keeper*; as well as a *Scare-crow*. To some such Figure our Author again  
 alludes in *Measure for Measure*.

*We must not make a Scare-crow of the Law;*

*Setting it up to fear the Birds of Prey,*

*And let it keep one Shape, till Custom make it*

*Their Perch, and not their Terror.*

But Beaumont and Fletcher in their *Bonduca* have a Passage which will ex-  
 cellently well explain our Author's Reading.

————— *Can these fight? They look*

*Like empty Scabbards all; no Metal in 'em:*

*Like Men of Clouts, set to keep Crows from Orchards;*

(50) *O well flown Bird,*] *Lear* is here raving of Archery, and shooting  
 at *Buts*, as is plain by the Words *i'th' Clout*; that is, the white Mark they  
 set

*Edg.* Sweet marjoram.

*Lear.* Pass.

*Glo.* I know that voice.

*Lear.* Ha! *Gonerill*! hah! *Regan*! they flatter'd me like a dog, and told me, I had white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were there. To say ay, and no, to every thing that I said—— Ay, and no, too was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go to, they are not men o' their words; they told me, I was every thing: 'tis a lie, I am not ague-proof.

*Glo.* The trick of that voice I do well remember: Is't not the King?

*Lear.* Ay, every inch a King.

When I do stare, see, how the subject quakes.

I pardon that man's life. What was thy cause?

Adultery? thou shalt not die; die for adultery? no, the wren goes to't, and the small gilded flie does letcher in my sight. Let copulation thrive: for *Glo'ster's* bastard son was kinder to his father, than my daughters got 'tween the lawful sheets. To't, luxury, pell-mell; for I lack soldiers. Behold yon simpering Dame, whose face 'tween her forks presages snow; that minces virtue, and does shake the head to hear of pleasure's name. The fit-chew, nor the soyled horse goes to't with a more riotous appetite: down from the waste they are centaurs, though women all above: but to the girdle do the Gods inherit, beneath is all the fiends. There's hell, there's darkness, there is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding, stench, consumption: fie, fie, fie; pah, pah; give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination! there's mony for thee.

*Glo.* O, let me kiss that hand.

*Lear.* Let me wipe it first, it smells of mortality.

set up and aim at: hence the Phrase, to *hit the White*. So that We must certainly read, *O well-flown, Barb!* i. e. the *barbed*, or *bearded* Arrow.

*Mr. Warburton.*

*Glo.*



*Glo.* O ruin'd piece of nature ! this great world  
Shall so wear out to naught: Do'st thou know me?

*Lear.* I remember thine eyes well enough: dost thou  
squiny at me? no, do thy worst, blind *Cupid*; I'll not  
love. Read thou this challenge, mark but the penning  
of it.

*Glo.* Were all the letters suns, I could not see one.

*Edg.* I would not take this from report; it is,  
And my heart breaks at it.

*Lear.* Read.

*Glo.* What, with this case of eyes?

*Lear.* Oh, ho, are you there with me? no eyes in your  
head, nor no money in your purse? your eyes are in a  
heavy case, your purse in a light; yet you see how this  
world goes.

*Glo.* I see it feelingly.

*Lear.* What, art mad? a man may see how this world  
goes, with no eyes. Look with thine ears: see, how yond  
justice rails upon yond simple thief. Hark in thine ear:  
change places, and handy-dandy, which is the justice,  
which is the thief? Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at  
a beggar? (51)

*Glo.* Ay, Sir.

*Lear.* And the creature run from the cur? there thou  
might'st behold the great image of authority; a dog's  
obey'd in office.—

(51) *Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a Beggar? &c.*] This exquisite  
Piece of Satire, dress'd up in a Figure and Method of *Imagining* from ab-  
sent Circumstances, has greatly the Air of Imitation from the *Antients*.  
It is that sort of Figure, by which (as *Minturnus* has observ'd in his elab-  
orate Treatise *De Poetá*) ostenditur interdum, quasi ante oculos sit, ficta  
*Imago*: a feign'd Image of Things is sometimes represented, as if really  
in View. *Plautus* is very full of this Imagery: and I'll subjoin two In-  
stances that have very much the Cast of this in our Author, only more  
ludicrous in their Turn: In his *Menæchmei*, Act 1. Sc. 2.

*Men.* Dic mihi, nunquàm tu vidisti tabulam pictam in pariete,  
Ubi Aquila Catamitum raperet, aut ubi Venus Adoneum?

*Pen.* Sæpè. Sed quid istæ Picturæ ad me attinent?

*Men.* Age, me aspice.

And in his *Mossellaria*. Act 3. Sc. 2.

*Tra.* Viden' pictum, ubi ludificatur Cornix una volturios duo?  
Cornix astat, ea volturios duo vicissim vellicat.

Quæso, huc ad me specta, cornicem ut conspiciere possies.

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand :  
 Why dost thou lash that whore? strip thy own back ;  
 Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind,  
 For which thou whip'st her. Th' usurer hangs the cozener ;  
 Through tatter'd cloaths small vices do appear ;  
 Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sins with gold,  
 And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks :  
 Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.  
 None does offend, none, I say, none ; I'll able 'em ;  
 Take that of me, my friend, who have the pow'r  
 To seal th' accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes,  
 And, like a scurvy politician, seem  
 To see the things thou do'st not. [harder, so.  
 Now, now, now, now. Pull off my boots : harder,

*Edg.* O matter and impertinency mixt,  
 Reason in madness !

*Lear.* If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.  
 I know thee well enough, thy name is *Glo'ster* ;  
 Thou must be patient ; we came crying hither :  
 Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,  
 We wawle and cry. I will preach to thee : mark——

*Glo.* Alack, alack the day !

*Lear.* When we are born, we cry, that we are come  
 To this great Stage of fools.——This a good block !——  
 It were a delicate stratagem to shooe  
 A troop of horse with Felt ; I'll put't in proof ;  
 And when I've stol'n upon these sons-in-law,  
 Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

*Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.*

*Gent.* O, here he is, lay hand upon him ; Sir,  
 Your most dear daughter——

*Lear.* No rescue ? what, a prisoner ? I am even  
 The natural fool of fortune. Use me well,  
 You shall have ransom. Let me have surgeons,  
 I am cut to th' brains.

*Gent.* You shall have any thing.

*Lear.* No seconds ? all my self ?  
 Why this would make a man, a man of salt ;  
 To use his eyes for garden-water-pots,

And



And laying autumn's dust. I will die bravely,  
Like a smug bridegroom. What? I will be jovial:  
Come, come, I am a King. My Masters, know you that?

*Gent.* You are a royal one, and we obey you.

*Lear.* Then there's life in't. Come, an you get it,  
You shall get it by running: fa, fa, fa, fa. [*Exit.*]

*Gent.* A fight most pitiful in the meanest wretch,  
Past speaking of in a King. Thou hast one daughter,  
Who redeems nature from the general curse  
Which twain have brought her to.

*Edg.* Hail, gentle Sir.

*Gent.* Sir, speed you: what's your Will?

*Edg.* Do you hear ought, Sir, of a battel toward?

*Gent.* Most sure, and vulgar: every one hears that,  
Which can distinguish sound.

*Edg.* But by your favour,  
How near's the other army?

*Gent.* Near, and on speedy foot: the main descry  
Stands on the hourly thought.

*Edg.* I thank you, Sir: That's all.

*Gent.* Though that the Queen on special cause is here,  
Her army is mov'd on. [*Exit.*]

*Edg.* I thank you, Sir.

*Glo.* You ever gentle Gods, take my breath from me;  
Let not my worser spirit tempt me again  
To die before you please.

*Edg.* Well pray you, father.

*Glo.* Now, good Sir, what are you?

*Edg.* A most poor man, made tame to fortune's blows,  
Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,  
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,  
I'll lead you to some bidding.

*Glo.* Hearty thanks;  
The bounty and the benizon of heav'n  
To boot, and boot!—

*Enter Steward.*

*Stew.* A proclaim'd prize! most happy!  
That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh,  
To raise my fortunes. Old unhappy traitor,

Briefly thy self remember : the sword is out,  
That must destroy thee.

*Glo.* Let thy friendly hand  
Put strength enough to't.

*Stew.* Wherefore, bold peasant,  
Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor ? hence,  
Lest that th' infection of his fortune take  
Like Hold on thee. Let go his arm.

*Edg.* Chill not let go, Zir, without vurther 'casion.

*Stew.* Let go, slave, or thou dy'st.

*Edg.* Good gentleman, go your gate, and let poor  
volk pass : and 'chud ha' been zwagger'd out of my life,  
'twould not ha' been zo long as 'tis by a vort-night. Nay,  
come not near th' old man : keep out, che vor'ye, or  
ice try whether your costard or my bat be the harder ;  
chill be plain with you.

*Stew.* Out, dunghill !

*Edg.* Chill pick your teeth, Zir : come, no matter vor  
your foyns. [Edgar knocks him down.

*Stew.* Slave, thou hast slain me : villain, take my purse ;  
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body,  
And give the letters, which thou find'st about me,  
To *Edmund* Earl of *Gloster* : seek him out  
Upon the *English* party, Oh, untimely death !——

[Dies,

*Edg.* I know thee well, a serviceable villain ;  
As duteous to the vices of thy Mistress,  
As badness would desire.

*Glo.* What, is he dead ?

*Edg.* Sit you down, father : rest you.  
Let's see these pockets ; the letters, that he speaks of,  
May be my friends : he's dead ; I'm only sorry,  
He had no other death's-man. Let us see——  
By your leave, gentle wax—— and manners blame us  
not :

To know our enemies minds, we rip their hearts ;  
Their papers are more lawful.

*Reads*



*Reads the Letter.*

**L**ET our reciprocal vows be remembred. You have many opportunities to cut him off: if your Will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offer'd. There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror. Then am I the prisoner, and his bed my goal; from the loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labour.

*Your (wife, so I would say) affectionate  
Servant, Gonerill.*

Oh, undistinguish'd space of woman's Will! (52)

A plot upon her virtuous husband's life,  
And the exchange my brother. Here, i'th' sands  
Thee I'll rake up, the post un sanctified  
Of murth'rous lechers: and in the mature time,  
With this ungracious paper strike the sight  
Of the death-practis'd Duke: for him 'tis well,  
That of thy death and business I can tell.

*Glo.* The King is mad; how stiff is my vile sense,  
That I stand up, and have ingenious Feeling  
Of my huge sorrows! better I were distract,  
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs;

*[Drum afar off.]*

(52) *Oh, undistinguish'd Space of Woman's Will!*] This is the Reading of the first Folio; which Mr. Pope very unhappily degrades, and substitutes, *Wit*, the mistaken Reading of the 1st Quarto. What Idea he form'd to himself of the *undistinguish'd Space* of a Woman's *Wit*, I can't tell; I am quite at a loss to understand any Meaning in it. But the other Reading gives us, as Mr. Warburton observes to me, a most elegant Expression, and most satirical Thought: and more delicate than the—*Varium & mutabile semper Fœmina*—of VIRGIL. 'Tis not the Extravagance, but the Mutability, of a Woman's Will that is here satiriz'd. The Change of which (our Author would be understood to say,) is so speedy, that there is no Space of time, no Distance, between the present Will and the next; but it is an undistinguish'd Space. This Sentiment may not be ill explain'd further from what honest Sancho, in Don Quixote, with infinite Humour says upon the Subject. *Entre el Si y el No de la mujer, no me atreveria yo à poner una punta d' Alfiler.* Betwixt a Woman's *Yea*, and *No*, I would not undertake to thrust a Pin's Point.

And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose  
The knowledge of themselves.

*Edg.* Give me your hand:

Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.

Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E *changes to a Chamber.*

*Enter Cordelia, Kent, and Physician.*

*Cor.* O, thou good *Kent*, how shall I live and work  
To match thy Goodness? life will be too short,  
And ev'ry measure fail me.

*Kent.* To be acknowledg'd, Madam, is o'erpaid;  
All my reports go with the modest truth,  
Nor more, nor clipt, but so.

*Cor.* Be better suited;  
These weeds are memories of those worser hours:  
I pr'ythee, put them off.

*Kent.* Pardon, dear Madam,  
Yet to be known, shortens my made intent;  
My boon I make it, that you know me not,  
'Till time and I think meet.

*Cor.* Then be it so,  
My lord.—How does the King? [To the Physician.]

*Phys.* Madam, sleeps still.

*Cor.* O you kind Gods!  
Cure this great breach in his abused nature;  
Th' untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind up  
Of this child-changed father.

*Phys.* Please your Majesty,  
That we may wake the King, he hath slept long?

*Cor.* Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed  
—I th' sway of your own will: is he array'd?

*Enter Lear in a chair, carried by servants.*

*Phys.* Ay, Madam; in the heaviness of sleep,  
We put fresh garments on him.

Be by, good Madam, when we do awake him;  
I doubt not of his temperance.

*Cor.* O my dear father! Restauration, hang

Thy



Thy medicine on my lips ; and let this kiss  
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters  
Have in thy reverence made!

*Kent.* Kind and dearest Princess !

*Cor.* Had you not been their father, these white flakes  
Did challenge pity of them. Was this a face,  
To be expos'd against the warring winds?  
To stand against the deep, dread-bolted Thunder ? (53)  
In the most terrible and nimble Stroke

Of quick, cross Lightning? To watch poor *Perdue*,  
With this thin Helm?—My very Enemy's Dog,  
Though he had bit me, shou'd have stood That Night  
Against my fire: And wast thou fain, poor Father,  
To hovel thee with swine and rogues forlorn,  
In short and musty straw? alack, alack!

'Tis wonder, that thy life and wits, at once,  
Had not concluded all.—He wakes ; speak to him.

*Phys.* Madam, do you ; 'tis fittest.

*Cor.* How does my royal lord? how fares your Majesty?

*Lear.* You do me wrong to take me out o'th' grave ;  
Thou art a soul in bliss, but I am bound  
Upon a wheel of fire ; that mine own tears  
Do scald like molten lead.

*Cor.* Sir, do you know me?

*Lear.* You are a spirit, I know ; when did you die?

*Cor.* Still, still, far wide——

*Phys.* He's scarce awake, let him alone awhile.

*Lear.* Where have I been? where am I? fair day-light?  
I'm mightily abus'd ; I should even die with pity,  
To See another thus. I know not what to say ;  
I will not swear, these are my hands: let's see,  
I feel this pin prick : would, I were assur'd  
Of my condition.

*Cor.* O look upon me, Sir,  
And hold your hand in benediction o'er me.  
No, Sir, you must not kneel.

*Lear.* Pray, do not mock me ;

(53) *To stand against the deep,*] The following three Lines and an half,  
in no wise unworthy of our Author, I have restor'd from the Old 4to.

I am a very foolish fond old man,  
 Fourscore and upward; and to deal plainly,  
 I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.  
 Methinks, I should know you, and know this man;  
 Yet I am doubtful: for I'm mainly ignorant,  
 What place this is; and all the skill I have,  
 Remembers not these garments; nay, I know not  
 Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me,  
 For, as I am a man, I think, this lady  
 To be my child *Cordelia*.

*Cor.* And so I am; I am. ——— [not

*Lear.* Be your tears wet? yes, faith; I pray you, weep  
 If you have poison for me, I will drink it;  
 I know, you do not love me; for your sisters  
 Have, as I do remember, done me wrong.  
 You have some cause, they have not.

*Cor.* No cause, no cause.

*Lear.* Am I in *France*?

*Kent.* In your own kingdom, Sir.

*Lear.* Do not abuse me.

*Phys.* Be comforted, good Madam; the great Rage,  
 You see, is cur'd in him:—and, yet, 'twere Danger  
 To make him even o'er the Time, h'as lost.  
 Desire him to go in; trouble him no more,  
 Till further settling.

*Cor.* Will't please your Highness walk?

*Lear.* You must bear with me;  
 Pray you now, forget and forgive;  
 I am old and foolish. [Exeunt *Lear*, *Cord.*

*Phys.* and *Attendants*.

*Manent Kent and Gentleman.*

*Gent.* Holds it true, Sir, that the Duke of *Cornwall*  
 was so slain? (54)

(54) *Gent.* *Holds it true, Sir?*] This short Dialogue, which was  
 retrench'd by the Players in their Edition, I have restor'd from the Old  
 4to. The Matter of it is natural and easie; and tho' the Language be  
 not pompous, it is to the Subject: and the Uncertainty of common Re-  
 port, with Regard to *Kent* and *Edgar*, must be very pleasing to the Au-  
 dience, who knew how Rumour was mistaken in representing them to be  
 abroad.

*Kent.*



*Kent.* Most certain, Sir.

*Gent.* Who is Conductor of his people?

*Kent.* As 'tis said, the Bastard Son of *Glo'ster*.

*Gent.* They say, *Edgar*, his banisht Son, is with the Earl of *Kent* in *Germany*.

*Kent.* Report is changeable; 'Tis time to look about: the Powers of the Kingdom approach apace.

*Gent.* The Arbitrement is like to be bloody.—Fare you well, Sir. *[Exit Gent.]*

*Kent.* My Point and Period will be thoroughly wrought, Or well, or ill, as this day's Battle's fought.

*[Exit Kent.]*



## ACT V.

### SCENE, A Camp.

*Enter Edmund, Regan, Gentlemen, and Soldiers.*

EDMUND.



NOW of the Duke, if his last purpose hold;  
Or whether since he is advis'd by aught,  
To change the course? he's full of Alteration,  
And self-reproving: bring his constant pleasure. (55)

*Reg.* Our sister's man is certainly miscarry'd.

*Edm.* 'Tis to be doubted, Madam.

*Reg.* Now, sweet lord,

You know the goodness I intend upon you:

Tell me but truly, but then speak the truth,

Do you not love my sister?

(55) ——— he's full of Alteration,  
And self-reproving brings his constant Pleasure.] Thus in the Impressions  
by Mr. Pope is this Passage most nonsensically read, and pointed. But  
some better Copies have assisted to set it right.

*Edm.*

*Edm.* In honour'd love.

*Reg.* But have you never found my brother's way  
To the fore-fended place?

*Edm.* No, by mine honour, Madam.

*Reg.* I never shall endure her; dear my lord,  
Be not familiar with her.

*Edm.* Fear not; she, and the Duke her husband —

*Enter Albany, Gonerill, and Soldiers.*

*Gon.* I'd rather lose the Battle, than that Sister (56)  
Should loosen him and Me. — [aside.

*Alb.* Our very loving sister, well be met:  
Sir, this I hear, the King is come to his daughter,  
With others, whom the rigour of our state  
Forc'd to cry out. Where I could not be honest,  
I never yet was valiant: 'fore this business, (57)  
It toucheth us, as *France* invades our Land,  
(Not holds the King, with others, whom, I fear,  
Most just and heavy causes make oppose,) —

*Edm.* Sir, you speak nobly.

*Reg.* Why is this reason'd?

*Gon.* Combine together 'gainst the enemy:  
For these domestick and particular broils  
Are not the question here.

*Edm.* I shall attend you presently at your Tent.

*Alb.* Let's then determine with th' Antient of war

(56) *Gon.* I'd rather lose the Battle, — ] This I have restor'd from  
the Old 4to; and, considering the Jealousy of the Princesses on each  
Side, it comes very naturally from *Gonerill*, upon her seeing *Regan* and  
*Edmund* together: as well as helps to mark the Business going on, to the  
Reader.

(57) ——— for this business,  
It touches us, as *France* invades our land,  
Not holds the King, with Others whom I fear  
Most just and heavy Causes make oppose,] I have made a slight Variation in  
these Lines, which are added from the old 4to. *Albany's* Speech seems  
interrupted, before finish'd: and this I take to be the Purport of what he  
was going to say. "Before We fight this Battle, Sir, it concerns me,  
" (tho' not the King, and the discontented Party;) to question about  
" your Interest in our Sister, and the Event of the War." — And *Regan*  
and *Gonerill*, in their Replies, both seem apprehensive that this Subject  
was coming into Debate.



On our proceeding

Reg. Sister, you'll go with us?

Gon. No.

Reg. 'Tis most convenient, pray you, go with us.

Gon. Oh ho, I know the riddle, I will go.

*As they are going out, Enter Edgar disguis'd.*

Edg. If e'er your Grace had speech with man so poor,  
Hear me one word.

Alb. I'll overtake you :— speak.

[*Exeunt* Edm. Reg. Gon. and Attendants.

Edg. Before you fight the battel, ope this letter.  
If you have vict'ry, let the trumpet sound  
For him that brought it : wretched though I seem,  
I can produce a Champien, that will prove  
What is avouched there. If you miscarry,  
Your business of the world hath so an end,  
And machination ceases. Fortune love you !

Alb. Stay, 'till I've read the letter.

Edg. I was forbid it.

When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,  
And I'll appear again.

[*Exit.*

Alb. Why, fare thee well ; I will o'erlook thy paper.

*Re-enter Edmund.*

Edm. The Enemy's in view, draw up your Powers.  
Hard is the guess of their true strength and forces,  
By diligent discovery ; but your haste  
Is now urg'd on you.

Alb. We will greet the time.

[*Exit.*

Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my love :  
Each jealous of the other, as the stung  
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?  
Both ? one ? or neither ? neither can be enjoy'd,  
If both remain alive : to take the widow,  
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Gonerill ;  
And hardly shall I carry out my side,  
Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll use  
His countenance for the battel ; which being done,  
Let her, who would be rid of him, devise

His

His speedy taking off. As for the mercy  
Which he intends to *Lear* and to *Cordelia*,  
The battle done, and they within our power,  
Shall never see his pardon: for my state  
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [Exit.

S C E N E, *another open Field.*

*Alarum within. Enter with drum and colours, Lear, Cordelia, and soldiers over the stage, and exeunt.*

*Enter Edgar and Glo'ster.*

*Edg.* **H**ERE, father, take the shadow of this tree  
For your good Host; pray, that the right may  
thrive:

If ever I return to you again,  
I'll bring you comfort.

*Glo.* Grace be with you, Sir! [Exit Edgar.  
*[Alarum, and retreat, within.]*

*Re-enter Edgar.*

*Edg.* Away, old man; give me thy hand, away;  
*King Lear* hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en,  
Give me thy hand. Come on.

*Glo.* No further, Sir; a man may rot even here.

*Edg.* What, in ill thoughts again? men must endure  
Their going hence, ev'n as their coming hither:  
Ripeness is all; come on.

*Glo.* And that's true too. [Exeunt.

*Enter in Conquest, with Drum and Colours, Edmund; Lear and Cordelia, as prisoners; Soldiers, Captain.*

*Edm.* Some Officers take them away; good guard,  
Until their greater pleasures first be known,  
That are to censure them.

*Cor.* We're not the first,  
Who with best meaning have incurr'd the worst:  
For thee, oppressed King, am I cast down;  
My self could else out-frown false fortune's frown.  
Shall we not see these daughters and these sisters?

*Lear.*



*Lear.* No, no, no, no; come, let's away to prison;  
 We two alone will sing, like birds i'th' cage:  
 When thou dost ask me Blessing, I'll kneel down,  
 And ask of thee Forgiveness: so we'll live,  
 And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh  
 At gilded butterflies: and hear poor rogues  
 Talk of Court-news, and we'll talk with them too,  
 Who loses, and who wins; who's in, who's out:  
 And take upon's the mystery of things,  
 As if we were God's spies. And we'll wear out,  
 In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of Great ones,  
 That ebb and flow by th' moon.

*Edm.* Take them away.

*Lear.* Upon such Sacrifices, my *Cordelia*,  
 The Gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught thee?  
 He that parts us, shall bring a brand from heav'n,  
 And fire us hence, like foxes; wipe thine eye,  
 The good-jers shall devour them, flesh and fell,  
 Ere they shall make us weep; we'll see 'em starv'd first.  
 Come. [*Ex. Lear and Cordelia guarded.*]

*Edm.* Come hither, Captain, hark.  
 Take thou this note; go, follow them to prison,  
 One step I have advanc'd thee; if thou dost  
 As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way  
 To noble fortunes: know thou this, that men  
 Are as the time is; to be tender-minded  
 Do's not become a sword; My great employment (58)  
 Will not bear question; either say, thou'lt do't;  
 Or thrive by other means.

*Capt.* I'll do't, my lord.

*Edm.* About it, and write happy, when thou'lt done.  
 Mark, I say, instantly; and carry it so,  
 As I have set it down. [*Exit Captain.*]

(58) ——— thy great Employment  
 Will not bear Question;] All the Copies concur in reading thus; but,  
 without doubt, erroneously. The Person, whom *Edmund* is here speaking  
 to, was of no higher Degree than a Captain; and therefore, certainly,  
 accountable to his Superiours. *Edmund*, 'tis plain, must mean; "I lead-  
 ing one of the Conquerors' Forces, and having employ'd thee in this  
 "Business, will be thy sufficient Warrant, and will secure Thee from be-  
 ing question'd about it."

*Flourish.*

*Flourish. Enter Albany, Gonerill, Regan, and Soldiers*

*Alb.* Sir, you have shew'd to day your valiant strain,  
And fortune led you well: you have the Captives,  
Who were the opposites of this day's strife:  
We do require them of you, so to use them,  
As we shall find their merits and our safety  
May equally determine.

*Edm.* Sir, I thought it fit  
To send the old and miserable King  
To some retention, and appointed guard;  
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,  
To pluck the common bosoms on his side;  
And turn our impress launces in our eyes,  
Which do command them. With him I sent the Queen;  
My reason all the same; and they are ready  
To morrow, or at further space, t' appear  
Where you shall hold your Session. At this time,  
We sweat and bleed; the Friend hath lost his Friend;  
And the best Quarrels, in the Heat, are curst  
By those that feel their Sharpness. —  
The Question of *Cordelia*, and her Father,  
Requires a fitter Place. (59)

*Alb.* Sir, by your patience,  
I hold you but a Subject of this war,  
Not as a Brother.

*Reg.* That's as we list to grace him.  
Methinks, our pleasure might have been demanded,  
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our Pow'rs;  
Bore the Commission of my Place and Person;  
The which immediacy may well stand up,  
And call it self your brother.

(59) ——— at this time,  
[*We sweat and bleed; &c.*] These very necessary Lines I have restor'd  
from the Old 4to. and they were, certainly, first left out by the  
Indiscretion of the Players, merely for the Sake of shortning. But with-  
out them, as *Edmund's* Speech is made to end, 'tis plain, he does not  
pretend to advise, but submits the whole Process to *Albany*. How ab-  
surdly then does the other reply, that he holds *Edmund* but a Subject of  
the War?



*Gon.* Not so hot:

In his own grace he doth exalt himself,  
More than in your advancement.

*Reg.* In my Right,

By me invested, he compeers the best.

*Alb.* That were the most, if he should husband you.

*Reg.* Jefters do oft prove Prophets.

*Gon.* Holla, holla!

That eye, that told you so, look'd but a-squint.

*Reg.* Lady, I am not well, else I should answer  
From a full-flowing stomach. General,

Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony,

Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine:

Witness the World, that I create thee here

My lord and master.

*Gon.* Mean you to enjoy him?

*Alb.* The Lett alone lyes not in your good Will.

*Edm.* Nor in thine, lord.

*Alb.* Half-blooded fellow, yes.

*Reg.* Let the drum strike, and prove my Title thine.

*Alb.* Stay yet; hear reason: *Edmund*, I arrest thee  
On capital treason; and, in thy Arrest,

This gilded Serpent: for your Claim, fair sister,

I bar it in the interest of my wife;

'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,

And I, her husband, contradict your banes.

If you will marry, make your loves to me,

My lady is bespoke.

*Gon.* An enterlude! —

*Alb.* Thou art arm'd, *Glo'ster*; let the trumpet sound:

If none appear to prove upon thy person

Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,

There is my Pledge: I'll prove it on thy heart,

Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less

Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

*Reg.* Sick, O sick —

*Gon.* If not, I'll ne'er trust poison.

[*Aside.*

*Edm.* There's my exchange; what in the world he is,

That names me Traitor, villain-like he lies;

Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,

On him, on you, (who not?) I will maintain  
My truth and honour firmly.

*Alb.* A herald, ho!

*Enter a Herald.*

Trust to thy single virtue; for thy soldiers,  
All levied in my name, have in my name  
Took their discharge.

*Reg.* This sickness grows upon me.

*Alb.* She is not well, convey her to my Tent.

[*Exit Reg, led.*]

Come hither, herald, let the trumpet sound,  
And read out this.

[*A trumpet sounds.*]

*Herald reads.*

**I** F any man of Quality, or Degree, within the lists of the  
army, will maintain upon Edmund supposed Earl of  
Glo'ster, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear  
by the third sound of the trumpet: he is bold in his de-  
fence.

1 trumpet.

*Her.* Again.

2 trumpet.

*Her.* Again.

3 trumpet.

[*Trumpet answers, within.*]

*Enter Edgar, armed.*

*Alb.* Ask him his purposes, why he appears  
Upon this Call o'th' trumpet.

*Her.* What are you?

Your name, your quality, and why you answer  
This present summons?

*Edg.* Know, my name is lost;  
By treason's tooth bare-gnawn, and canker-bit;  
Yet am I noble, as the Adversary  
I come to cope.

*Alb.* Which is that Adversary?

*Edg.* What's he, that speaks for Edmund Earl of Glo'ster?

*Edm.* Himself; what say'st thou to him?

*Edg.* Draw thy Sword,  
That if my speech offend a noble heart,

Thy



Thy arm may do thee justice; here is mine: —  
 Behold, it is the privilege of mine Honours,  
 My Oath, and my Profession. I protest,  
 Maugre thy strength, place, youth, and eminence;  
 Spite of thy victor-sword, and fire-new fortune;  
 Thy valour, and thy heart, thou art a traitor;  
 False to thy Gods, thy brother, and thy father;  
 Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious Prince;  
 And from th' extreamest upward of thy head,  
 To the descent and dust below thy foot,  
 A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou, no;  
 This sword, this arm, and my best spirits are bent  
 To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,  
 Thou liest.

*Edm.* In Wisdom I should ask thy name;  
 But since thy out-side looks so fair and warlike,  
 And that thy tongue some 'Say of Breeding breathes;  
 What safe and nicely I might well delay  
 By rule of Knight-hood, I disdain and spurn:  
 Back do I toss these treasons to thy head,  
 With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;  
 Which (for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise)  
 This sword of mine shall give them instant way,  
 Where thou shalt rest for ever. Trumpets, speak.

[*Alarum. Fight.*]

*Gon.* O, save him, save him; This is Practice, Glo-  
 ster: (60)

By th' law of war, thou wast not bound to answer  
 An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquish'd,  
 But cozen'd and beguil'd.

*Alb.* Shut your mouth, Dame;  
 Or with this paper shall I stop it;  
 Thou worse than any thing, read thine own evil:  
 No tearing, lady; I perceive, you know it.

(60) *Alb.* Save him, save him.

*Gon.* This is Practice, Gloster:] Thus all the Copies have distin-  
 guish'd these Speeches: but I have ventur'd to place the two Hemistichs  
 to *Gonerill*. 'Tis absurd, that *Albany*, who knew *Edmund's* Treasons;  
 and his own Wife's Passion for him, should be solicitous to have his Life  
 sav'd.

*Gon.* Say, if I do; the Laws are mine, not thine;  
Who can arraign me for't?

*Alb.* Monster, know'st thou this paper?

*Gon.* Ask me not, what I know ——— [Exit *Gon.*

*Alb.* Go after her, she's desperate, govern her.

*Edm.* What you have charg'd me with, That I have done,  
And more, much more; the time will bring it out.  
'Tis past, and so am I: but what art thou,  
That hast this fortune on me? If thou'rt noble,  
I do forgive thee.

*Edg.* Let's exchange charity:  
I am no less in blood than thou art, *Edmund*;  
If more, the more thou'lt wrong'd me.  
My name is *Edgar*, and thy father's son.  
The Gods are just, and of our pleasant vices  
Make instruments to scourge us:  
The dark and vicious place, where thee he got,  
Cost him his eyes.

*Edm.* Thou'lt spoken right, 'tis true,  
The wheel is come full circle; I am here.

*Alb.* Methought, thy very gate did prophesie  
A royal Nobleness; I must embrace thee: ———  
Let Sorrow split my heart, if ever I  
Did hate thee, or thy father!

*Edg.* Worthy Prince, I know't.

*Alb.* Where have you hid your self?  
How have you known the miseries of your father?

*Edg.* By nursing them, my lord. Lift a brief tale,  
And when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst! ———  
The bloody Proclamation to escape,  
That follow'd me so near, (O our lives sweetness!  
That we the pain of death would hourly bear,  
Rather than die at once) taught me to shift  
Into a mad-man's rags; t' assume a Semblance,  
The very Dogs disdain'd: and in this habit  
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,  
Their precious gems new lost; became his guide,  
Led him, beg'd for him, sav'd him from despair;  
Never (O fault!) reveal'd my self unto him,  
Until some half hour past, when I was arm'd,

Not



Not sure, though hoping of this good success,  
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last  
Told him my pilgrimage. But his flaw'd heart,  
Alack, too weak the Conflict to support,  
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,  
Burst smilingly.

*Bast.* This speech of yours hath mov'd me,  
And shall, perchance, do good ; but speak you on,  
You look, as you had something more to say.

*Alb.* If there be more, more woful, hold it in,  
For I am almost ready to dissolve,  
Hearing of this.

*Edg.* — This would have seem'd a Period, (61)  
To such as love not Sorrow : but Another,  
To amplify too much, would make much more,  
And top Extremity ! —  
Whilst I was big in Clamour, came there a Man,  
Who having seen me in my worser State,  
Shun'd my abhorr'd Society ; but now finding  
Who 'twas, had so endur'd, with his strong Arms  
He fasten'd on my Neck ; and bellow'd out,  
As he'd burst Heaven ; threw him on my Father ;  
Told the most piteous Tale of *Lear* and him,  
That ever Ear receiv'd ; which in recounting  
His Grief grew puissant, and the Strings of Life  
Began to crack. — Twice then the Trumpets sounded,  
And there I left him traunc'd. —

(61) *Edg.* This would have seem'd a Period, &c.] This fine and necessary Description I have thought fit to restore from the Old 4to ; as it artfully opens to *Albany* the Concealment of *Kent* at home, during his Banishment ; and gives a beautiful Picture of the Emotions that good Old Man felt for the Death of his Friend *Glo'ster*, and the Piety of *Edgar* towards his distressed Father. *Edmund* had taken Notice, that *Edgar* seem'd to have something more to say ; but *Albany* was already so touch'd with Compassion, that he was for hearing of no more Sorrow. From the different Behaviour of these two different Characters, with how exquisite a Reflection, drawn from the very Fountain of Nature, has our Poet furnish'd his Introduction to *Edgar's* second Narrative ! As the Passage first was left out by the Players, in their Edition ; we are not to doubt, but it was one of their judicious Retrenchments. However that be, some Readers, I am perswaded, will owe me their Thanks for retrieving it to the Author.

*Alb.* But who was this ?

*Edg. Kent,* Sir ; the banish'd *Kent*, who in disguise Follow'd his enemy King, and did him Service Improper for a Slave.

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*Gent.* Help, help !

*Edg.* What kind of help ?

*Alb.* Speak, man.

*Edg.* What means this bloody knife ?

*Gent.* 'Tis hot, it smoaks ; it came even from the heart  
Of ——— O ! she's dead.——

*Alb.* Who's dead ? speak, man.

*Gent.* Your lady, Sir, your lady ; and her sister  
By her is poison'd ; she confesses it.

*Edm.* I was contracted to them both ; all three  
Now marry in an instant.

*Edg.* Here comes *Kent*.

*Enter Kent.*

*Alb.* Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead.

[*Gonerill and Regan's Bodies brought out.*]

This Judgment of the heav'ns, that makes us tremble,  
Touches us not with pity.—O ! is this He ?

The time will not allow the compliment,  
Which very manners urge.

*Kent.* I am come

To bid my King and Master aye good night ;  
Is he not here ?

*Alb.* Great thing of us forgot !

Speak, *Edmund*, where's the King ? and where's *Cordelia* ?  
See'st thou this Object, *Kent* ?

*Kent.* Alack, why thus ?

*Edm.* Yet *Edmund* was belov'd :  
The one the other poison'd for my sake,  
And after slew her self.

*Alb.* Even so ; cover their faces.

*Edm.* I pant for life ; some Good I mean to do,  
Despight of mine own nature. Quickly send,  
(Be brief) into the Castle ; for my Writ



Is on the life of *Lear* and on *Cordelia* :  
Nay, send in time.

*Alb.* Run, run, O run——

*Edg.* To whom, my lord ? who has the office ?  
Send thy token of reprieve.

*Edm.* Well thought on, take my sword,  
Give it the Captain——

*Edg.* Haste thee for thy life. [Exit Messenger.]

*Edm.* He hath Commission from thy wife and me  
To hang *Cordelia* in the prison, and  
To lay the blame upon her own despair.

*Alb.* The Gods defend her ! bear him hence a while.

[Edmund is born off.]

*Enter Lear, with Cordelia dead in his arms.*

*Lear.* Howl, howl, howl, howl, —— O you are men  
of stone,

Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so,  
That heaven's vault should crack : she's gone for ever !  
I know, when one is dead, and when one lives ;  
She's dead as earth ! lend me a looking-glass,  
If that her Breath will mist or stain the stone,  
Why then she lives.

*Kent.* Is this the promis'd End ?

*Lear.* This feather stirs, she lives ; if it be so,  
It is a Chance which do's redeem all sorrows,  
That ever I have felt.

*Kent.* O my good master !

[Kneeling.]

*Lear.* Pr'ythee, away——

*Edg.* 'Tis noble *Kent*, your friend.

*Lear.* A plague upon you, murth'rous traitors all !  
I might have sav'd her ; now she's gone for ever !

*Cordelia, Cordelia*, stay a little. Ha !——

What is't thou say'st ? her voice was ever soft,  
Gentle, and low ; an excellent thing in woman.  
I kill'd the slave, that was a hanging thee.

*Gent.* 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

*Lear.* Did I not, fellow ?

I've seen the day, with my good biting faulchion  
I would have made them skip : I am old now,

And these same crosses spoil me. Who are you?  
Mine eyes are none o'th' best.—I'll tell you strait.

*Kent.* If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,  
One of them we behold.

*Lear.* Are you not *Kent*?

*Kent.* The same; your servant *Kent*;  
Where is your servant *Caius*?

*Lear.* 'Twas a good fellow, I can tell you that, (62)  
He'd strike, and quickly too:—he's dead and rotten.

*Kent.* No, my good lord, I am the very man,—

*Lear.* I'll see that strait.

*Kent.* That, from your first of difference and decay,  
Have follow'd your sad steps—

*Lear.* You're welcome hither.

[dead:

*Kent.* Nor no man else;—all's cheerless, dark, and  
Your eldest daughters have fore-done themselves,  
And desp'rately are dead.

*Lear.* Ay, so I think.

*Alb.* He knows not what he says; and vain is it,  
That we present us to him.

*Edg.* Very bootless.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* *Edmund* is dead, my lord.

*Alb.* That's but a trifle.

You lords and noble friends, know our intent;  
What Comfort to this great Decay may come,  
Shall be apply'd. For us, we will resign,  
During the life of this old Majesty,  
To him our absolute Power: to you, your Rights,  
[To *Edgar*.

With boot, and such addition as your honours  
Have more than merited. All friends shall taste  
The wages of their virtue, and all foes  
The cup of their deservings: O see, see—

(62) He's a good Fellow, I can tell you that,

He'll strike and quickly too: he's dead and rotten.] We have seen *Lear*  
mad; but, never, a stark Fool till this Moment; to tell us, that a dead  
and rotten Man will strike quickly. But it was a Stupidity of the Editors,  
and not chargeable on the Poet.

*Lear.*



*Lear.* And my poor Fool is hang'd: no, no, no life.  
 Why should a dog, a horse, a rat have life,  
 And thou no breath at all? thou'lt come no more,  
 Never, never, never, never, never——  
 Pray you, undo this button. Thank you, Sir;  
 Do you see this? look on her, look on her lips, (63)  
 Look there, look there—— [He Dies.

*Edg.*

(63) *Do you see this? Look on her, look on her Lips;*

*Look there, look there.*—— ] Our Poet has taken the Liberty in the Catastrophe of this Play to depart from the *Chronicles*; in which *Lear* is said to be reinstated in his Throne by *Cordelia*, and to have reign'd upwards of two Years after his Restoration. He might have done This for two Reasons. Either, to heighten the Compassion towards the poor old King: or to vary from another, but most execrable, Dramatic Performance upon this Story: which I certainly believe to have preceded our Author's Piece, and which none of our Stage-Historians appear to have had any Knowledge of. The Edition, which I have of it, bears this Title. *The true Chronicle History of King LEAR, and his three Daughters, Gonorill, Ragan, and Cordella. As it hath bene drivers and sundry times lately acted.* London; Printed by Simon Stafford for John Wright, and are to be sold at his Shop at Christes Church dore next Newgate Market. 1605. That *Shakespeare*, however, may stand acquitted from the least Suspicion of Plagiarism, in the Opinion of his Readers, I'll subjoin a small Taste of this other anonymous Author's Abilities both in Conduct and Diction. *Leir*, with one *Perillus* his Friend, embarks for *France* to try what Reception he should find from his Daughter *Cordella*. When they come ashore, neither of them has a Rag of Money: and they are forc'd to give their Cloaks to the Mariners to pay for their Passage. This, no doubt, our Playwright intended for a Mastery in Distress: as he must think it a notable Fetch of Invention to bring the King and Queen of *France* disguis'd like Rusticks, travelling a long way on Foot into the Woods, with a Basket of Provisions, only that they may have the casual Opportunity of relieving *Leir* and *Perillus* from being starv'd. Now for a little Specimen of Style, and Dignity of Thinking. *Cordella*, now Queen of *France*, and in her own Palace, comes in and makes this pathetic Soliloquy.

*I have been over negligent to day  
 In going to the Temple of my God,  
 To render thanks for all his Benefits,  
 Which he miraculously hath bestow'd on me;  
 In raising me out of my mean estate,  
 Whenas I was depriv'd of worldly Friends;  
 And placing me in such a sweet Content,  
 As far exceeds the Reach of my Deserts.  
 My kingly Husband, myrrow of his Time,*

*For*

Edg. He faints ; my lord,——

Kent. Break heart, I prythee, break !

Edg. Look up, my lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost : O, let him pass ! He hates him,  
That would upon the rack of this rough world  
Stretch him out longer.

Edg. He is gone, indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long :  
He but usurpt his life.

*For Zeal, for Justice, Kindness, and for Care,  
To God, his Subjects, Me, and Common weale,  
By his Appointment was ordain'd for me.*

*I cannot wish the Thing that I do want ;*

*I cannot want the Thing, but I may have ;*

*Serve only This which I shall ne're obtayne,*

*My Father's Love ; Oh, This I ne're shall gayne.*

*I would abstayne from any nutriment,*

*And pynne my body to the very bones :*

*Barefoote I would on pilgrimage set forth,*

*Unto the furthest Quarters of the Earth,*

*And all my Life time would I sackcloth weare,*

*And mourning-wise powre dust upon my head :*

*So be but to forgive me once would please,*

*That his gray haire might go to heaven in Peace.*

*And yet I know not how I him offended,*

*Or wherein justly I've deserved Blame.*

*Oh Sisters ! You are much to blame in This ;*

*It was not He, but You, that did me Wrong.*

*Yet, God forgive both Him, and You, and Me,*

*E'en as I do in perfect Charity.*

*I will to Church, and pray unto my Saviour,*

*That, ere I dye, I may obtayne his Favour.*

[Exit.

This is, surely, such Poetry as one might hammer out, *Stans pede in uno* ; or, as our Author says, “ it is the right Butter-Woman's Rank to Market : and a Man might versify you so eight years together, dinners, “ and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted.”—— Again, *Shakespeare* was too well vers'd in *Holingshead* not to know, that *King Lear* reign'd above 800 years before the Period of Christianity. The Gods his King talks of are *Jupiter*, *Juno*, *Apollo* ; and not any Deities more modern than his own Time. Licentious as he was in Anachronisms, he would have judg'd it an unpardonable Absurdity to have made a *Briton* of *Cordella's* time talk of her *Saviour*. And, his not being trapt into such ridiculous Slips of Ignorance, seems a plain Proof to me that he stole neither from his Predecessors, nor Contemporaries of the *English Theatre*, both which abounded in them.



*Alb.* Bear them from hence, our present business  
Is general woe : friends of my soul, you twain  
Rule in this Realm, and the gor'd State sustain.

*Kent.* I have a journey, Sir, shortly to go ;  
My master calls me ; I must not say, no. [Dies.

*Alb.* The weight of this sad time we must obey, (64)  
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.  
The oldest hath born most ; we, that are young,  
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[*Exeunt with a dead March.*

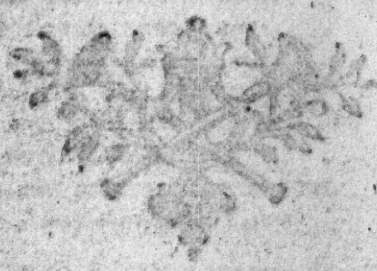
(64) *Alb.* *The Weight of this sad Time, &c.*] This Speech from the Authority of the Old 4to is rightly plac'd to *Albany* : in the Edition by the Players it is given to *Edgar*, by whom, I doubt not, it was of Custom spoken. And the Case was this : He who play'd *Edgar*, being a more favourite Actor, than he who personated *Albany* ; in Spight of Decorum, it was thought proper he should have the last Word.



TIMON

Alb. Bear them from hence, our present business  
Is general we: friends of my love, you twin  
Rise in this heath, and the great state fulfill  
Kear. I have a journey, Sir, shortly to go:  
My matter calls me; I must needs go.  
Alb. The weight of this sad time we must do  
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.  
The obsequy hath done itself: we, that are young,  
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.  
[Exeunt with a kind March.]

(64) Alb. The weight of this sad time we must do  
The weight of the Old is right, which to the young  
Is given to Regan, by whom I doubt not it was of  
spoken. And the Cate was this: He who play'd a more  
favourite Actor, than he who performed himself; in respect of  
it was thought proper he should have the full word.





Dramatis Personæ

T I M O N

OF

A T H E N S

SCENE I, Athens; and the Woods not far from it.

## Dramatis Personæ.

**TIMON**, *a noble Athenian.*

Lucius, } *two flattering Lords.*  
Lucullus, }

Apemantus, *a churlish Philosopher.*

Sempronius, *another flattering Lord.*

Alcibiades, *an Athenian General.*

Flavius, *Steward to Timon.*

Flaminius, } *Timon's Servants,*  
Lucilius, }  
Servilius, }

Caphis,

Varro,

Philo,

Titus,

Lucius,

Hortensius,

Ventidius, *one of Timon's false Friends.*

*Cupid and Maskers.*

Phrynia, } *Mistresses to Alcibiades.*  
Timandra, }

*Thieves, Senators, Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Mercer and Merchant; with divers servants and attendants.*

**SCENE**, *Athens; and the Woods not far from it.*





# TIMON of ATHENS.

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## A C T I.

### S C E N E, *A Hall in Timon's House.*

*Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and Mercer,  
at several doors.*

P O E T.



GOOD day, Sir.

*Pain.* I am glad y' are well.

*Poet.* I have not seen you long; how goes  
the world?

*Pain.* It wears, Sir, as it goes.

*Poet.* Ay, that's well known.

But what particular rarity? what so strange,  
Which manifold Record not matches? see,  
(Magick of Bounty!) all these Spirits thy power  
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

*Pain.* I know them both; th' other's a jeweller.

*Mer.* O 'tis a worthy lord!

*Jew.* Nay, that's most fixt.

*Mer.* A most incomparable man, breath'd as it were  
To

To an untirable and continue goodnes.

He passes —

*Jew.* I have a jewel here.

*Mer.* O, pray, let's see't :

For the lord *Timon*, Sir ?

*Jew.* If he will touch the estimate : but for that —

*Poet.* When we for recompence have prais'd the vile,  
It stains the glory in that happy verse  
Which aptly sings the good.

*Mer.* 'Tis a good form.

[*Looking on the jewel.*]

*Jew.* And rich ; here is a water, look ye.

*Pain.* You're rapt, Sir, in some Work, some dedication  
To the great lord.

*Poet.* A thing slipt idly from me.

Our Poesie is as a Gum, which issues  
From whence 'tis nourished. The fire i'th' flint  
Shews not, 'till it be struck : our gentle flame  
Provokes it self, — and like the current flies  
Each Bound it chafes. What have you there ? (1)

*Pain.* A picture, Sir : — when comes your book forth ?

*Poet.* Upon the heels of my presentment, Sir.  
Let's see your piece.

*Pain.* 'Tis a good piece.

*Poet.* So 'tis,

This comes off well and excellent.

*Pain.* Indiff'rent.

*Poet.* Admirable ! how this grace  
Speaks his own standing ? what a mental power  
This eye shoots forth ? how big imagination  
Moves in this lip ? to th' dumbness of the gesture  
One might interpret.

(1) *Each Bound it chafes.* —] How, *chafes* ? The Flood, indeed, beating up upon the Shore, covers a Part of it, but cannot be said to drive the Shore away. The Poet's Allusion is to a Wave, which, foaming and chafing on the Shore, breaks ; and then the Water seems to the Eye to retire. So, in *Lear*,

—————The murmuring Surge,  
That on th' unnumber'd idle Pebbles chafes, &c,  
And so in *Jul. Cesar*.

The troubled Tiber, chafing with his Shores.

*Pain.*



*Pain.* It is a pretty mocking of the life :  
Here is a Touch—is't good ?

*Poet.* I'll say of it,  
It tutors Nature ; artificial strife  
Lives in those touches, livelier than life.

*Enter certain Senators.*

*Pain.* How this lord is followed !

*Poet.* The Senators of *Athens* ! happy man ! (2)

*Pain.* Look, more !

*Poet.* You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors.  
I have, in this rough Work shap'd out a Man,  
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug  
With amplest entertainment. My free drift  
Halts not particular, but moves itself  
In a wide sea of wax ; no levell'd malice  
Infects one Comma in the course I hold,  
But flies an eagle-flight, bold, and forth on,  
Leaving no tract behind.

*Pain.* How shall I understand you ?

*Poet.* I'll unbolt to you.  
You see, how all conditions, how all minds,  
As well of glib and slipp'ry creatures, as  
Of grave and austere quality, tender down  
Their Service to lord *Timon* : his large fortune,  
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,  
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance  
All sorts of hearts ; yea, from the glass-fac'd flatterer  
To *Apemantus*, that few things loves better  
Than to abhor himself ; ev'n he drops down  
The knee before him, and returns in peace  
Most rich in *Timon's* nod.

*Pain.* I saw them speak together.

*Poet.* I have upon a high and pleasant hill  
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd. The Base o'th' mount  
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,

(2) *Happy Men* !] Thus the printed Copies : but I cannot think the  
Poet meant, that the Senators were happy in being admitted to *Timon* ;  
their Quality might command That : but that *Timon* was happy in being  
follow'd, and care's'd ; by those of their Rank and Dignity.

That labour on the bosom of this sphere  
To propagate their states ; amongst them all,  
Whose eyes are on this sov'reign lady fixt,  
One do I personate of *Timon's* frame,  
Whom *Fortune* with her iv'ry hand wafts to her,  
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants  
Translates his rivals.

*Pain.* 'Tis conceiv'd to th' Scope. (3)  
This Throne, this Fortune, and this Hill, methinks,  
With one man becken'd from the rest below,  
Bowing his head against the steepy mount  
To climb his happiness, would be well exprest  
In our condition.

*Poet.* Nay, but hear me on :  
All those which were his fellows but of late,  
Some better than his value, on the moment  
Follow his strides ; his lobbies fill with tendance ;  
Rain sacrificial whisp'rings in his ear ;  
Make sacred even his stirrop ; and through him  
Drink the free air.

*Pain.* Ay, marry, what of these ?

*Poet.* When *Fortune* in her shift and change of mood  
Spurns down her late beloved, all his Dependants  
(Which labour'd after to the mountain's top,  
Even on their knees and hands,) let him slip down,  
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

*Pain.* 'Tis common :  
A thousand moral Paintings I can shew,  
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of fortune

(3) 'Tis conceiv'd, to scope

*This Throne, this Fortune, &c.]* Thus all the Editors hitherto have nonsensically writ, and pointed, this Passage. But, sure, the Painter would tell the Poet, your Conception, Sir, hits the very Scope you aim at. This the *Greeks* would have render'd, τὸ σκοπὸν τυχεῖς, *rectè ad Scopum tendis* : and *Cicero* has thus express'd on the like Occasion, *Signum oculis destinatum feris*. This Sense our Author, in his *Henry 8th*, expresses ;

*I think, you've hit the Mark.*

And in his *Julius Cæsar*, at the Conclusion of the first Act ;  
*Him, and his Worth, and our great Need of him,*  
*You have right well conceited.*



# TIMON of ATHENS.

117

More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well  
To shew lord *Timon*, that mean eyes have seen  
The foot above the head.

*Trumpets sound. Enter Timon, addressing himself courteously  
to every suitor.*

*Tim.* Imprison'd is he, say you? [*To a Messenger.*

*Mes.* Ay, my good lord; five talents is his debt,  
His means most short, his creditors most straight:  
Your honourable letter he desires  
To those have shut him up, which failing to him  
Periods his comfort.

*Tim.* Noble *Ventidius*! well——  
I am not of that feather to shake off  
My friend when he most needs me. I do know him  
A gentleman that well deserves a help,  
Which he shall have. I'll pay the debt, and free him.

*Mes.* Your lordship ever binds him.

*Tim.* Commend me to him, I will send his ransom;  
And, being enfranchiz'd, bid him come to me;  
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,  
But to support him after. Fare you well.

*Mes.* All happiness to your Honour! [*Exit.*

*Enter an old Athenian.*

*Old Ath.* Lord *Timon*, hear me speak.

*Tim.* Freely, good father.

*Old Ath.* Thou hast a servant nam'd *Lucilius*.

*Tim.* I have so: what of him?

*Old Ath.* Most noble *Timon*, call the man before thee.

*Tim.* Attends he here or no? *Lucilius*! ——

*Enter Lucilius.*

*Luc.* Here, at your lordship's service.

*Old Ath.* This fellow here, lord *Timon*, this thy creature  
By night frequents my house. I am a man  
That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift,  
And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd,  
Than one which holds a trencher.

*Tim.* Well: what further?

*Old Ath.* One only daughter have I, no kin else,  
On whom I may confer what I have got:  
The maid is fair, o'th' youngest for a bride,  
And I have bred her at my dearest cost,  
In qualities of the best. This man of thine  
Attempts her love: I pray thee, noble lord,  
Join with me to forbid him her resort;  
My self have spoke in vain.

*Tim.* The man is honest.

*Old Ath.* Therefore he will be, *Timon.* (4)  
His honesty rewards him in it self,  
It must not bear my daughter.

*Tim.* Does she love him?

*Old Ath.* She is young, and apt:  
Our own precedent passions do instruct us,  
What levity's in youth.

*Tim.* Love you the maid?

*Luc.* Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it:

*Old Ath.* If in her marriage my consent be missing,  
I call the Gods to witness, I will chuse  
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,  
And dispossess her all.

*Tim.* How shall she be endowed,  
If she be mated with an equal husband?

*Old Ath.* Three talents on the present, in future all.

*Tim.* This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long;  
To build his fortune I will strain a little,  
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:  
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,  
And make him weigh with her.

*Old Ath.* Most noble lord,  
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.

*Tim.* My hand to thee, mine honour on my promise.

*Luc.* Humbly I thank your Lordship: never may

(4) *Therefore he will be, Timon.*] The Thought is closely express'd, and obscure: but this seems the Meaning. "If the Man be honest, my Lord, for that Reason he will be so in this; and not endeavour at the Injustice of gaining my Daughter without my Consent."

*Mr. Warburton.*

That



That state, or fortune, fall into my keeping,  
Which is not ow'd to you. [*Exeunt Luc. and old Athenian.*]

*Poet.* Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lordship!

*Tim.* I thank you, you shall hear from me anon:  
Go not away. What have you there, my friend?

*Pain.* A piece of Painting, which I do beseech  
Your lordship to accept.

*Tim.* Painting is welcome.  
The Painting is almost the natural man:  
For since dishonour trafficks with man's nature,  
He is but out-side: pencil'd figures are  
Ev'n such as they give out. I like your Work;  
And you shall find, I like it: wait attendance  
'Till you hear further from me.

*Pain.* The Gods preserve ye!

*Tim.* Well fare you, gentleman; Give me your hand,  
We must needs dine together: Sir, your Jewel  
Hath suffer'd under praise.

*Jew.* What, my lord? dispraise?

*Tim.* A meer satiety of commendations.  
If I should pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,  
It would unclew me quite.

*Jew.* My lord, 'tis rated  
As those, which sell, would give: but you well know,  
Things of like value, differing in the owners,  
Are by their masters priz'd; Believe't, dear lord,  
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

*Tim.* Well mock'd,

*Mer.* No, my good lord, he speaks the common tongue,  
Which all men speak with him.

*Tim.* Look, who comes here.

*Enter Apemantus.*

Will you be chid?

*Jew.* We'll bear it with your lordship.

*Mer.* He'll spare none.

*Tim.* Good morrow to thee, gentle *Apemantus*!

*Apem.* 'Till I be gentle, stay for thy good mortow;  
When thou art *Timon's* dog, and these knaves honest.

*Tim.* Why dost thou call them knaves, thou know'st

*Apem.* Are they not *Athenians*? [them not?

*Tim.* Yes.

*Apem.* Then I repent not.

*Jew.* You know me, *Apemantus*.

*Apem.* Thou know'st I do, I call'd thee by thy name.

*Tim.* Thou art proud, *Apemantus*.

*Apem.* Of nothing so much, as that I am not like *Timon*.

*Tim.* Whither art going?

*Apem.* To knock out an honest *Athenian's* brains.

*Tim.* That's a deed thou'lt die for.

*Apem.* Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

*Tim.* How lik'st thou this Picture, *Apemantus*?

*Apem.* The best, for the innocence.

*Tim.* Wrought he not well, that painted it?

*Apem.* He wrought better, that made the Painter: and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

*Pain.* Y'are a dog.

*Apem.* Thy mother's of my generation: what's she, if I be a dog?

*Tim.* Wilt dine with me, *Apemantus*?

*Apem.* No, I eat not lords.

*Tim.* If thou should'st, thou'dst anger ladies.

*Apem.* O, they eat lords; so they come by great bellies.

*Tim.* That's a lascivious apprehension.

*Apem.* So, thou apprehend'st it. Take it for thy labour.

*Tim.* How dost thou like this jewel, *Apemantus*?

*Apem.* Not so well as Plain-dealing, which will not cost a man a doit.

*Tim.* What dost thou think 'tis worth?

*Apem.* Not worth my thinking — How now, Poet?

*Poet.* How now, Philosopher?

*Apem.* Thou liest.

*Poet.* Art thou not one?

*Apem.* Yes.

*Poet.* Then I lie not.

*Apem.* Art not a poet?

*Poet.* Yes.

*Apem.* Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.

*Poet.*



Poet. That's not feign'd, he is so.

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour. He, that loves to be flattered, is worthy o'th' flatterer. Heav'ns, that I were a lord!

Tim. What would'st do then, *Apemantus*?

Apem. Ev'n as *Apemantus* does now, hate a lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thy self?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

Apem. That I had so hungry a wit, to be a lord. — (5)  
Art thou not a Merchant?

Mer. Ay, *Apemantus*.

Apem. Traffick confound thee, if the Gods will not!

Mer. If Traffick do it, the Gods do it.

Apem. Traffick's thy God, and thy God confound thee!

*Trumpets sound. Enter a messenger.*

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Mes. 'Tis *Alcibiades*, and some twenty horse  
All of companionship.

Tim. Pray, entertain them, give them guide to us;  
You must needs dine with me: go not you hence,  
'Till I have thank't you; and when dinner's done,  
Shew me this piece. I'm joyful of your fights.

*Enter Alcibiades with the rest.*

Most welcome, Sir! [*Bowing and embracing.*]

Apem. So, so! Aches contract, and starve your supple joints! that there should be small love amongst these sweet knaves, and all this courtesie! the strain of man's bred out into baboon and monkey.

Alc. You have sav'd my longing, and I feed

(5) *That I had no angry Wit to be a Lord.*] This Reading is absurd, and unintelligible. But as I have restor'd the Text, it is satyrical enough of all Conscience, and to the Purpose: viz. I would hate myself, for having no more Wit than to covet so insignificant a Title. In the same Sense *Shakespeare* uses *lean-witted*, in his *Richard 2d*.

*And thou a lunatick, lean-witted, Fool.*

Mr. Warburton.

Most hungerly on your sight.

*Tim.* Right welcome, Sir.

E're we do part, we'll share a bounteous time (6)

In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in. [*Exeunt.*]

*Manet Apemantus. Enter Lucius and Lucullus.*

*Luc.* What time a day is't, *Apemantus*?

*Apem.* Time to be honest.

*Luc.* That time serves still.

*Apem.* The most accursed thou, that still omitt'st it.

*Lucul.* Thou art going to lord *Timon's* feast.

*Apem.* Ay, to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.

*Lucul.* Fare thee well, fare thee well.

*Apem.* Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

*Lucul.* Why, *Apemantus*?

*Apem.* Thou should'st have kept one to thy self, for I mean to give thee none.

*Luc.* Hang thy self.

*Apem.* No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make thy requests to thy friend.

*Lucul.* Away, unpeaceable dog, or —— I'll spurn thee hence.

*Apem.* I will fly, like a dog, the heels o'th' ass.

*Luc.* He's opposite to humanity.

Come, shall we in, and taste lord *Timon's* bounty?

He, sure, outgoes the very heart of kindness.

*Lucul.* He pours it out. *Plutus*, the God of gold, Is but his Steward: no meed but he repays Seven-fold above it self; no gift to him, But breeds the giver a Return exceeding All use of quittance.

*Luc.* The noblest mind he carries, That ever govern'd man.

*Lucul.* Long may he live in fortunes! shall we in?

*Luc.* I'll keep you company. [*Exeunt.*]

(6) *E're we depart,——*] Tho the Editions concur in this Reading, it is certainly faulty. Who depart? Tho *Alcibiades* was to leave *Timon*, *Timon* was not to depart from his own House. Common Sense favours my Emendation.

SCENE,



SCENE, *another Apartment in Timon's House.*

*Hautboys playing, loud musick. A great banquet serv'd in; and then enter Timon, Lucius, Lucullus, Sempronius, and other Athenian senators, with Ventidius. Then comes dropping after all, Apemantus discontentedly.*

Ven. MOST honour'd *Timon*, it hath pleas'd the Gods  
To call my father's age unto long peace.  
He is gone happy, and has left me rich.  
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound  
To your free heart, I do return those talents,  
Doubled with thanks and service, from whose help  
I deriv'd liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,  
Honest *Ventidius*: you mistake my love;  
I gave it freely ever, and there's none  
Can truly say he gives, if he receives:  
If our Betters play at that game, we must not dare  
To imitate them. Faults that are rich, are fair.

Ven. A noble spirit.

Tim. Nay, ceremony was but devis'd at first,  
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,  
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown:  
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.  
Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,  
Than they to me. *[They sit down.]*

Luc. We always have confest it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confest it? hang'd it, have you not?

Tim. O *Apemantus*, you are welcome.

Apem. No; you shall not make me welcome. I come  
to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fie, th'art a churle; ye have got a humour there  
Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame:  
They say, my lords, that *Ira furor brevis est*,  
But yonder man is ever angry.  
Go, let him have a table by himself:  
For he does neither affect company,  
Nor is he fit for't, indeed.

*Apem.*

*Apem.* Let me stay at thy peril, *Timon*; I come to observe, I give thee warning on't.

*Tim.* I take no heed of thee; th'art an *Athenian*, therefore welcome; I my self would have no Power—pr'ythee let my meat make thee silent.

*Apem.* I scorn thy meat, 'twould choak me: for I should ne'er flatter thee. O you gods! what a number of men eat *Timon*, and he sees 'em not? It grieves me to see

So many dip their meat in one man's blood,  
And all the madness is, he cheers them up too.  
I wonder, men dare trust themselves with men!  
Methinks, they should invite them without knives;  
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.  
There's much example for't; the fellow that  
Sits next him now, parts bread with him, and pledges  
The breath of him in a divided draught,  
Is th' readiest man to kill him. 'Thas been prov'd.  
Were I a Great man, I should fear, to drink,  
Lest they should spy my wind-pipe's dangerous notes:  
Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

*Tim.* My lord, in heart; and let the health go round.

*Lucul.* Let it flow this way, my good lord.

*Apem.* Flow this way!—a brave fellow! he keeps his tides well; those healths will make thee and thy state look ill, *Timon*. Here's that which is too weak to be a sinner, honest water, which ne'er left man i'th' mire:  
This and my food are equal, there's no odds;  
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the Gods.

*Apemantus's grace.*

Immortal Gods, I crave no pelf;  
I pray for no man but my self;  
Grant, I may never prove so fond  
To trust man on his oath, or bond;  
Or a harlot for her weeping;  
Or a dog, that seems a sleeping;  
Or a keeper with my freedom;  
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.

*Amen.*



# TIMON of ATHENS.

133

*Amen, Amen; So fall to't:  
Rich men sin, and I eat root.*

Much good dich thy good heart, *Apemantus*!

*Tim.* Captain, *Alcibiades*, your heart's in the field now.

*Alc.* My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

*Tim.* You had rather been at a breakfast of enemies, than a dinner of friends.

*Alc.* So they were bleeding new, my lord, there's no meat like 'em. I could wish my friend at such a feast.

*Apem.* Would all these flatterers were thine enemies then; that thou might'st kill 'em, and bid me to 'em!

*Luc.* Might we but have the happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think our selves for ever perfect.

*Tim.* Oh, no doubt, my good friends, but the Gods themselves have provided that I shall have as much help from you: how had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to my self, than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf. And thus far I confirm you. Oh you Gods, (think I,) what need we have any friends, if we should never have need of 'em? they would most resemble sweet Instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why I have often wish'd my self poorer, that I might come nearer to you: we are born to do benefits. And what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere't can be born; mine eyes cannot hold water, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

*Apem.* Thou weep'st to make them drink, *Timon*.

*Lucul.* Joy had the like conception in our eyes, And at that instant like a babe sprung up.

*Apem.* Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

3 *Lord.* I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

*Apem.* Much!

*Sound*

*Sound Tucket.*

*Tim.* What means that trump? how now?

*Enter servant.*

*Ser.* Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

*Tim.* Ladies? what are their wills?

*Serv.* There comes with them a fore-runner, my lord, which bears that office to signifie their pleasures.

*Tim.* I pray, let them be admitted.

*Enter Cupid with a Masque of ladies, as Amazons.*

*Cup.* Hail to thee, worthy *Timon*, and to all  
That of his bounties taste! The five best Senses  
Acknowledge thee their patron; and do come  
Freely to gratulate thy plenteous bosom: [rise, (7)  
Th' Ear, Taste, Touch, Smell, pleas'd from thy Table  
These only now come but to feast thine eyes. [tance.

*Tim.* They're welcome all; let 'em have kind admit-  
Let musick make their welcome.

*Luc.* You see, my lord, how amply you're belov'd.

*Apem.* Hoyday! what a sweep of vanity comes this  
They dance, they are mad women. [way!  
Like madness is the glory of this life;  
As this pomp shews to a little oyl and root.  
We make our selves fools, to disport our selves;  
And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,  
Upon whose age we void it up again,  
With poisonous spight and envy——

(7) *There taste, touch, all, pleas'd from thy Table rise:*

*They only now—*] The incomparable Emendation, with which the Text is here supply'd, I owe to my ingenious Friend Mr. Warburton. The five Senses, as he observes, are talk'd of by *Cupid*, but only 'Three of them made out; and those in a very heavy, unintelligible Manner. But now you have them all, and the Poet's Sense, compleat, viz. The five Senses, *Timon*, acknowledge thee their Patron; Four of them, the Hearing, the Touch, the Taste, and Smell, are all regaled at your Board; and these Ladies come with me to entertain your Sight, in presenting a Masque.

Who



Who lives, that's not depraved, or depraves?  
 Who dies, that bears not one Spurn to their graves  
 Of their friends gift?—

I should fear, those, that dance before me now,  
 Would one day stamp upon me: 'T has been done;  
 Men shut their doors against the setting sun.

*The lords rise from table, with much adoring of Timon;  
 each singling out an Amazon, and all dance, men with  
 women; a lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease.*

*Tim.* You have done our pleasures much grace, fair  
 ladies,

Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,  
 Which was not half so beautiful and kind:  
 You've added worth unto't, and lively lustre,  
 And entertain'd me with mine own device.  
 I am to thank you for it.

*Luc.* My lord, you take us even at the best.

*Apem.* Faith, for the worst is filthy, and would not hold  
 taking, I doubt me.

*Tim.* Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you.  
 Please you to dispose your selves.

*All La.* Most thankfully, my lord. [Exeunt.]

*Tim.* *Flavius?*

*Flav.* My lord.

*Tim.* The little casket bring me hither.

*Flav.* Yes, my lord. More jewels yet? there is no  
 crossing him in's humour,

Else I should tell him—well—i'faith, I should,  
 When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then if he could: (8)  
 'Tis pity, Bounty has not eyes behind;

That

(8) ——— *he'd be cross'd then if he could:*] The Poet does not mean here, that he would be *cross'd*, or thwarted in Humour; but that he would have his Hand *cross'd*, as we say, with Money, if he could. He is playing on the Word, and alluding to our old Silver-penny, used before K. Edward the 1st his Time, which had a *Cross* on the Reverse with a Crease, that it might be more easily broke into Halves and Quarters, *Half-pence* and *Farthings*. From this Penny, and other subsequent Pieces that bore the like Impress, was our common Expression deriv'd, *I have not a Cross about me*; i. e. not a Piece of Money. I thought, this Note might not  
 be

That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.

*Luc.* Where be our men?

*Ser.* Here, my lord, in readiness.

*Lucul.* Our horses.

*Tim.* O my good friends!

I have one word to say to you; look, my lord,  
I must entreat you, honour me so much  
As to advance this jewel, accept, and wear it,  
Kind my lord!

*Luc.* I am so far already in your gifts,—

*All.* So are we all.

[*Ex. Lucius and Lucullus.*]

*Enter a servant.*

*Serv.* My lord, there are certain Nobles of the Senate  
newly alighted, and come to visit you.

*Tim.* They are fairly welcome.

*Re-enter Flavius.*

*Fla.* I beseech your Honour, vouchsafe me a word; it  
does concern you near.

*Tim.* Near! why then another time I'll hear thee.  
I pr'ythee, let's be provided to shew them entertainment.

*Flav.* I scarce know how.

*Enter another servant.*

*2 Serv.* May it please your Honour, lord *Lucius*, out  
of his free love, hath presented to you four milk-white  
horses trapt in silver.

be unnecessary, because it serves to explain several other Passages, where  
the Poet has punn'd on this Term. For Instance, in the 2d Part of *Henry*  
*IVth.* *Falstaffe* asking the *Lord Chief Justice* to lend him a thousand  
Pounds, he replies;

*Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear Crosses.*  
*In Love's Labour lost;*

*Arm.* I love not to be cross'd.

*Moth.* He speaks the clean contrary:

*Crosses love not him.*

*And in As you like it;*

*Clown.* ————— Yet I should bear no Cross, if I did bear you:  
for, I think, you have no Money in your Purse.

In all which Places, 'tis clear, that *Money* is signified by the Word  
*Crosses.*



*Tim.* I shall accept them fairly : let the Presents  
Be worthily entertain'd.

*Enter a third servant.*

How now ? what news ?

*3 Ser.* Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman,  
Lord *Lucullus*, entreats your company to morrow to hunt  
with him, and has sent your Honour two brace of grey-  
hounds.

*Tim.* I'll hunt with him ; and let them be received,  
not without fair reward.

*Flav.* What will this come to ? he commands us to  
provide, and give great gifts, and all out of an empty  
coffer : Nor will he know his purse, or yield me this,  
To shew him what a beggar his heart is,  
Being of no power to make his wishes good ;  
His promises fly so beyond his state, [word :  
That what he speaks is all in debt ; he owes for ev'ry  
He is so kind, that he pays interest for't :  
His land's put to their books. Well, would I were  
Gently put out of office, ere I were forc'd.  
Happier is he that has no friend to feed,  
Than Such that do e'en enemies exceed.  
I bleed inwardly for my lord. [Exit.

*Tim.* You do your selves much wrong, you bate too  
much of your own merits. Here, my lord, a trifle of  
our love.

*1 Lord.* With more than common thanks I will re-  
ceive it.

*3 Lord.* He has the very soul of bounty.

*Tim.* And now I remember, my lord, you gave good  
words the other day of a bay Courser I rode on.

'Tis yours, because you lik'd it.

*2 Lord.* Oh, I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, in  
that.

*Tim.* You may take my word, my lord : I know no  
man can justly praise, but what he does affect. I weigh  
my friends affection with my own ; I'll tell you true. I'll  
call on you.

*All Lords.* O, none so welcome.

*Tim.*

*Tim.* I take all, and your several visitations  
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give;  
Methinks, I could deal Kingdoms to my friends,  
And ne'er be weary. *Alcibiades*,  
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich,  
It comes in charity to thee; thy living  
Is 'mongst the dead; and all the lands thou hast  
Lye in a pitch'd field.

*Alc.* I defie land, my lord.

1 *Lord.* We are so virtuously bound——

*Tim.* And so am I to you.

2 *Lord.* So infinitely endear'd——

*Tim.* All to you. Lights! more lights, more lights.

3 *Lord.* The best of happiness, honour and fortunes,  
Keep with you, lord *Timon*——

*Tim.* Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt lords.*]

*Apem.* What a coil's here,

Serving of becks and jutting out of bums! (9)

I doubt, whether their legs be worth the sums

That are giv'n for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs;

Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.

Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'ries.

*Tim.* Now, *Apemantus*, if thou wert not fullen,  
I would be good to thee.

*Apem.* No, I'll nothing; for if I should be brib'd  
too, there would be none left to rail upon thee, and  
then thou wouldst sin the faster. Thou giv'st so long,

(9) Serving of becks,] I have not ventur'd to alter this Phrase, tho  
I confess freely, I don't understand it. It may be made intelligible two  
Ways, with a very slight Alteration. Mr. Warburton acutely propos'd  
to me,

Serring of Becks, ——

from the *French* Word *server*, to join close together, to lock one within  
another; by a *Metaphor* taken from the *billing of Pigeons*, who interfert  
their *Bills* into one another.—— Or, we might read,

Scruing of Backs, and jutting out of Bums! For *Apemantus* is observing  
on the ridiculous *Congées*, and complimentary Motions of the flattering  
Guests in taking their Leave. Both Conjectures are submitted to Judg-  
ment.

*Timon*,



Timon, (10) I fear me, thou wilt give away thy self in paper shortly. What need these feasts, pomps, and vain-glories?

Tim. Nay, if you begin to rail on society once, I am sworn not to give regard to you. Farewel, and come with better musick. [Exit.

Apem. So — (11) thou wilt not hear me now, thou shalt not then.

I'll lock thy heaven from thee:

Oh, that mens ears should be  
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery!

[Exit.

VOL. V.

ACT

(10) *I fear me, thou wilt give away thyself in paper shortly.* i. e. be ruin'd by his Securities entred into. But this Sense, as Mr. Warburton observes, is cold; and relishes very little of that Salt which is in *Apemantus's* other Reflections. He proposes,

— *give away thyself in proper shortly.*  
i. e. in Person; thy proper Self. This latter is an Expression of our Author's in the *Tempest*;

*And ev'n with such like Valour Men hang and drown*

*Their proper selves.*

And of *B. Jonson* in the Induction to his *Cynthia's Revells*;

— *If you please to confer with our Author by Attorney, you may, Sir:*  
*our proper Self here stands for him.*

And the other Phrase, *thy self in proper* — without the Substantive subjoin'd, I believe, may be justified by similar Usage.

*B. Jonson* in his *Sejanus*;

*My Lords, this strikes at ev'ry Roman's private.*

i. e. private Property, or Interest. And again, in the same Play;

*Macro, thou art engag'd; and what before*

*Was publick, now must be thy private.*

i. e. thy private Concern. And, to quote one Authority from an Author of more modern Date;

*Milton* in his *Paradise lost*, B. 7. v. 367.

*By Tincture, or Reflection, they augment*

*Their small peculiar.*

i. e. peculiar Body, or Brightness: for it is spoken of the Stars.

(11) *Thou wilt not hear me now, thou shalt not then.*

*I'll lock thy Heaven from thee.*] So, in *Cymbeline*, *Imogen* says;

— *if he should write,*

*And I not have it, 'tis a Paper lost*

*As offer'd Mercy is.*

i. e. not to be retriev'd. In both these Passages our Poet is alluding to a Theological Opinion, that the *Holy Spirit* by secret Whispers in the Mind, the still Voice, inward Suggestions, offers its Assistance very often when it is not attended to: either when Men are drag'd away by the Violence of the



## ACT II.

SCENE, *A publick place in the City.**Enter a Senator.*

SENATOR.

AND late, five thousand: to *Varro* and to *Isidore*

He owes nine thousand, besides my former Sum;

Which makes it five and twenty.—— Still in motion

Of raging waste? It cannot hold, it will not.

If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,

And give it *Timon*, why, the dog coins gold.

If I would sell my horse, and buy ten more

Better than he; why, give my horse to *Timon*;

Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me straight

Ten able horse. No porter at his gate; (12)

the Passions, or blinded by too great Attention to worldly Avocations. This by Divines is call'd the Loss of offer'd Mercy: and when it is for a Length of Time rejected, or disregarded, the Offender's case is look'd upon to be the more desperate.

Mr. Warburton.

(12) *Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me straight*

An able horse,] The Stupidity of this Corruption will be very obvious, if we take the whole Context together. "If I want Gold, (says the Senator) let me steal a Beggar's Dog, and give it to *Timon*, the Dog coins me Gold. If I would sell my horse, and had a Mind to buy ten better instead of him; why, I need but give my Horse to *Timon*, to gain this Point; and it presently fetches me an horse." But is that gaining the Point propos'd? Sense and Reason warrant the Reading, that I have restor'd to the Text. The first Folio reads, less corruptly than the modern Impressions,

—— And able Horses. ——

Which Reading, join'd to the Reasoning of the Passage, gave me the Hint for this Emendation.



But rather one that smiles, and still invites  
 All that pass by it. It cannot hold; no reason  
 Can sound his state in Safety. *Caphis*, ho!  
*Caphis*, I say.

*Enter Caphis.*

*Cap.* Here, Sir, what is your pleasure?

*Sen.* Get on your Cloak, and haste you to lord *Timon*;  
 Importune him for monies, be not ceast  
 With slight denial; nor then silenc'd with  
 \* *Commend me to your master*——and the cap  
 Plays in the right hand, thus: ——but tell him, *sirrah*,  
 My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn  
 Out of mine own; his days and times are past,  
 And my reliance on his fracted dates  
 Has smit my credit. I love and honour him;  
 But must not break my back, to heal his finger.  
 Immediate are my needs, and my relief  
 Must not be toft and turn'd to me in words,  
 But find Supply immediate. Get you gone.  
 Put on a most importunate aspect,  
 A visage of demand: for I do fear,  
 When every feather sticks in his own wing,  
 Lord *Timon* will be left a naked Gull,  
 Who flashes now a Phoenix——get you gone.

*Cap.* I go, Sir.

*Sen.* I go, Sir? —take the bonds along with you, (13)  
 And have the dates in Compt.

*Cap.* I will, Sir.

*Sen.* Go.

[*Exeunt.*]

(13) ——— take the Bonds along with you,

And have the Dates in. Come.] The Absurdity of this Passage is so glaring, that One cannot help wondering, None of our Poet's Editors should have been sagacious enough to stumble at it. Certainly, ever since Bonds were given, the Date was put in when the Bond was enter'd into: And these Bonds *Timon* had already given, and the Time limited for their payment was laps'd. The Senator's Charge to his Servant must be to the Tenour as I have amended the Text; viz. Take good Notice of the Dates, for the better Computation of the Interest due upon them. Mr. *Pope* has vouchsafed to acknowledge my Emendation, and cry *well* to it in the Appendix to his last Impression.

## SCENE changes to Timon's hall.

*Enter Flavius, with many bills in his hand.*

*Flav.* NO care, no stop? so senseless of expence,  
That he will neither know how to maintain it,  
Nor cease his flow of riot? Takes no account  
How things go from him, and resumes no care  
Of what is to continue: never Mind  
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.  
What shall be done? — he will not hear, 'till feel:  
I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.  
Fie, fie, fie, fie.

*Enter Caphis, Isidore, and Varro.*

*Cap.* Good evening, *Varro*; what, you come for money?

*Var.* Is't not your business too?

*Cap.* It is; and yours too, *Isidore*?

*Isid.* It is so.

*Cap.* Would we were all discharg'd.

*Var.* I fear it.

*Cap.* Here comes the lord.

*Enter Timon, and his train.*

*Tim.* So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again.  
My *Alcibiades*. — Well, what's your will?

*[They present their bills.]*

*Cap.* My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

*Tim.* Dues? whence are you?

*Cap.* Of *Athens* here, my lord.

*Tim.* Go to my Steward.

*Cap.* Please it your lordship, he hath put me off  
To the succession of new days, this month:  
My master is awak'd by great occasion,  
To call upon his own; and humbly prays you,  
That with your other noble parts you'll suit,  
In giving him his Right.

*Tim.*



*Tim.* Mine honest friend,  
I pr'ythee, but repair to me next morning.

*Cap.* Nay, good my lord.

*Tim.* Contain thy self, good friend.

*Var.* One *Varro's* servant, my good lord—

*Ifid.* From *Ifidare*, he prays your speedy payment—

*Cap.* If you did know, my lord, my master's wants—

*Var.* 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks, and  
past.—

*Ifid.* Your Steward puts me off, my lord, and I  
Am sent expressly to your lordship.

*Tim.* Give me breath: —

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on, [Ex. lords.

I'll wait upon you instantly.—Come hither:

How goes the world, that I am thus encount'ed  
With clam'rous claims of debt, of broken bonds,  
And the detention of long-since-due debts,  
Against my honour?

*Fla.* Please you, gentlemen,  
The time is unagreeable to this business:  
Your importunity cease, 'till after dinner;  
That I may make his lordship understand  
Wherefore you are not paid.

*Tim.* Do so, my friends; see them well entertain'd.

[Exit Tim.

*Fla.* Pray, draw near. [Exit Fla.

*Enter Apemantus, and Fool.*

*Cap.* Stay, stay, here comes the Fool with *Apemantus*,  
let's have some sport with 'em.

*Var.* Hang him, he'll abuse us.

*Ifid.* A plague upon him, dog.

*Var.* How dost, fool?

*Apem.* Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

*Var.* I speak not to thee.

*Apem.* No, 'tis to thy self. Come away.

*Ifid.* There's the fool hangs on your back already.

*Apem.* No, thou stand'st single, thou art not on him  
yet.

*Cap.* Where's the fool now?

*Apem.* He last ask'd the question. Poor rogues, and usurers men! bawds between gold and want!

*All.* What are we, *Apemantus*?

*Apem.* Asses.

*All.* Why?

*Apem.* That you ask me what you are, and do not know your selves. Speak to 'em, fool.

*Fool.* How do you, gentlemen?

*All.* Gramercies, good fool: how does your mistress?

*Fool.* She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. 'Would, we could see you at *Corinth*.

*Apem.* Good! gramercy!

*Enter Page.*

*Fool.* Look you, here comes my mistress's page.

*Page.* Why how now, captain? what do you in this wise company? how dost thou, *Apemantus*?

*Apem.* 'Would, I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

*Page.* Pr'ythee, *Apemantus*, read me the superscription of these letters; I know not which is which.

*Apem.* Canst not read?

*Page.* No.

*Apem.* There will little learning die then, that day thou art hang'd. This is to lord *Timon*, this to *Alcibiades*. Go, thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

*Page.* Thou wast whelp't a dog, and thou shalt famish, a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone. *[Exit.]*

*Apem.* Ev'n so thou out-run'st grace.

*Fool.* I will go with you to lord *Timon's*.

*Fool.* Will you leave me there?

*Apem.* If *Timon* stay at home — You three serve three usurers?

*All.* I would, they serv'd us.

*Apem.* So would I — as good a trick as ever hang-man serv'd thief.

*Fool.* Are you three usurers men?

*All.* Ay, fool.

*Fool.* I think, no usurer but has a fool to his servant. My mistress is one, and I am her fool; when men come



to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merrily; but they enter my mistress's house merrily, and go away sadly. The reason of this?

*Var.* I could render one.

*Apem.* Do it then, that we may account thee a whore-master, and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteem'd.

*Var.* What is a whore-master, fool?

*Fool.* A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a Spirit; sometimes it appears like a lord, sometimes like a lawyer, sometimes like a philosopher, with two stones more than's artificial one. He is very often like a knight; and generally, in all shapes that man goes up and down in, from fourscore to thirteen, this Spirit walks in.

*Var.* Thou art not altogether a fool.

*Fool.* Nor thou altogether a wise man; as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lack'st.

*Apem.* That answer might have become *Apemantus*.

*All.* Aside, aside, here comes lord *Timon*.

*Enter Timon and Flavius.*

*Apem.* Come with me, fool, come.

*Fool.* I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime, the philosopher.

*Fla.* Pray you walk near, I'll speak with you anon.

[*Exeunt Creditors, Apemantus, and Fool.*]

*Tim.* You make me marvel; wherefore, ere this time, Had you not fully laid my state before me? That I might so have rated my expence, As I had leave of means.

*Fla.* You would not hear me:  
At many leifures I propos'd.

*Tim.* Go to:

Perchance, some single vantages you took,  
When my indisposition put you back:  
And that unaptness made you minister  
Thus to excuse your self.

*Fla.* O my good lord,  
At many times I brought in my accounts,

Laid them before you ; you would throw them off,  
 And say, you found them in mine honesty.  
 When, for some trifling Present, you have bid me  
 Return so much, I've shook my head, and wept ;  
 Yea, 'gainst th' authority of manners, pray'd you  
 To hold your hand more close. I did endure  
 Not seldom, nor no slight, checks ; when I have  
 Prompted you in the ebb of your estate,  
 And your great flow of debts. My dear-lov'd lord,  
 Though you hear now too late, yet now's a time ;  
 The greatest of your Having lacks a half  
 To pay your present debts.

*Tim.* Let all my land be sold.

*Fla.* 'Tis all engag'd, Some forfeited and gone :  
 And what remains will hardly stop the mouth  
 Of present dues ; the future comes apace :  
 What shall defend the interim, and at length  
 How goes our reck'ning ? (14)

*Tim.* To *Lacedæmon* did my land extend.

*Fla.* O my good lord, the world is but a world ;  
 Were it all yours, to give it in a breath,  
 How quickly were it gone !

*Tim.* You tell me true.

*Fla.* If you suspect my husbandry or falshood ;  
 Call me before th' exactest Auditors,  
 And set me on the proof. So the Gods bless me,  
 When all our Offices have been oppress'd  
 With riotous feeders ; when our vaults have wept

(14) How goes our *Reckoning* ?] Mr. Warburton gave me so ingenious a Conjecture on this Passage, that tho' I have not ventur'd, against the Authority of all the Books, to insert it in the Text, I cannot but give it a place here. " This Steward, (says he) methinks, talks very wildly. " His Master, indeed, might well have ask'd, *How goes our Reckoning* ? " But the Steward was too well satisfied in this Question : I would read, " therefore,

" Hold good our *Reckoning* ? "

If the Text, however, should be without Fault, in this manner it must be expounded. Sir, we have not enough left hardly to satisfy present Demands ; and others are drawing on apace : how shall we guard against intervening Dangers, and what a deplorable *Reckoning* will Things come to at last ?

With



With drunken spilth of wine; when every room  
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsie;  
I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock,  
And set mine eyes at flow.

*Tim.* Pr'ythee, no more.

*Fla.* Heav'ns! have I said, the bounty of this lord!  
How many prodigal bits have slaves and peasants  
This night englutted! who now is not *Timon's*?  
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is lord *Timon's*?  
Great *Timon*, noble, worthy, royal *Timon's*?  
Ah! when the means are gone, that buy this praise,  
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:  
Feast-won, fast-lost: one cloud of winter showres,  
These flies are coucht.

*Tim.* Come, sermon me no further.  
No villainous bounty yet hath past my heart;  
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.  
Why dost thou weep? canst thou the conscience lack,  
To think I shall lack friends? secure thy heart;  
If I would broach the vessels of my love,  
And try the arguments of hearts by borrowing,  
Men and men's fortunes could I frankly use,  
As I can bid thee speak.

*Fla.* Assurance bless your thoughts!

*Tim.* And in some sort these wants of mine are crown'd;  
That I account them blessings; for by these  
Shall I try friends. You shall perceive how you  
Mistake my fortunes: in my friends I'm wealthy.  
Within there, Ho! *Flaminius, Servilius*!

*Enter Flaminius, Servilius, and other servants.*

*Serv.* My lord, my lord.

*Tim.* I will dispatch you sev'rally.  
You to lord *Lucius*——to lord *Lucullus* you, I hunted with  
his Honour to day—you to *Sempronius*——commend me to  
their loves; and I am proud, say, that my occasions have  
found time to use 'em toward a supply of mony; let the  
request be fifty talents.

*Flam.* As you have said, my lord.

*Fla.* Lord *Lucius* and *Lucullus*? hum ——

*Tim.*

*Tim.* Go, you, Sir, to the Senators; [To *Flavius*,  
Of whom, even to the State's best health, I have  
Deserv'd this hearing; bid 'em fend o'th' instant  
A thousand talents to me.

*Fla.* I've been bold,  
(For that I knew it the most gen'ral way)  
To them to use your signet and your name;  
But they do shake their heads, and I am here  
No richer in Return.

*Tim.* Is't true? can't be?

*Fla.* They answer in a joint and corporate voice,  
That now they are at Fall, want Treasure, cannot  
Do what they would; are sorry—You are honourable—  
But yet they could have wisht—they know not—  
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature  
May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis pity—  
And so intending other serious matters,  
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,  
With certain half-caps, and cold-moving nods, (15)  
They froze me into silence.

*Tim.* You Gods reward them!  
I pr'ythee, man, look cheerly. These old fellows  
Have their Ingratitude in them hereditary:  
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows,  
'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;  
And nature, as it grows again tow'rd earth,  
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.  
Go to *Ventidius*—pr'ythee, be not sad,  
Thou'rt true, and just; ingenuously I speak,  
No Blame belongs to thee: *Ventidius* lately  
Bury'd his father, by whose death he's stepp'd  
Into a great estate; when he was poor,

(15) Cold moving Nods,] All the Editions exhibit these as two distinct Adjectives, to the Prejudice of the Author's Meaning: but they must be join'd by an *Hyphen*, and make a Compound Adjective out of a Substantive and a Participle, and then we have the true Sense of the Place; *cold-moving*, *cold-provoking*, Nods so discouraging that they chill'd the very Ardour of our petition, and froze us into silence. We meet with a Compound, exactly form'd like this, in *K. John*, Act. 2. where Lady Constance says;  
*His Grandam's Wrong, and not his Mother's Shames,*  
*Draws those heav'n-moving Pearls from his poor Eyes.*



Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,  
 I clear'd him with five talents. Greet him from me;  
 Bid him suppose, some good necessity  
 Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd  
 With those five talents. That had, give't these fellows  
 To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,  
 That *Timon's* fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.  
*Stew.* Would, I could not: that thought is bounty's foe;  
 Being free it self, it thinks all others so. [Exeunt.]



## A C T III.

S C E N E, *Lucullus's House in Athens.*

*Flaminius waiting, Enter a servant to him.*

SERVANT.

Have told my lord of you; he is coming down  
 to you.

*Flam.* I thank you, Sir.

*Enter Lucullus.*

*Ser.* Here's my lord.

*Lucul.* One of lord *Timon's* men; a gift, I warrant—  
 Why, this hits right: I dreamt of a silver bason and ewre  
 to night. *Flaminius*, honest *Flaminius*, you are very re-  
 spectively welcome, Sir; fill me some wine. And how  
 does that honourable, compleat, free-hearted Gentleman  
 of *Athens*, thy very bountiful good lord and master?

*Flam.* His health is well, Sir.

*Lucul.* I am right glad that his health is well, Sir; and  
 what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty *Flaminius*?

*Flam.* Faith, nothing but an empty box, Sir, which in  
 my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your Honour to sup-  
 ply; who having great and instant occasion to use fifty  
 talents,

talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him, nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

*Lucul.* La, la, la, la, — Nothing doubting, says he? alas, good lord, a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I ha' din'd with him, and told him on't; and come again to supper to him, on purpose to have him spend less. And yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my Coming; every man hath his fault, and honesty is his. I ha' told him on't, but I could never get him from't.

*Enter a servant, with wine.*

*Ser.* Please your lordship, here is the wine.

*Lucul.* *Flaminius*, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee.

*Flam.* Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

*Lucul.* I have observ'd thee always for a towardly prompt spirit, give thee thy due: and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well. Good parts in thee—Get you gone, firrah. [*To the servant, who goes out*]—Draw nearer, honest *Flaminius*; thy lord's a bountiful gentleman, but thou art wise, and thou knowest well enough (altho' thou comest to me) that this is no time to lend mony, especially upon bare friendship without security. Here's three *Solidares* for thee; good boy, wink at me, and say, thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

*Flam.* Is't possible the world should so much differ, And we alive that liv'd? fly, damned baseness, To him that worships thee. [*Throwing the mony away.*]

*Lucul.* Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. [*Exit Lucullus.*]

*Flam.* May these add to the number that may scald thee: Let molten coin be thy damnation, Thou disease of a friend, and not himself! Has friendship such a faint and milky heart, It turns in less than two nights? O you gods! I feel my master's passion. This slave Unto this hour has my lord's meat in him: Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,

When



When he is turn'd to poison?  
 O! may diseases only work upon't:  
 And when he's sick to death, let not that part  
 Of nature, my lord paid for, be of power  
 To expel sickness, but prolong his hour! (16) [Exit.

SCENE, a publick Street.

*Enter Lucius, with three strangers.*

Luc. **W**HO, the lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

1 Stran. We know him for no less, tho' we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours, now lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fye, no, do not believe it: he cannot want for money.

2 Stran. But believe you this, my lord, that not long ago one of his men was with the lord Lucullus, to borrow fifty talents, nay, urg'd extremely for't, and shewed what necessity belong'd to't, and yet was deny'd.

Luc. How?

2 Stran. I tell you, deny'd, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that? now, before the Gods, I am asham'd on't. Deny'd that honourable man? there was very little honour shew'd in that. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such

(16) But *prolong his hour*! Mr. Pope, in both his Editions, without any Authority or Reason assign'd, has substituted *or* instead of *but* here: by which the Sense is infeebl'd; and the Servant only made to say, Let my Master's Meat in his Belly, when he comes to be sick, neither be of Force to expel his Sickness, nor to put off the Time of his Death, one hour. Whereas *but* finely exaggerates the Servant's intended Curse, to this effect: Let Diseases only work upon that Food in him, which my Master paid for; let it not prove a Nutriment able to expel the Malady; but on the contrary, the Fewel to his Distemper, and the Means of prolonging his Torture!

like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet had he mistook him, and sent him to me, I should ne'er have deny'd his occasion so many talents.

*Enter Servilius.*

*Ser.* See, by good hap, yonder's my lord, I have sweat to see his Honour.—My honour'd lord—

[*To Lucius,*

*Luc. Servilius!* you are kindly met, Sir. Fare thee well, commend me to thy honourable virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

*Ser.* May it please your Honour, my lord hath sent—

*Luc.* Ha! What hath he sent? I am so much endear'd to that lord; he's ever sending: how shall I thank him, think'st thou? and what has he sent now?

*Ser.* H'as only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use, with fifty talents.

*Luc.* I know, his lordship is but merry with me; He cannot want fifty five hundred talents.

*Ser.* But in the mean time he wants less, my lord. If his occasion were not virtuous, I should not urge it half so faithfully.

*Luc.* Dost thou speak seriously, *Servilius*?

*Ser.* Upon my soul, 'tis true, Sir.

*Luc.* What a wicked beast was I, to disfurnish my self against such a good time, when I might ha' shewn my self honourable? how unluckily it hapned, that I should purchase the day before for a little (17) dirt, and undo a great deal of honour? *Servilius*, now before the gods, I am

(17) *That I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of Honour?* Tho' there is a seeming plausible *Antithesis*, in the Terms, I am very well assur'd, they are corrupt at the bottom. For a little Part of What? Honour is the only Substantive that follows in the Sentence; but Men don't purchase for Honour, tho' sometimes they may turn Purchasers out of Ostentation. How much is the *Antithesis* improv'd by the Sense which my Emendation gives? "That I should be so unlucky to make this Purchase, for the Lucre of a little Dirt, and undo a great deal of Honour!" This Manner of expressing contemptuously of *Land*, is very frequent with the Poets. So *Hamlet*, Act 5, speaking of *Ofrick*,



am not able to do — (the more beast, I say) — I was sending to use lord *Timon* my self, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of *Athens*, I had don't now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship, and, I hope, his Honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind. And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good *Servilius*, will you befriend me so far, as to use my own words to him?

*Ser.* Yes, Sir, I shall.

[Exit *Servilius*.]

*Luc.* I'll look ye out a good turn, *Servilius* — True, as you said, *Timon* is shrunk, indeed; And he, that's once deny'd, will hardly speed. [Exit]

1 *Stran.* Do you observe this, *Hostilius*?

2 *Stran.* Ay, too well.

1 *Stran.* Why, this is the world's foul;  
Of the same piece is every flatterer's spirit: (18)  
Who can call him his friend,  
That dips in the same dish? for, in my knowing,  
*Timon* has been to this lord as a father,  
And kept his credit with his bounteous purse:  
Supported his estate; nay, *Timon's* money  
Has paid his men their wages. He ne'er drinks,  
But *Timon's* Silver treads upon his lip;  
And yet, oh, see the monstrousness of man,  
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!

—— he hath much Land and fertile; —— tis a Cough; but, as I say,  
spacious in the Possession of Dirt.

So *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* in the *Scornful Lady*, Act 1.

—— your Brother's house is big enough; and, to say truth, he has  
too much Land; hang it, Dirt.

And again, in the 2d Act;

—— Noble Boy, the God of Gold here has see'd thee well; take Money  
for thy Dirt.

And the *Elder Brother*, Act. 3d.

Had I only shew'd me Land, I had deliver'd it,

And been a proud Man to have parted with it:

'Tis Dirt and Labour.

More Authorities would be superfluous.

(18) Is every Flatterer's Sport.] This senseless Corruption has hitherto  
run through all the Editions; and, as I suppose, without Suspicion.

He

He does deny him (in respect of his)  
What charitable men afford to beggars.

3 *Stran.* Religion groans at it.

1 *Stran.* For mine own part,  
I never tasted *Timon* in my life;  
Nor any of his bounties came o'er me,  
To mark me for his friend. Yet, I protest,  
For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,  
And honourable carriage,  
Had his necessity made use of me,  
I would have put my wealth into donation,  
And the best half should have return'd to him,  
So much I love his heart: but I perceive,  
Men must learn now with pity to dispence,  
For policy fits above conscience.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter a third Servant with Sempronius.*

*Sem.* Must he needs trouble me in't? 'bove all others?—  
He might have tried lord *Lucius*, or *Lucullus*,  
And now *Ventidius* is wealthy too,  
Whom he redeem'd from prison: All these three  
Owe their estates unto him.

*Ser.* Oh, my lord,  
They've all been touch'd, and all are found base metal;  
For they have all deny'd him.

*Sem.* How? deny'd him?  
*Ventidius* and *Lucullus* both deny'd him?  
And does he send to me? three! hum —  
It shews but little love or judgment in him.  
Must I be his last refuge? his friends, like physicians, (19)  
Thriv'd, give him over? must I take the cure

On

(19) ————— his Friends, like Physicians  
Thriv'd, give him over?] I have restor'd this old Reading, only amended  
the Pointing which was faulty. Mr. *Pope*, suspecting the Phrase, has  
Substituted *Three* in the room of *thriv'd*, and so disarm'd the Poet's Satire.  
Physicians *thriv'd* is no more than Physicians grown rich: Only the Ad-  
jective Passive of this *Verb*, indeed, is not so common in Use; and yet it  
is a familiar Expression, to this day, to say, *Such a One is well thriven on*  
*his Trade*. This very Sarcasm of our Author is made Use of by *Webster* &



On me? h'as much disgrac'd me in't; I'm angry.  
 He might have known my Place; I see no sense for't;  
 But his occasions might have wooed me first:  
 For, in my conscience, I was the first man  
 That e'er received gift from him.  
 And does he think so backwardly of me,  
 That I'll requite it last? no:  
 So it may prove an argument of laughter  
 To th' rest, and 'mongst lords I be thought a fool:  
 I'd rather than the worth of thrice the sum,  
 H'ad sent to me first, but for my mind's sake:  
 I'd such a courage to have done him good.

But now return,

And with their faint Reply this Answer join;

Who bates mine honour, shall not know my coin. [Exit.

Ser. Excellent! your lordship's a goodly villain. The  
 devil knew not what he did, when he made man politick;  
 he cross'd himself by't; and I cannot think, but in the  
 end the villanies of man will set him clear. How fairly  
 this lord strives to appear foul? takes virtuous copies to  
 be wicked: like those that under hot, ardent, zeal would  
 set whole Realms on fire. Of such a nature is his politick  
 love.

This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,  
 Save the Gods only. Now his friends are dead;  
 Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards  
 Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd  
 Now to guard sure their master.

And this is all a liberal course allows;

Who cannot keep his wealth, must keep his house.

[Exit.

Contemporary Poet in his *Dutchess of Malfy*, the Cloathing only a little  
 varied,

————— Physicians thus,  
 With their hands full of Mony, use to give o'er  
 Their Patients.

SCENE *changes to Timon's Hall.*

*Enter Varro, Titus, Hortensius, Lucius, and other servants of Timon's creditors, who wait for his coming out.*

*Var.* **W**ELL met, good morrow, Titus and Hortensius.

*Tit.* The like to you, kind *Varro*.

*Hor.* *Lucius*, why do we meet together?

*Luc.* I think, one business does command us all.

For mine is money.

*Tit.* So is theirs and ours.

*Enter Philotas.*

*Luc.* And Sir *Philotas's* too.

*Phi.* Good day, at once.

*Luc.* Welcome, good brother. What d'you think the hour?

*Phi.* Labouring for nine.

*Luc.* So much?

*Phi.* Is not my lord seen yet?

*Luc.* Not yet.

*Phi.* I wonder: he was wont to shine at seven.

*Luc.* Ay, but the days are waxed shorter with him: You must consider that a Prodigal's Course Is like the sun's, but not like his recoverable, I fear: 'Tis deepest winter in lord *Timon's* purse; That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet Find little.

*Phi.* I am of your fear for that.

*Tit.* I'll shew you how t' observe a strange event: Your lord sends now for money.

*Hor.* True, he does.

*Tit.* And he wears jewels now of *Timon's* gift, For which I wait for money.

*Hor.* Against my heart.

*Luc.* How strange it shows,

*Timon* in this should pay more than he owes!

And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels, And send for money for 'em.



*Hor.* I'm weary of this charge, the Gods can witness:  
I know, my lord hath spent of *Timon's* wealth,  
Ingratitude now makes it worse than stealth.

*Var.* Yes, mine's three thousand crowns: what's yours?

*Luc.* Five thousand.

*Var.* 'Tis too much deep, and it should seem by th' sum,  
Your master's confidence was above mine;  
Else, surely, his had equall'd.

*Enter Flaminius.*

*Tit.* One of lord *Timon's* men.

*Luc.* *Flaminius!* Sir, a word: pray, is my lord  
Ready to come forth?

*Flam.* No, indeed, he is not.

*Tit.* We attend his lordship; pray, signifie so much.

*Flam.* I need not tell him that, he knows you are too  
diligent.

*Enter Flavius in a cloak, muffled.*

*Luc.* Ha! is not that his Steward muffled so?  
He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

*Tit.* Do you hear, Sir——

*Var.* By your leave, Sir.

*Fla.* What do you ask of me, my friend?

*Tit.* We wait for certain money here, Sir.

*Fla.* If money were as certain as your waiting,  
'Twere sure enough.

Why then prefer'd you not your sums and bills,  
When your false masters eat of my lord's meat?  
Then they would smile and fawn upon his debts,  
And take down th' interest in their glutt'nous maws;  
You do your selves but wrong to stir me up;  
Let me pass quietly: ——

Believe't, my lord and I have made an end,  
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

*Luc.* Ay, but this answer will not serve.

*Fla.* If 'twill not serve, 'tis not so base as you;  
For you serve knaves.

*Var.* How! what does his cashier'd worship mutter?

[Exit.]

*Tim.* No matter, what. — he's poor, and that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he that has no house to put his head in? Such may rail against great Buildings.

*Enter Servilius.*

*Tit.* Oh, here's *Servilius*; now we shall have some answer.

*Ser.* If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair some other hour, I should derive much from it. For take it of my soul,

My lord leans wondrously to discontent:  
His comfortable temper has forsook him,  
He is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

*Luc.* Many do keep their chambers, are not sick:  
And if he be so far beyond his health,  
Methinks, he should the sooner pay his debts,  
And make a clear way to the Gods.

*Ser.* Good Gods!

*Tit.* We cannot take this for an answer.

*Flam.* [*within.*] *Servilius*, help—my lord! my lord.

*Enter Timon, in a rage.*

*Tim.* What, are my doors oppos'd against my passage?  
Have I been ever free, and must my house  
Be my retentive enemy, my goal?  
The place, which I have feasted, does it now,  
Like all mankind, shew me an iron heart?

*Luc.* Put in now, *Titus*.

*Tit.* My lord, here's my bill.

*Luc.* Here's mine.

*Var.* And mine, my lord.

*Cap.* And ours, my lord!

*Phi.* And our bills.

*Tim.* Knock me down with 'em — cleave me to the girdle.

*Luc.* Alas, my lord.

*Tim.* Cut out my heart in fums.

*Tim.* Mine, fifty talents.

*Tim.*



*Tim.* Tell out my blood.

*Luc.* Five thousand crowns, my lord.

*Tim.* Five thousand drops pay that.

What yours ——— and yours?

*Var.* My lord ———

*Cap.* My lord ———

*Tim.* Here tear me, take me, and the Gods fall on you!

*Hor.* Faith, I perceive, our masters may throw their caps at their money; these debts may be well call'd desperate ones, for a mad man owes 'em. [Exit.]

*Re-enter Timon and Flavius.*

*Tim.* They have e'en put my breath from me, the slayers. Creditors! ——— devils.

*Fla.* My dear lord,

*Tim.* What if it should be so? ———

*Fla.* My dear lord,

*Tim.* I'll have it so ——— My steward!

*Fla.* Here, my lord.

*Tim.* So fitly! ——— Go, bid all my friends again,

*Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius.* All, ———

I'll once more feast the rascals.

*Fla.* O my lord!

You only speak from your distracted soul;

There's not so much left as to furnish out

A moderate table.

*Tim.* Be it not thy care:

Go, and invite them all, let in the tide

Of knaves once more; my Cook and I'll provide. [Exit.]

**SCENE** changes to the Senate-house.

*Senators, and Alcibiades.*

*1 Sen.* **M**Y lord, you have my voice to't, the fault's bloody;

'Tis necessary he should die:

Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

R 3

*2 Sen.*

2 *Sen.* Most true ; the law shall bruise 'em.

*Alc.* Health, Honour, and Compassion to the senate!

1 *Sen.* Now, Captain.

*Alc.* I am an humble suitor to your Virtues :

For Pity is the virtue of the law,

And none but Tyrants use it cruelly.

It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy

Upon a friend of mine, who in hot blood

Hath stept into the law, which is past depth

To those that without heed do plunge into't.

He is a man, setting his fault aside,

Of virtuous honour, which buys out his fault ;

Nor did he soil the fact with cowardise,

But with a noble fury, and fair spirit,

Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,

He did oppose his foe :

And with such sober and unnoted passion

He did behave his anger ere 'twas spent,

As if he had but prov'd an argument.

1 *Sen.* You undergo too strict a Paradox,

Striving to make an ugly Deed look fair :

Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd

To bring Man-slaughter into form, set quarrelling

Upon the head of valour ; which, indeed,

Is valour mis-begot, and came into the world

When sects and factions were but newly born.

He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer.

The worst that man can breathe, and make his wrongs

His out-sides, wear them like his rayment, carelessly,

And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,

To bring it into danger.

If wrongs be evils, and inforce us kill,

What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill?

*Alc.* My lord, —

1 *Sen.* You cannot make gross sins look clear,

It is not valour to revenge, but bear.

*Alc.* My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,

If I speak like a Captain.

Why do fond men expose themselves to battel,

And not endure all threatnings, sleep upon't,

And



And let the foes quietly cut their throats,  
 Without repugnancy? but if there be  
 Such valour in the bearing, what make we  
 Abroad? why then, sure, women are more valiant,  
 That stay at home, if bearing carry it;  
 The ass, more than the lion; and the fellow,  
 Loaden with irons, wiser than the judge;  
 If wisdom be in suffering. Oh my lords,  
 As you are great, be pitifully good:  
 Who cannot condemn Rashness in cold blood?  
 To kill, I grant, is sin's extreamest gust,  
 But, in defence, — by mercy, 'tis most just.  
 To be in anger is impiety:  
 But who is man, that is not angry?  
 Weigh but the crime with this.

2 *Sen.* You breathe in vain.

*Alc.* In vain? his Service done  
 At Lacedæmon, and Byzantium,  
 Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1 *Sen.* What's that?

*Alc.* I say, my lords, h'as done fair service,  
 And slain in battle many of your enemies;  
 How full of valour did he bear himself  
 In the last Conflict, and made plenteous wounds?

2 *Sen.* He has made too much plenty with 'em,  
 He's a sworn rioter; he has a sin  
 That often drowns him, and takes valour prisoner:  
 Were there no foes, that were enough alone  
 To overcome him. In that beastly fury  
 He has been known to commit outrages,  
 And cherish factions. 'Tis inferr'd to us,  
 His days are foul, and his Drink dangerous.

1 *Sen.* He dies.

*Alc.* Hard fate! he might have died in war.  
 My lords, if not for any parts in him,  
 (Though his right arm might purchase his own time,  
 And be in debt to none;) yet more to move you,  
 Take my Deserts to his, and join 'em both.  
 And for I know, your reverend ages love  
 Security, I'll pawn my victories,

My Honours to you, on his good returns.

If by this crime he owes the law his life,

Why, let the war receive't in valiant gore;

For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

1 *Sen.* We are for law, he dies, urge it no more,  
On height of our displeasure: friend, or brother,  
He forfeits his own blood, that spills another.

*Alc.* Must it be so? it must not be:

My lords, I do beseech you, know me.

2 *Sen.* How?

*Alc.* Call me to your remembrances.

3 *Sen.* What!

*Alc.* I cannot think, but your age hath forgot me;  
It could not else be, I should prove so base,  
To sue, and be deny'd such common grace.  
My wounds ake at you.

1 *Sen.* Do you dare our anger?  
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect;  
We banish thee for ever.

*Alc.* Banish me!

Banish your Dotage, banish Usury,  
That make the Senate ugly.

1 *Sen.* If, after two days shine, *Athens* contains thee,  
Attend our weightier judgment.  
And, (not to swell our spirit,)  
He shall be executed presently. [Exeunt.]

*Alc.* Gods keep you old enough, that you may live  
Only in bone, that none may look on you!

I'm worse than mad: I have kept back their foes,  
While they have told their mony, and let out  
Their coin upon large interest; I my self,  
Rich only in large hurts.—All those, for this?  
Is this the balsam that the usuring senate  
Pours into Captains wounds? ha! Banishment?

It comes not ill: I hate not to be banish'd,  
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,  
That I may strike at *Athens*. I'll cheer up  
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.

'Tis honour with most lands to be at odds;

Soldiers as little should brook wrongs, as Gods. [Exit.]

SCENE



## SCENE changes to TIMON'S House.

*Enter divers Senators, at several doors.*

1 Sen. **T**HE good time of the day to you, Sir.

2 Sen. I also wish it to you: I think, this honourable lord did but try us this other day.

1 Sen. Upon That were my thoughts tiring, when we encountred. I hope, it is not so low with him, as he made it seem in the tryal of his several friends.

2 Sen. It should not be, by the perswasion of his new feasting.

1 Sen. I should think so: he hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off: but he hath conjur'd me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

2 Sen. In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business; but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

1 Sen. I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

2 Sen. Every man here's so. What would he have borrow'd of you?

1 Sen. A thousand pieces.

2 Sen. A thousand pieces!

1 Sen. What of you?

3 Sen. He sent to me, Sir——here he comes.

*Enter Timon and attendants.*

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both——and how fare you?

1 Sen. Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

2 Sen. The Swallow follows not summer more willingly, than we your lordship.

Tim. Nor more willingly leaves winter: such summer-birds are men. — Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast your ears with the musick a while; if they will fare so harshly as on the trumpets sound: we shall to't presently.

1 Sen.

1 Sen. I hope, it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I return'd you an empty messenger.

Tim. O Sir, let it not trouble you.

2 Sen. My noble lord.

Tim. Ah, my good friend, what cheer?

[The banquet brought in.

2 Sen. Most honourable lord, I'm e'en sick of shame, that when your lordship t'other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, Sir.

2 Sen. If you had sent but two hours before—

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance. Come, bring in all together.

2 Sen. All cover'd dishes!

1 Sen. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3 Sen. Doubt not that, if mony and the season can yield it.

1 Sen. How do you? what's the news?

3 Sen. Alcibiades is banish'd: hear you of it?

Both. Alcibiades banish'd!

3 Sen. 'Tis so, be sure of it.

1 Sen. How? how?

2 Sen. I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3 Sen. I'll tell ye more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.

2 Sen. This is the old man still.

3 Sen. Will't hold? will't hold?

2 Sen. It does, but time will, and so—

3 Sen. I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city-feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place. Sit, sit.

The Gods require our thanks.

You great Benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts make your selves prais'd: but reserve still to give, lest your Deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another. For were your Godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the Gods. Make the meat beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of  
twenty



twenty be without a score of villains. If there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be as they are — The rest of your fees, O Gods, the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people, what is amiss in them, you Gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my friends — as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,  
You knot of mouth-friends: smoke, and lukewarm water  
Is your perfection. This is Timon's last;

Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries,  
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces  
Your reaking villany. Live loath'd, and long,  
Most smiling, smooth, detested Parasites,  
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,  
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time-flies,  
Cap-and-knee slaves, vapors, and minute-jacks, (20)  
Of man and beast the infinite malady

Crust you quite o'er! — What, dost thou go?

Soft, take thy physick first — thou too — and thou —

[*Throwing the dishes at them, and drives 'em out.*]

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.

What! all in motion? henceforth be no feast,

(20) — — — and minute Jacks

Of Man and Beast, the infinite Malady

Crust you quite o'er!] I had reform'd the bad Pointing of this Passage in my SHAKESPEARE Restor'd, and have accordingly rectified it here. In what Sense could the Senators be call'd *minute Jacks* of Man and Beast? The Poet just before calls them *Vapours*; and certainly means to inforce that Image, by saying, they were jacks not of a Minute's Trust, or Dependence. Then what could the *infinite Malady* signify, without something subjoin'd to give us a clearer Idea of it? As I point the Passage, it plainly means, May the whole Catalogue, the infinite Number of Distempers, that have ever invaded either Man or Beast, all be join'd to plague you. *Coriolanus* curses his cowardly Followers, in our Author's Tragedy so call'd, in a Manner not much unlike;

*All the Contagion of the South light on you,*

*You Shames of Rome, you! Herds of Boils and Plagues*

*Plaister you o'er, that you may be abbor'd*

*Farther than seen! &c.*

Whereat

Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest:  
 Burn House, sink *Aibens*, henceforth hated be  
 Of *Timon*, man, and all humanity! O [Exit.]

*Re-enter the Senators.*

1 *Sen.* How now, my lords?

2 *Sen.* Know you the quality of lord *Timon's* fury!

3 *Sen.* Psha! did you see my cap?

4 *Sen.* I've lost my gown.

1 *Sen.* He's but a mad lord, and wrought but humour  
 fways him. He gave me a jewel th' other day, and  
 now he has beat it out of my cap. Did you see my  
 jewel?

2 *Sen.* Did you see my cap?

3 *Sen.* Here 'tis.

4 *Sen.* Here lyes my gown.

1 *Sen.* Let's make no stay.

2 *Sen.* Lord *Timon's* mad.

3 *Sen.* I feel't upon my bones.

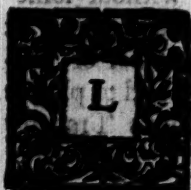
4 *Sen.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones. [Exit.]



## ACT IV.

### SCENE, Without the walls of Athens.

*Enter TIMON.*



E T me look back upon thee, O thou Wall,  
 That girdlest in those wolves! dive in the  
 earth,

And fence not *Aibens*! Matrons, turn in-  
 continent;

Obedience fail in children; slaves and fools  
 Pluck the grave wrinkled Senate from the bench,

And



And minister in their steads: To general filths (21)  
 Convert o'th' infant, green Virginity!  
 Do't in your parents eyes. Bankrupts, hold fast;  
 Rather than render back, out with your knives, (22)  
 And cut your trusters throats. Bound servants, steal;  
 Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,  
 And pill by law. Maid, to thy master's bed;  
 Thy mistress is o'th' brothel. Son of sixteen,  
 Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping fire,  
 And with it beat his brains out! Fear and Piety,  
 Religion to the Gods, peace, justice, truth,  
 Domestick awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,  
 Instruction, manners, mysteries and trades,  
 Degrees, observances, customs and laws,  
 Decline to your confounding contraries!  
 And yet Confusion live! — Plagues, incident to men,  
 Your potent and infectious fevers heap  
 On *Athens*, ripe for stroke! Thou cold *Sciatica*,  
 Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt  
 As lamely as their manners. Lust and Liberty  
 Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,  
 That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,  
 And drown themselves in riot! Itches, Blains,  
 Sow all the *Athenian* bosoms, and their Crop  
 Be general Leprosie: breath infect breath,  
 That their society (as their friendship) may  
 Be meerly poison. Nothing I'll bear from thee,  
 But nakedness, thou detestable town!  
 Take thou that too, with multiplying banns:  
*Timon* will to the Woods, where he shall find

(21) *To gen'ral Filths*

*Convert o'th' infant, &c.*] This passage was very faulty in the Pointing, till I first reform'd it in my *SHAKESPEARE Restor'd*; and Mr. *Pope* vouchsaf'd to copy my Correction in his last Edition.

(22) ————— *Bankrupts, hold fast,*

*Rather than render back; out with your Knives,*

*And cut your Trusters throats.*] Thus has this Passage hitherto been most absurdly pointed; even by the poetical Editors, Mr. *Rowe*, and Mr. *Pope*. I had reform'd the Pointing; but am, however, to make my Acknowledgements to some anonymous Gentleman, who by Letter advis'd me to point it as I have done in the Text.

The

Th' unkindest beast much kinder than mankind.  
 The Gods confound (hear me, ye good Gods all)  
 Th' *Athenians* both within and out that wall;  
 And grant, as *Timon* grows, his hate may grow,  
 To the whole Race of Mankind, high and low! [Exit.

S C E N E *changes to TIMON's House.*

*Enter Flavius, with two or three servants.*

1 Ser. **H**E A R you, good master steward, where's our master?

Are we undone, cast off, nothing remaining?

*Flav.* Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you?  
 Let me be recorded by the righteous Gods,  
 I am as poor as you.

1 Ser. Such a House broke!  
 So noble a Master fallen! all gone! and not  
 One friend to take his fortune by the arm,  
 And go along with him?

2 Ser. As we do turn our backs  
 From our companion, thrown into his grave,  
 So his familiars to his buried fortunes  
 Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,  
 Like empty purses pick'd: and his poor self,  
 A dedicated beggar to the air,  
 With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,  
 Walks, like Contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

*Enter other servants.*

*Fla.* All broken implements of a ruin'd house!

3 Ser. Yet do our hearts wear *Timon's* livery,  
 That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,  
 Serving alike in sorrow. Leak'd is our bark,  
 And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,  
 Hearing the surges threat: we must all part  
 Into the sea of air.

*Fla.* Good fellows all,  
 The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.

Where-



Where-ever we shall meet, for *Timon's* sake,  
 Let's yet be fellows : shake our heads, and say,  
 (As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes)  
 We have seen better days. Let each take some ;  
 Nay, put out all your hands ; not one word more,  
 Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

*[He gives them money; they embrace, and part several ways.]*

Oh, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us !  
 Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,  
 Since riches point to misery and contempt ?  
 Who'd be so mock'd with glory, as to live  
 But in a dream of friendship ?  
 To have his Pomp, and all what State compounds,  
 But only painted, like his varnish'd friends !  
 Poor honest lord ! brought low by his own heart,  
 Undone by goodness : strange unusual blood,  
 When man's worst sin is, he does too much good.  
 Who then dares to be half so kind again ?  
 For bounty, that makes Gods, does still mar men.  
 My dearest lord, blest to be most accurs'd,  
 Rich only to be wretched ; thy great fortunes  
 Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord !  
 He's flung in rage from this ungrateful Seat  
 Of monstrous friends : nor has he with him to  
 Supply his life, or that which can command it :  
 I'll follow, and enquire him out.  
 I'll ever serve his mind with my best will ;  
 Whilst I have gold, I'll be his Steward still.

*[Exit.]*

## SCENE, the WOODS.

*Enter Timon.*

*Tim.* **O** Blessed, breeding Sun, draw from the earth  
 Rotten humidity : below thy sister's orb  
 Infect the air. Twinn'd brothers of one womb,  
 Whose procreation, residence, and birth  
 Scarce is dividant, touch with several fortunes ;  
 The greater scorns the lesser. Not ev'n nature,

To

To whom all fores lay siege, can bear great fortune  
But by contempt of nature.

Raise me this beggar, and denude that lord, (22)

The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,

The beggar native honour :

It is the Pasture lards the Weather's sides, (23)

The Want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares,

In purity of manhood stand upright,

And say, this man's a flatterer ? if one be,

So are they all, for every greeze of fortune

Is smooth'd by that below. The learned pate

Ducks to the golden fool : All is oblique ;

There's nothing level in our cursed natures,

But direct villany. Then be abhorr'd,

All feasts, societies, and throngs of men !

His Semblable, yea himself, *Timon* disdains.—

Destruction phang mankind ! Earth, yield me roots !

[Digging the earth.

Who

(22) *Raise me this Beggar and deny't that Lord,*] Where is the Sense and English of *deny't that Lord* ? Deny him what ? What preceding Noun is there, to which the Pronoun *It* is to be refer'd ? And it would be absurd to think the Poet meant, deny to *raise* that Lord. The *Antithesis* must be, let Fortune *raise* this Beggar, and let her *strip*, and *despoil* that Lord of all his Pomp and Ornaments, &c. which Sense is completed by this slight Alteration,

— and denude that Lord.

Mr. Warburton.

I will beg Leave to add, in Confirmation of my Friend's fine Conjecture, that our Author has contrasted the same Thought, only varying the Terms, in his *Venus and Adonis*, Stanz. 192.

Pluck down the Rich, enrich the Poor with Treasures.

(23) *It is the Pasture lards the Beggar's Sides,*] This, as the Editors have order'd it, is an idle Repetition at the best ; supposing it did, indeed, contain the same Sentiment as the foregoing Lines. But *Shakespeare* meant a quite different Thing : and having, like a sensible Writer, made a smart Observation, he illustrates it by a Similitude thus :

*It is the Pasture lards the Weather's Sides,*

*The Want that makes him lean.*

And the Similitude is extremely beautiful, as conveying this Satirical Reflection ; there is no more Difference between Man and Man in the Esteem of superficial or corrupt Judgments, than between a fat Sheep and a lean one.

Mr. Warburton.

I cannot better praise the Sagacity of my Friend's Emendation, than by producing the Reading of the first folio Edition, (which, I know, he had not seen,) where we find it thus exhibited ;



Who seeks for better of thee, sawce his palate  
 With thy most operant poison !—What is here?  
 Gold ? yellow, glittering, precious gold ?  
 No, Gods, I am no idle votarist:  
 Roots, you clear heav'ns ! thus much of this will make  
 Black, white ; foul, fair ; wrong, right ;  
 Base, noble ; old, young ; coward, valiant.  
 You Gods ! why this ? what this ? you Gods ! why, this  
 Will lug your priests and servants from your sides :  
 Pluck stout mens pillows from below their heads.  
 This yellow slave ;  
 Will knit and break religions ; bless th' accurs'd ;  
 Make the hoar leprosie ador'd ; place thieves,  
 And give them title, knee, and approbation,  
 With senators on the bench : this is it,  
 That makes the wappen'd widow wed again ;  
 She, whom the spittle-house and ulcerous sores  
 Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices  
 To th' April day again. Come, damned earth,  
 Thou common whore of mankind, that putt'st odds  
 Among the rout of nations, I will make thee  
 Do thy right nature.——[*March afar off.*] Ha, a drum ?  
 —thou'rt quick,

But yet I'll bury thee——thou'lt go, (strong thief)  
 When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand !  
 Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [*Keeping some gold.*]

*Enter Alcibiades with drum and fife in warlike manner,  
 and Phrynia and Timandra.*

*Alc.* What art thou there ? speak.

*Tim.* A beast, as thou art. Cankers gnaw thy heart,  
 For shewing me again the eyes of man !

*It is the Pasture lards the Brother's Sides, &c.*

Every knowing Reader will agree, that this Corruption might much more naturally be deriv'd from *Weather's*, than from *Beggars*, as far as the Traces of the Letters are concern'd ; especially, in the old Secretary Handwriting, the universal Character in our Author's Time. I will only add, that our Poet, in his *As you like it*, makes a Clown say the very same Thing in a more ludicrous manner.

*That the Property of Rain is to wet, and Fire to burn ; that good Pasture makes fat Sheep ; &c.*

*Alc.* What is thy name? is man so hateful to thee,  
That art thy self a man?

*Tim.* I am *Misanthropos*, and hate mankind.  
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,  
That I might love thee something.

*Alc.* I know thee well:  
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd, and strange.

*Tim.* I know thee too, and more than that I know thee,  
I not desire to know. Follow thy drum,  
With man's blood paint the ground; gules, gules;—  
Religious Canons, civil Laws are cruel;  
Then what should War be? this fell whore of thine  
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,  
For all her cherubin look.

*Phry.* Thy lips rot off!

*Tim.* I will not kiss thee, then the Rot returns  
To thine own lips again.

*Alc.* How came the noble *Timon* to this change?

*Tim.* As the moon does, by wanting light to give:  
But then renew I could not, like the moon;  
There were no Suns to borrow of.

*Alc.* Noble *Timon*, what friendship may I do thee?

*Tim.* None, but to maintain my opinion.

*Alc.* What is it, *Timon*?

*Tim.* Promise me friendship, but perform none. If  
thou wilt not promise, the Gods plague thee, for thou art  
a man: if thou dost perform, confound thee, for thou  
art a man!

*Alc.* I've heard in some sort of thy miseries.

*Tim.* Thou saw'st them when I had prosperity.

*Alc.* I see them now, then was a blessed time.

*Tim.* As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

*Timan.* Is this th' *Athenian* minion, whom the world  
Voic'd so regardfully?

*Tim.* Art thou *Timandra*?

*Timan.* Yes.

*Tim.* Be a whore still: they love thee not, that use thee:  
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust:  
Make use of thy salt hours, season the slaves  
For tubs and baths, bring down the rose-check'd youth



To th' Tub-fast, and the diet. (24)

Timan. Hang thee, monster!

Alc. Pardon him, sweet *Timandra*, for his wits  
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.

I have but little gold of late, brave *Timon*,  
The want whereof doth daily make revolt

In my penurious band. I heard and griev'd,  
How cursed *Athens*, mindless of thy worth,

Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,  
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them—

Tim. I prythee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

Alc. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear *Timon*.

Tim. How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost trouble?  
I'd rather be alone.

Alc. Why, fare thee well,  
Here's gold for thee.

Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.

(24) To the Fubfast, and the Diet.] One might make a very long and vain Search, yet not be able to meet with this preposterous Word *Fubfast*, which has notwithstanding pass'd currant with all the Editors. The Author is alluding to the *Lues Venerea*, and its effects. At that Time, the Cure of it was perform'd either by *Guaiacum*, or *Mercurial* Unctions: and in both Cases the Patient was kept up very warm and close; that in the first Application the Sweat might be promoted; and least, in the other, he should take Cold, which was fatal. "The Regimen for the Course of *Guaiacum* (says Dr. Friend in his *Hist. of Physick*, Vol. 2. p. 380.) "was at first strangely circumstantial; and so rigorous, that the Patient "was put into a Dungeon in Order to make him sweat; and in that "manner, as *Fallopins* expresses it, the Bones and the very Man himself "was macerated." And as for the *Uction*, it was sometimes continued for thirty seven days; (as he observes, p. 375) and during this Time there was necessarily an extraordinary *Abstinence* requir'd.

Mr. Warburton.

Shakespeare himself, I remember, in another of his Plays, alludes to the Custom of this *Tub-Discipline*.

Meas. for Meas. Act 3. where the Clown is speaking of the Bawd;  
*Troth, Sir, she hath eaten up all her Beef, and she is her self in the Tub.*  
And Beaumont and Fletcher in the *Knight of the Burning Pestle*;

*Prisoners of mine, whom I in Diet keep,*

*Send lower down into the Cave,*

*And in a Tub, that's heated smoking hot,*

*There may they find them, &c.*

And afterwards, in the same Play, some of these pin'd Prisoners are produc'd, complaining of their *Tub-sweat*, and *spare Diet*. But enough of these unfavoury Proofs.

*Alc.* When I have laid proud *Athens* on a heap——

*Tim.* War'st thou 'gainst *Athens*?

*Alc.* Ay, *Timon*, and have cause.

*Tim.* The Gods confound them all then in thy Conquest,  
And, after, Thee, when thou hast conquered!

*Alc.* Why me, *Timon*?

*Tim.* That by killing of villains

Thou wast born to conquer my Country.

Put up thy gold. Go on, here's gold, go on;

Be as a planetary plague, when *Jove*

Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison

In the sick air: Let not thy sword skip one,

Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,

He is an usurer. Strike me the matron,

It is her habit only that is honest,

Her self's a bawd. Let not the virgin's cheek

Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-paps,

That through the window-lawn bore at mens eyes, (25)

Are not within the leaf of pity writ;

Set them down horrible traitors. Spare not the babe,

(25) *That thro' the Window-barn bore at Men's Eyes.]* I cannot for my Heart imagine, what Idea our wise Editors had of a Virgin's Breast thro' a Window-barn: which, I am satisfied, must be a corrupt Reading. In short, the Poet is alluding to the decent Custom in his Time of the Women covering their Necks and Bosom either with *Lawn*, or *Cyprus*; both which being transparent, the Poet beautifully calls it the *Window-Lawn*.

*Vid.* Twelfthnight, Act 3.—to one of your Receiving  
Enough is shewn; a *Cyprus*, not a *Bosom*,  
Hides my poor Heart.

*Beaumont and Fletcher* in their *Scornful Lady*.

*Lady.* Pray, put in good Words then.

*El. Love.* The worst are good enough for such a Trifle, such a proud piece  
of *Cobweb-Lawn*.

*B. Jonson* in his *Sejanus*, spoken by *Agrippina*.

Were all *Tiberius'* Body stuck with Eyes,  
And ev'ry Wall and Hanging in my House  
Transparent as this *Lawn* I wear.

And in his *Every Man out of his Humour*.

———She speaks, as she goes tir'd, in *Cobweb-Lawn*, light, thin:

And in his *Every Man in his Humour*.

———and shadow her Glory as a *Milliner's Wife* does her wrought *Stomacher* with a smoky *Lawn*, or a black *Cyprus*.



Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy;  
 Think it a bastard, whom the oracle  
 Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,  
 And mince it fans remorse. Swear against objects,  
 Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes;  
 Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,  
 Nor sight of priest in holy vestments bleeding,  
 Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers.  
 Make large confusion; and thy fury spent,  
 Confounded be thy self! Speak not, be gone.

*Alc.* Hast thou gold yet?

I'll take the gold thou giv'st me, not thy counsel.

*Tim.* Dost thou, or dost thou not, heav'n's curse up-  
 on thee!

*Both.* Give us some gold, good *Timon*: hast thou more?

*Tim.* Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,  
 And to make whole a bawd. (26) Hold up, you sluts,  
 Your aprons mountant; you're not othable,  
 Although, I know, you'll swear; terribly swear  
 Into strong shudders, and to heavenly agues,  
 Th' immortal Gods that hear you. Spare your oaths:  
 I'll trust to your conditions, be whores still.

And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,

Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up.

Let your close fire predominate his smoak,

And be no turn-coats: yet may your pains six months

Be quite contrary. Make false hair, and thatch

Your poor thin roofs with burthens of the dead,

(Some that were hang'd, no matter:—)

Wear them, betray with them; and whore on still.

(26) *And to make whole a Bawd.*] The Power of Gold, indeed, may be suppos'd great, that can make a Whore forsake her Trade; but what mighty Difficulty was there in making a Whore turn Bawd? And yet, 'tis plain, here he is describing the mighty Power of Gold. He had before shewn, how Gold can perswade to any Villany; he now shews that it has still a greater Force, and can even turn from Vice to the Practice, or, at least, the Semblance of Virtue. We must therefore read, to restore Sense to our Author,

*And to make whole a Bawd.* —

i. e. not only make her quit her Calling, but thereby restore her to Reputation,

Mr. Warburton.

Paint till a horse may mire upon your face;  
A pox of wrinkles!

*Both.* Well, more gold——what then?  
Believe, that we'll do any thing for gold.

*Tim.* Consumptions fow  
In hollow bones of man, strike their sharp thins,  
And mar mens spurting. Crack the lawyer's voice,  
That he may never more false Title plead;  
Nor sound his quilllets shrilly. Hoar the *Flamen*,  
That scolds against the quality of flesh,  
And not believes himself. Down with the nose,  
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away  
Of him, that his particular to foresee [bald,  
Smells from the gen'ral weal. Make curl'd-pate ruffians  
And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war  
Derive some pain from you. Plague all;  
That your activity may defeat, and quell  
The source of all erection——There's more gold.  
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,  
And ditches grave you all!

*Both.* More counsel with more money, bounteous *Timon*.

*Tim.* More whore, more mischief, first; I've given you  
earnest.

*Alc.* Strike up the drum tow'rd *Athens*; farewell, *Tim*.  
If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again. [mon:

*Tim.* If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

*Alc.* I never did thee harm.

*Tim.* Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

*Alc.* Call'st thou that harm?

*Tim.* Men daily find it. Get thee hence, away,  
And take thy beagles with thee.

*Alc.* We but offend him: strike.

[*Exeunt Alcibiad. Phryn. and Timand.*

*Tim.* That Nature, being sick of man's unkindness,  
Should yet be hungry! Common mother, thou  
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast  
Teems, and feeds all; oh thou! whose self-same mettle  
(Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puffed)  
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,  
The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm;

With



With all th' abhorred births below crisp heav'n,  
 Whereon *Hyperion's* quickning fire doth shine;  
 Yield him, who all thy human sons does hate,  
 From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!  
 Ensear thy fertile and conception's womb;  
 Let it no more bring out ingrateful man.  
 Go great with tygers, dragons, wolves and bears,  
 Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face  
 Hath to the marbled mansion all above  
 Never presented — O, a root — dear thanks!  
 Dry up thy marrows, veins, and plough-torn leas, (27)  
 Whereof ingrateful man with liqu'rish draughts,  
 And morsels unctious, greases his pure mind,  
 That from it all consideration slips. —

*Enter Apemantus.*

More man? plague, plague! —

*Apem.* I was directed hither. Men report,  
 Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

*Tim.* 'Tis then, because thou dost not keep a dog  
 Whom I would imitate; consumption catch thee!

*Apem.* This is in thee a nature but affected,  
 A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung  
 From change of fortune. Why this spade? this place?  
 This slave-like habit, and these looks of care?  
 Thy flatt'ers yet wear silk, drink wine, lye soft;  
 Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgot  
 That ever *Timon* was. Shame not these Weeds, (28)

St 4 By

(27) *Dry up thy Marrows, Veins, and plough-torn Leas.*] Mr. Warburton thinks, the Uniformity of the Metaphor requires that we should read,

*Dry up thy harrow'd Veins, and plough-torn Leas.*

'Tis certain, the Verse is render'd much more beautiful by this Reading; but as, *unctious Morsels* following, by *Marrows* the Poet might mean what we call the *Fat of the Land*, I have not ventur'd to insert the Conjecture into the Text.

(28) *Shame not these Woods.*] But how did *Timon* any more shame the Woods by assuming the Character of a Cynick, than *Apemantus* did? The Poet certainly meant to make *Apemantus* say, don't disgrace this *Garb*, which thou hast only affected to assume; and to seem the Creature thou art not by Nature, but by the Force and Compulsion of Poverty.

We

By putting on the cunning of a carper.  
 Be thou a flatt'rer now; and seek to thrive  
 By That which has undone thee; hinge thy knee,  
 And let his very breath whom thou'lt observe  
 Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,  
 And call it excellent. Thou wast told thus:  
 Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters, that bid welcome  
 To knaves, and all approachers: 'Tis most just  
 That thou turn rascal: hadst thou wealth again,  
 Rascals should have't. Do not assume my Likeness.

*Tim.* Were I like thee, I'd throw away my self.

*Apem.* Thou'lt cast away thy self, being like thy self,  
 So long a mad-man, now a fool. What, think'st thou,  
 That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,  
 Will put thy shirt on warm? will these moist trees  
 That have out-liv'd the eagle, page thy heels,  
 And skip when thou point'st out? will the cold brook,  
 Candied with ice, cawdle thy morning taste  
 To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the creatures,  
 Whose naked natures live in all the spight  
 Of wreakful heav'n, whose bare unhoufed trunks,  
 To the conflicting elements expos'd,  
 Answer meer nature; bid them flatter thee;  
 Oh! thou shalt find——

*Tim.* A fool of thee; depart.

*Apem.* I love thee better now, than e'er I did.

*Tim.* I hate thee worse.

*Apem.* Why?

*Tim.* Thou flatt'rest misery.

*Apem.* I flatter not; but say, thou art a caytiff.

We must therefore restore,  
 ——— Shame not these Weeds,

*Apemantus* in several other Passages of the Scene reproaches him with his  
 Change of Garb.

——— Why this Spade? this Place?  
 This Slave-like Habit?

——— Do not assume my Likeness.  
 If thou did'st put this sower cold Habit on  
 To castigate thy Pride, 'twere well; but thou  
 Do'st it enforcedly: thou'dst Courtier be,  
 Wert thou not Beggar, ———

Mr. Warburton.  
*Tim.*



Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.

Dost please thy self in't? (29)

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What! a knave too?

Apem. If thou didst put this sowre cold habit on

To castigate thy pride, 'twere well; but thou

Dost it enforcedly: thou'dst Courtier be,

Wert thou not Beggar. Willing misery

Out-lives in certain pomp; is crown'd before:

The one is filling still, never compleat;

The other, at high wish: Best states, contentless,

Have a distracted and most wretched being:

Worse than the worst, content.

Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miserable.

Thou art a slave, whom fortune's tender arm

With favour never claspt; but bred a dog.

Hadst thou, like us, from our first swath proceeded

Through sweet degrees that this brief world affords,

To such, as may the passive drugs of it

Freely command; thou wouldst have plung'd thy self

In general riot, melted down thy youth

In different beds of lust, and never learn'd

The icy precepts of respect, but followed

The sugar'd game before thee. But my self,

Who had the world as my confectionary,

(29) Tim. *Always a Villain's Office, or a Fool's.*

*Dost please thy self in't?*

Apem. Ay.

Tim. *What! a knave too?* Mr. Warburton proposes a Correction here, which, tho it opposes the Reading of all the printed Copies, has great Justness and Propriety in it. He would read;

*What! and know'st too?*

The Reasoning of the Text, as it stands in the Books, is, in some sort, concluding backward: or rather making a *Knave's* and *Villain's Office* different: which, surely, is absurd. The Correction quite removes the Absurdity, and gives this sensible Rebuke. "What! Dost thou please thy self in *vexing* me, and at the same time *know* it to be the Office of a *Villain* or *Fool*?"

The

The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, the hearts of men  
 At duty, more than I could frame employments;  
 That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves  
 Do on the oak; have with one winter's brush  
 Fall'n from their boughs, and left me open, bare  
 For every storm that blows. I to bear this,  
 That never knew but better, is some burthen.  
 Thy nature did commence in suff'rance, time  
 Hath made thee hard in't. Why shouldst thou hate men?  
 They never flatter'd thee. What hast thou given?  
 If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag,  
 Must be thy subject; who in spight put stuff  
 To some she-beggar, and compounded thee  
 Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone——  
 If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,  
 Thou hadst been knave and flatterer.

*Apem.* Art thou proud yet?

*Tim.* Ay, that I am not thee.

*Apem.* I, that I was no prodigal.

*Tim.* I, that I am one now.

Were all the wealth I have, shut up in thee,  
 I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone——  
 That the whole life of *Athens* were in this!  
 Thus would I eat it. [*Eating a root.*]

*Apem.* Here, I will mend thy feast.

*Tim.* First mend my company, take away thy self. (30)

*Apem.* So I shall mend my own, by th' lack of thine.

*Tim.* 'Tis not well mended so, it is but borcht;  
 If not, I would it were.

*Apem.* What wouldst thou have to *Athens*?

*Tim.* Thee thither in a whirlwind; if thou wilt,  
 Tell them there, I have gold; look, so I have.

*Apem.* Here is no use for gold,

*Tim.* The best and truest:

For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

*Apem.* Where ly'st o' nights, *Timon*?

(30) *First mend thy Company,——*] Thus the old Copies, that  
 common Sense and the whole Tenour of the Context warrant that it  
 should be — *my Company*.—— I observe, Mr. Rowe in his 8vo Edition  
 of our Poet has likewise made this Correction.

*Tim.*



*Tim.* Under that's above me.  
Where feed'st thou o'days, *Apemantus*?

*Apem.* Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather, where I eat it.

*Tim.* Would poison were obedient, and knew my mind!

*Apem.* Where wouldst thou send it?

*Tim.* To sawce thy dishes.

*Apem.* The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends. When thou wast in thy guilt, and thy perfume, they mockt thee for too much curiosity; in thy rags thou knowest none, but art despis'd for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee, eat it.

*Tim.* On what I hate, I feed not.

*Apem.* Dost hate a medlar?

*Tim.* Ay, though it look like thee.

*Apem.* An th' hadst hated medlers sooner, thou shouldst have loved thy self better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift, that was beloved after his means?

*Tim.* Who, without those means thou talk'st of, didst thou ever know beloved?

*Apem.* My self.

*Tim.* I understand thee, thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

*Apem.* What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

*Tim.* Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world, *Apemantus*, if it lay in thy power?

*Apem.* Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

*Tim.* Wouldst thou have thy self fall in the confusion of men, or remain a beast with the beasts?

*Apem.* Ay, *Timon*.

*Tim.* A beastly ambition, which the Gods grant thee t'attain to! If thou wert a lion, the fox would beguile thee; if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee; if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accus'd by the ass; if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee; and still thou liv'dst but as a breakfast to the wolf. If thou wert the wolf, thy greediness

greediness would afflict thee; and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner. Wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury. Wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be kill'd by the horse; wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be seized by the leopard; wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life. All thy safety were remotion, and thy defence absence. What beast couldst thou be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, and see'st not thy loss in transformation!

*Apem.* If thou couldst please me with speaking to me, thou might'st have hit upon it here. The Commonwealth of *Athens* is become a forest of beasts.

*Tim.* How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

*Apem.* Yonder comes a Poet, and a Painter. (31) The Plague of Company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way. When I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

*Tim.* When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome.

I had rather be a Beggar's dog, than *Apemantus*.

*Apem.* Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

*Tim.* Would, thou wert clean enough to spit upon. A plague on thee! (32)

*Apem.* Thou art too bad to curse.

(31) *Apem.* Yonder comes a Poet, &c.] *Apemantus* is suppos'd to look out here, and to see the Poet and Painter at a distance, as traversing the Woods in Quest of *Timon*. This Preparation of Scenery Mr. Pope did not conceive; and therefore, I don't know by what Authority, has peremptorily thrown out some Part, and transposed another Part of this and the next Speech to the Place where *Apemantus* goes off. None of the old Books countenance such a Transposition.

(32) A Plague on thee!

*Apem.* — Thou art too bad to curse.] In the former Editions, this whole Verse was placed to *Apemantus*: by which, absurdly, he was made to curse *Timon*, and immediately to subjoin that he was too bad to curse. In my SHAKESPEARE restor'd I gave the former Part of the Hemistich to *Timon*, and the latter part to *Apemantus*; as it is now regulated in the Text: and Mr. Pope, in his last Edition, has vouchsaf'd to embrace this Regulation.

*Tim.*



*Tim.* All villains, that do stand by thee, are pure.

*Apem.* There is no leprosie but what thou speak'st.

*Tim.* If I name thee. — I'll beat thee; but I should infect my hands.

*Apem.* I would my tongue could rot them off!

*Tim.* Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!

Choler does kill me, that thou art alive:

I swoon to see thee.

*Apem.* Would thou wouldst burst!

*Tim.* Away, thou tedious rogue, I am sorry I shall lose a stone by thee.

*Apem.* Beast!

*Tim.* Slave!

*Apem.* Toad!

*Tim.* Rogue! rogue! rogue!

[*Apem. retreats backward, as going.*

I am sick of this false world, and will love nought

But ev'n the meer necessities upon it.

Then, *Timon*, presently prepare thy grave;

Lye where the light foam of the sea may beat

Thy grave-stone daily; make thine epitaph;

That death in me at others lives may laugh.

O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce

[*Looking on the gold.*

'Twixt natural son and fire! thou bright defiler

Of *Hymen's* purest bed! thou valiant *Mars*!

Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,

Whose Blush doth thaw the consecrated snow,

That lies on *Dian's* lap! thou visible God,

That souldrest close impossibilities,

And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue,

To every purpose! Oh, thou Touch of hearts!

Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue

Set them into confounding odds, that beasts

May have the world in empire.

*Apem.* Would 'twere so,

But not 'till I am dead! I'll say, thou hast gold:

Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

*Tim.* Throng'd to?

*Apem.* Ay.

*Tim.*

*Tim.* Thy back, I pr'ythee. —

*Apem.* Live, and love thy misery!

*Tim.* Long live so, and so die. — I am quit.

*Apem.* Mo things like men — Eat, *Timon*, and abhor them. [Exit *Apem.*

*Enter Thieves.*

1 *Thief.* Where should he have this gold? It is some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder: the meer want of gold, and the falling off of friends, drove him into this melancholy.

2 *Thief.* It is nois'd, he hath a mass of treasure.

3 *Thief.* Let us make the assay upon him; if he care not for't, he will supply us easily: if he covetously reserve it, how shall's get it?

2 *Thief.* True; for he bears it not about him: 'tis hid.

1 *Thief.* Is not this he?

*All.* Where?

2 *Thief.* 'Tis his description.

3 *Thief.* He; I know him.

*All.* Save thee, *Timon*.

*Tim.* Now, thieves.

*All.* Soldiers; not thieves.

*Tim.* Both too, and womens sons.

*All.* We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

*Tim.* Your greatest want is, you want much of meet. (33)  
Why should you want? behold, the earth hath roots,

Within

(33) ——— you want much of meat.] Thus both the *Player* and poetical Editors have given us this Passage; quite *Sand-blind*, as honest *Launcelot* says, to our Author's Meaning. If these poor Thieves wanted *Meat*, what greater Want could they be curs'd with, as they could not live on grass, and berries, and water? But I dare warrant, the Poet wrote;

————— you want much of meet.

i. e. Much of what you ought to be: much of the Qualities besitting you as humane Creatures. In the very same manner is the Word used again in *Coriolanus*, speaking of Tribunes being chosen at an unfit Time;

————— In a Rebellion,

When what's not meet, but what must be, was Law,  
Then were they chosen.

And



Within this mile break forth an hundred springs;  
The oaks bear masts, the briers scarlet hips:  
The bounteous huswife nature on each bush  
Lays her full mess before you. Want? why want?

*I Thief.* We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,  
As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

*Tim.* Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds and fishes;  
You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con,  
That you are thieves profess; that you work not  
In holier shapes; for there is boundless theft  
In limited professions. Rascals, thieves,  
Here's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o'th' grape,  
'Till the high fever seeth your blood to froth,  
And so scape hanging. Trust not the physician,  
His antidotes are poison, and he slays  
More than you rob. Take wealth, and live together.  
Do villany, do, since you profess to do't,  
Like workmen; I'll example you with thievery.  
The Sun's a thief, and with his great attraction  
Robs the vast Sea. The Moon's an arrant thief,  
And her pale fire she snatches from the Sun.  
The Sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves (34)

The

And in a little Poem of our Author's, call'd, *The Trial of Love's Constancy*, we find him employing the Substantive in the like Sense.

*To bitter Sawces did I frame my Feeding;*

*And sick of Wellfare, found a kind of Meekness*

*To be diseas'd ere that there was true Needing.*

(34) *The Sea's a Thief, whose liquid Surge resolves  
The Moon into Salt Tears.*] The Sea melting the Moon into Tears, is, I believe, a Secret in Philosophy, which no body but *Shakespeare's* deep Editors ever dream'd of. There is another Opinion, which 'tis more reasonable to believe that our Author may allude to; viz. that the Salt-ness of the Sea is caused by several Ranges, or Mounds of Roch-Salt under Water, with which resolving Liquid the Sea was impregnated. *Varrinus* in his Geography is very copious upon this Argument: After having touch'd upon another Opinion, that the Saline Particles were coeval with the Ocean itself, he subjoins; *Si ea Causa mundi placet, alteram eligenus; nimirum falsas istas particulas a terrâ hinc inde avulsas esse, & in aquâ dissolutas.* Li. 1. cap. 13. prop. 8. This I think a sufficient Authority for changing Moon into Mounds; and I am still the more confirm'd, because Mr. Warburton, who did not know I had touch'd the Place, sent me up the very same Correction. Of the Sea thus encroaching upon the Land,

The Mounds into salt tears. The earth's a thief,  
That feeds and breeds by a composture stoln (35)  
From gen'ral excrements: each thing's a thief.  
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power  
Have uncheck'd theft. Love not your selves, away,  
Rob one another, there's more gold; cut throats;  
All that you meet are thieves: to *Athens* go,  
Break open shops, for nothing can you steal  
But thieves do lose it: steal not less for what  
I give, and gold confound you howsoever! *Amen.* [Exit.

3 Thief. H'as almost charm'd me from my profession,  
by perswading me to it.

1 Thief. 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery. [trade.

2 Thief. I'll believe him as an enemy; and give over my

1 Thief. Let us first see peace in *Athens*; (36)

2 Thief. There is no time so miserable, but a man may be true. [Exeunt.

Land, our Author has made Mention more than once in his Works.

See 2 Henry IV.

— see the Revolution of the Times

Make Mountains level; and the Continent,

Weary of solid Firmness, melt it self

Into the Sea.

And again, in a Poem of his, call'd, *Injurious Time*:

When I have seen the hungry Ocean gain

Advantage on the Kingdom of the Shore.

And in a Play, ascrib'd to him, call'd *Pericles Prince of Tyre*. Act 4.

*Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some Part o'th' Earth.*

It may not be amiss to observe, that in all the Editions of this Play, except one old *Quarto* printed in 1609, the Name of *Thetis* is lost, and nonsensically corrupted into these two Words:

That is, *being proud, &c.*

(35) ————— by a Composure stoln

From gen'ral Excrement:] I have restor'd from the old Editions, *Composure*; and there is no doubt but that was our Author's Word here. For he is speaking of that artificial Dung, call'd *Compost*. So *Hamlet*. Act 3.

And do not spread the Compost on the Weeds,

To make them ranker.

(36) 1 Thief. Let us first see Peace in *Athens*; &c.] This and the concluding little Speech have in all the Editions been placed, to one Speaker: But, as Mr. Warburton very justly observ'd to me, 'tis evident, the latter Words ought to be put in the Mouth of the first Thief, who is for repenting, and leaving off his Trade.



## ACT V.

SCENE, *The Woods, and Timon's Cave.**Enter Flavius.*

FLAVIUS.



H, you Gods!

Is yon despis'd and ruinous man my lord?

Full of decay and failing? oh, monument

And wonder of good deeds, evilly bestow'd!

What change of honour desperate want has  
made?

What viler thing upon the earth, than friends,

Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends?

How rarely does it meet with this time's guile,

When man was wight to love his enemies:

Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo

Those that would mischief me, than those that do!

H'as caught me in his eye, I will present

My honest grief to him; and, as my lord,

Still serve him with my life. My dearest master!

*Timon comes forward from his Cave.*

Tim. Away! what art thou?

Fla. Have you forgot me, Sir?

Tim. Why dost ask That? I have forgot all men.

Then if thou grantest that thou art a man,

I have forgot thee.

Fla. An honest servant, —

Tim. Then I know thee not:

I ne'er had honest man about me, all

I kept were knaves, to serve in meat to villains.

VOL. V.

T

Fla.

*Fla.* The Gods are witness,  
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief  
For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you. [thee,

*Tim.* What, dost thou weep? come nearer, then I love  
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st  
Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give  
But or through lust, or laughter. Pity's sleeping;  
Strange times! that weep with laughing, not with weep-  
ing.

*Fla.* I beg of you to know me, good my lord,  
T'accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth lasts,  
To entertain me as your steward still.

*Tim.* Had I a steward  
So true, so just, and now so comfortable?  
It almost turns my dangerous nature wild.—  
Let me behold thy face: surely, this man  
Was born of woman.  
Forgive my gen'ral and exceptless rashness,  
Perpetual, sober Gods! I do proclaim  
One honest man: mistake me not, but one:  
No more, I pray; and he's a steward.  
How fain would I have hated all mankind,  
And thou redeem'st thy self: but all, save thee,  
I fell with curses.  
Methinks, thou art more honest now, than wise;  
For, by oppressing and betraying me,  
Thou might'st have sooner got another service:  
For many so arrive at second masters,  
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true,  
(For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure)  
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,  
A usuring kindness, as rich men deal gifts,  
Expecting in return twenty for one?

*Fla.* No, my most worthy master, (in whose breast  
Doubt and Suspect, alas, are plac'd too late,)  
You should have fear'd false times, when you did feast;  
Suspect still comes, where an estate is least.  
That which I shew, heav'n knows, is merely love,  
Duty, and Zeal, to your unmatched mind,  
Care of your food and living: and, believe it,



For any benefit that points to me  
 Either in hope, or present; I'll exchange  
 For this one wish, that you had power and wealth  
 To requite me by making rich yourself.

*Tim.* Look thee, 'tis so; Thou singly honest man,  
 Here, take; the Gods out of my misery  
 Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich and happy:  
 But thus condition'd; Thou shalt build from men:  
 Hate all, curse all, shew charity to none;  
 But let the farnight flesh slide from the bones,  
 Ere thou relieve the beggar. Give to dogs  
 What thou deny'st to men. Let prisons swallow 'em,  
 Debts wither 'em; be men like blasted woods,  
 And may diseases lick up their false bloods!  
 And so farewell, and thrive.

*Fla.* O, let me stay, and comfort you, my Master.

*Tim.* If thou hat'st curses,  
 Stay not, but fly, whilst thou art blest and free;  
 Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

*Enter Poet and Painter.*

*Pain.* As I took note of the place, it can't be far where  
 he abides.

*Poet.* What's to be thought of him? does the rumour  
 hold for true, that's he's so full of gold?

*Pain.* Certain. *Alcibiades* reports it: *Pbrynia* and  
*Timandra* had gold of him: he likewise enrich'd poor  
 stragling soldiers with great quantity. 'Tis said, he gave  
 his steward a mighty sum.

*Poet.* Then this breaking of his has been but a tryal  
 for his friends?

*Pain.* Nothing else: you shall see him a palm in *Athens*  
 again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore, 'tis not  
 amiss, we tender our loves to him, in this suppos'd distress  
 of his: it will shew honestly in us, and is very likely to  
 load our purposes with what they travel for, if it be a  
 just and true report that goes of his Having.

*Poet.* What have you now to present unto him?

*Pain.* Nothing at this time but my visitation : only I will promise him an excellent piece.

*Poet.* I must serve him so too ; tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

*Pain.* Good as the best : Promising is the very air o' th' time ; it opens the eyes of expectation. Performance is ever the duller for his act, and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed is quite out of use. To promise, is most courtly, and fashionable ; performance is a kind of will or testament, which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

*Re-enter Timon from his cave, unseen.*

*Tim.* Excellent workman ! thou canst not paint a man so bad as thy self.

*Poet.* I am thinking, what I shall say I have provided for him : it must be a personating of himself ; a satyr against the softness of prosperity, with a discovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency.

*Tim.* Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work ? wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men ? do so, I have gold for thee.

*Poet.* Nay, let's seek him.  
Then do we sin against our own estate,  
When we may Profit meet, and come too late.

*Pain.* True :

*Poet.* While the day serves, before black-corner'd night, (35)

Find what thou want'st, by free and offer'd light.  
Come.

*Tim.* I'll meet you at the turn——  
What a God's gold, that he is worshipp'd  
In baser temples, than where Swine do feed !  
'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark, and plow'st the Wave, (36)  
Settlest admired rev'rence in a slave ;

*To*  
(35) *While the day serves, &c.]* This Couplet in all the Editions is placed to the Painter, but, as it is in Rhyme, and a Sequel of the Sentiment begun by the Poet, I have made no Scruple to ascribe it to him.

(36) *'Tis thou that rigg'st the Bark, and plow'st the Foam, Settlest admir'd Rev'rence in a Slave ;]* As both the Couplet preceding, and



To thee be Worship, and thy saints for aye  
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!  
'Tis fit I meet them.

Poet. Hail! worthy *Timon*.

Pain. Our late noble master.

Tim. Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?

Poet. Sir, having often of your bounty tasted,  
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends, fal'n off,  
Whose thankless natures, oh abhorred spirits!  
Not all the whips of heav'n are large enough —  
What! to you  
Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence  
To their whole being! I am rapt, and cannot  
Cover the monstrous bulk of this ingratitude  
With any size of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may see't the better: (37)  
You that are honest, by being what you are,  
Make them best seen and known.

Pain. He, and my self,  
Have travell'd in the great shower of your gifts,  
And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you're honest men.

Pain. We're hither come to offer you our service.

Tim. Most honest men! why, how shall I requite you?  
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

and following this, are in Rhyme, I am very apt to suspect, the Rhyme is dismounted here by an accidental Corruption; and therefore have ventur'd to replace *Wave* in the Room of *Foam*.

(37) *Let it go, naked Men may see't the better;* Thus has this Passage been stupidly pointed thro' all the Editions, as if naked Men could see better than Men in their Cloaths. I think verily, if there were any Room to credit the Experiment, such Editors ought to go naked for the Improvement of their Eye-sights. But, perhaps, they have as little Faith as Judgment in their own Readings. The Poet, in the preceeding Speech haranguing on the Ingratitude of *Timon's* false Friends, says, he cannot cover the Monstrousness of it with any Size of Words; to which *Timon*, as I have rectified the Pointing, very aptly replies;

*Let it go naked, — Men may see't the better.*  
So, our Poet in his *Much Ado* about Nothing.

*Why seekst Thou then to cover with Excuse  
That, which appears in proper Nakedness.*

*Both.* What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

*Tim.* Y'are honest men; you've heard, that I have gold;  
I'm sure, you have; speak truth, y' are honest men.

*Pain.* So it is said, my noble lord, but therefore  
Came not my friend, nor I.

*Tim.* Good honest man; thou draw'st a counterfeit  
Best in all Athens; thou'rt, indeed, the best;  
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

*Pain.* So, so, my lord.

*Tim.* E'en so, Sir, as I say—And for thy fiction,  
Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,  
That thou art even natural in thine art.

But for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,  
I must needs say, you have a little fault;  
Marry, not monstrous in you; neither with I;  
You take much pains to mend.

*Both.* Beseech your Honour  
To make it known to us.

*Tim.* You'll take it ill.

*Both.* Most thankfully, my lord.

*Tim.* Will you, indeed?

*Both.* Doubt it not, worthy lord.

*Tim.* There's ne'er a one of you but trusts a knave,  
That mightily deceives you.

*Both.* Do we, my lord?

*Tim.* Ay, and you hear him cogg, see him dissemble,  
Know his gross Patchery, love him, and feed him;  
Keep in your bosom, yet remain assur'd,  
That he's a made-up villain.

*Pain.* I know none such, my lord.

*Poet.* Nor I.

*Tim.* Look you, I love you well, I'll give you gold,  
Rid me these villains from your companies;  
Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a draught,  
Confound them by some course, and come to me,  
I'll give you gold enough.

*Both.* Name them, my lord, let's know them.

*Tim.* You that way, and you this;—but two in com-  
Each man apart, all single and alone, [pany;  
Yet an arch villain keeps him company.



If where *thou* art, two villains shall not be, *[To the Painter.]*  
Come not near *him*.——If *thou* wouldst not reside *[To the Poet.]*

But where one villain is, then *him* abandon.  
Hence, pack, there's gold; ye came for gold, ye slaves;  
You have work for me; there's your payment, hence!  
You are an Alchymist, make gold of that:  
Out, rascal dogs! *[Beating and driving 'em out.]*

*Enter Flavius and two Senators.*

*Fla.* It is in vain that you would speak with *Timon*;  
For he is set so only to himself,  
That nothing but himself, which looks like man,  
Is friendly with him.

*1 Sen.* Bring us to his Cave.  
It is our part and promise to the *Athenians*  
To speak with *Timon*.

*2 Sen.* At all times alike  
Men are not still the same; 'twas time and griefs  
That fram'd him thus. Time, with his fairer hand  
Offering the fortunes of his former days,  
The former man may make him; bring us to him,  
And chance it as it may.

*Fla.* Here is his Cave:  
Peace and Content be here, lord *Timon*! *Timon*!  
Look out, and speak to friends: the *Athenians*  
By two of their most rev'rend senate greet thee;  
Speak to them, noble *Timon*.

*Enter Timon out of his Cave.*

*Tim.* Thou Sun, that comfort'st, burn! ——  
Speak, and be hang'd;  
For each true word a blister, and each false  
Be cauterizing to the root o'th' tongue,  
Consuming it with speaking.

*1 Sen.* Worthy *Timon*, ——

*Tim.* —— Of none but such as you, and you of *Timon*.

*2 Sen.* The senators of *Athens* greet thee, *Timon*.

*Tim.* I thank them! And would send them back the  
Could I but catch it for them. [plague,

*1 Sen.* O, forget

What we are sorry for our selves, in thee :

The Senators, with one consent of love,

Inwear thee back to *Athens*, who have thought

On special dignities, which vacant lie

For thy best use and wearing.

*2 Sen.* They confess

Tow'rd thee forgetfulness, too general, gross ;

Which now the publick body, (which doth seldom

Play the Recanter) feeling in it self

A lack of *Timon's* aid, hath sense withal

Of its own Fall, restraining aid to *Timon*;

And sends forth us to make their sorrowed Tender,

Together with a recompence more fruitful

Than their offence can weigh down by the dram ;

Ay, ev'n such heaps and sums of love and wealth,

As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs ;

And write in thee the figures of their love,

Ever to read them thine.

*Tim.* You witch me in it,

Surprize me to the very brink of tears ;

Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,

And I'll bewEEP these comforts : worthy senators.

*1 Sen.* Therefore so please thee to return with us,

And of our *Athens*, thine and ours, to take

The Captainship : thou shalt be met with thanks,

Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name

Live with authority : soon we shall drive back

Of *Alcibiades* th' approaches wild,

Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up

His country's peace.

*2 Sen.* And shakes his threatening sword

Against the walls of *Athens*.

*1 Sen.* Therefore, *Timon* —

*Tim.* Well, Sir, I will ; therefore I will, Sir, thus —

If *Alcibiades* kill my countrymen,

Let *Alcibiades* know this of *Timon*,

That *Timon* cares not. If he sack fair *Athens*,

And



And take our goodly aged men by th' beards,  
 Giving our holy virgins to the stain  
 Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war;  
 Then let him know, — and tell him, *Timon* speaks it;  
 In pity of our aged, and our youth,  
 I cannot chuse but tell him, that I care not.  
 And let him take't at worst; for their knives care not,  
 While you have throats to answer. For my self,  
 There's not a whittle in th' unruly camp,  
 But I do prize it at my love, before  
 The reverend'st throat in *Albens*. So I leave you  
 To the protection of the prosp'rous Gods,  
 As thieves to keepers.

*Fla.* Stay not, all's in vain.

*Tim.* Why, I was writing of my epitaph,  
 It will be seen to morrow. My long sickness  
 Of health and living now begins to mend,  
 And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;  
 Be *Alcibiades* your plague; you his;  
 And last so long enough!

*1 Sen.* We speak in vain.

*Tim.* But yet I love my Country, and am not  
 One that rejoices in the common wrack,  
 As common Bruite doth put it.

*1 Sen.* That's well spoke.

*Tim.* Commend me to my loving countrymen.

*1 Sen.* These words become your lips, as they pass thro'  
 them.

*2 Sen.* And enter in our ears, like great triumphers  
 In their applauding gates.

*Tim.* Commend me to them,  
 And tell them, that to ease them of their griefs,  
 Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,  
 Their pangs of love, with other incident Throes,  
 That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain  
 In life's uncertain voyage, I will do  
 Some kindness to them, teach them to prevent  
 Wild *Alcibiades'* wrath.

*2 Sen.* I like this well, he will return again.

*Tim.* I have a Tree, which grows here in my Close,  
 That

That mine own use invites me to cut down,  
 And shortly must I sell it. Tell my friends,  
 Tell *Athens*, in the frequency of degree,  
 From high to low throughout, that whoso please  
 To stop affliction, let him take his Haste; (38)  
 Come hither, ere my Tree hath felt the ax,  
 And hang himself—I pray you, do my Greeting.

*Fla.* Vex him no further, thus you still shall find him,

*Tim.* Come not to me again, but say to *Athens*,  
*Timon* hath made his everlasting mansion  
 Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;  
 Which once a-day with his embossed froth  
 The turbulent surge shall cover: Thither come,  
 And let my grave-stone be your oracle,  
 Lips, let four words go by, and language end:  
 What is amiss, plague and infection mend!  
 Graves only be mens works, and death their gain!  
 Sun, hide thy beams! *Timon* hath done his Reign.

[Exit *Timon*.]

1 *Sen.* His discontents are unremoveably coupled to his nature.

2 *Sen.* Our hope in him is dead; let us return,  
 And strain what other means is left unto us  
 In our dear peril. (39)

1 *Sen.* It requires swift foot.

[Exeunt.]

## SCENE

(38) ———— *let him take his Taste;*] I don't know, upon what Authority Mr. Pope in both his Editions has given us this Reading; I have restor'd the Text from the Old Books, and, I am perswaded, as the Author wrote. *Timon's* whole Harangue is copied from this Passage of *Plutarch* in the Life of *M. Antony*: "Ye Men of *Athens*, in a Court-yard  
 " belonging to my House grows a large Fig-tree; on which many an  
 " honest Citizen has been pleas'd to hang himself: Now, as I have  
 " Thoughts of building upon that Spot, I could not omit giving you  
 " this publick Notice; to the End, that if any more among you have a  
 " Mind to make the same Use of my Tree, they may do it speedily before  
 " it is destroy'd." And *Rabelais*, who, in the oldest Prologue to his fourth Book, has inserted this Story from *Plutarch*, thus renders the Close of the Sentence.

——— *Pourtant quiconque de Vous autres, et de toute la ville aura à se pendre, s'en depeche promptement.*

(39) *In our dear Peril.*] Thus Mr. Rowe and Mr. Pope have given us this Passage; but is it not strange that the *Athenians* Peril should be dead, because



## SCENE changes to the Walls of Athens.

*Enter two other Senators, with a Messenger.*

1 Sen. **T**HOU hast painfully discover'd; are his files  
As full as thy report?

Mes. I have spoke the least.

Besides, his expedition promises  
Present Approach.

2 Sen. We stand much hazard, if they bring not *Timon*.

Mes. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend;  
Who, though in general part we were oppos'd,  
Yet our old love made a particular force,  
And made us speak like friends. This man was riding  
From *Alcibiades* to *Timon's* Cave,  
With letters of intreaty, which imported  
His fellowship i'th' Cause against your City,  
In part for his sake mov'd.

*Enter the other Senators.*

1 Sen. Here come our Brothers.

3 Sen. No talk of *Timon*, nothing of him expect.—  
The enemies Drum is heard, and fearful Scouring  
Doth choak the air with dust. In, and prepare;  
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare. [Exeunt.

*Enter a Soldier in the woods, seeking Timon.*

Sol. By all Description this should be the place.

because one of their Hopes was dead? Such a Disappointment must  
naturally give fresh Life and Strength to their Danger. We must certain-  
ly read with the Old Folio's;

*In our dear Peril.*

i. e. dread, deep. So in *As you like it*;

*For my Father hated his Father dearly.*

So in *Jul. Cæs.*

*Would it not grieve thee dearer than thy Death, &c.*

And in *Hamlet*;

*Would I had met my dearest Poe in Heav'n, &c.*

And in an hundred other passages, that might be quoted from our Au-  
thor.

Who's

Who's here? speak, ho. — No answer? —

What is this? —

*Timon* is dead, who hath out-stretcht his span;  
Some beast rear'd this; here does not live a man. (40)  
Dead, sure, and this his grave; what's on this tomb?  
I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax;  
Our Captain hath in every figure skill.  
An ag'd interpreter, tho' young in days;  
Before proud *Athens* he's set down by this,  
Whose Fall the mark of his ambition is. *[Exit.]*

S C E N E, before the Walls of Athens.

*Trumpets sound. Enter Alcibiades with his Powers.*

*Alc.* **S**OUND to this coward and lascivious town  
Our terrible Approach.

*[Sound a parley. The Senators appear upon the walls.]*

'Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time  
With all licentious measure, making your wills  
The scope of justice. 'Till now my self, and such  
As slept within the shadow of your Power,  
Have wander'd with our travest arms, and breath'd  
Our sufferance vainly. Now the time is flush,  
When crouching marrow in the bearer strong  
Cries, of itself, *no more*; now breathless wrong  
Shall sit and pant in your great Chairs of ease,

(40) *Some Beast read this: here does not live a Man.*] Some Beast read what? The Soldier had yet only seen the rude Pile of Earth heap'd up for *Timon's* Grave, and not the *Inscription* upon it. My Friend Mr. *Warburton* ingeniously advis'd me to amend the Text, as I have done; and a Passage occurs to me, (from *Beaumont and Fletcher's CUPID'S REVENGE*) that seems very strong in Support of his Conjecture:

Comfort was never here;

Here is no Food, nor Beds; nor any House

Built by a better Architect than Beasts.

The Soldier, seeking by Order for *Timon*, sees such an irregular Mole, as he concludes must have been the Workmanship of some Beast inhabiting the Woods; and such a Cavity, as either must have been so over-arch'd, or happen'd by the casual Falling in of the Ground. This latter Species of Caverns, produced by Nature, *Aeschylus*, I remember, in his *Prometheus*, elegantly calls *αὐτόκτιστ' ἀνθρώπων*, self-built Dens.

And



And purſy Inſolence ſhall break his wind  
With fear and horrid flight.

1 Sen. Noble and young,  
When thy firſt griefs were but a meer conceit,  
Ere thou haſt power, or we had cauſe to fear;  
We ſent to thee, to give thy rages balm,  
To wipe out our ingratitude, with loves  
Above their quantity.

2 Sen. So did we woo (41)  
Transformed Timon to our city's love  
By humble meſſage, and by promis'd 'mends:  
We were not all unkind, nor all deſerve  
The common ſtroke of war.

1 Sen. Theſe walls of ours  
Were not erected by their hands, from whom  
You have receiv'd your griefs: nor are they ſuch,  
That theſe great tow'rs, trophies, and ſchools ſhould fall  
For private faults in them.

2 Sen. Nor are they living,  
Who were the motives that you firſt went out:  
Shame, that they wanted cunning, in exceſs (42)  
Hath broke their hearts. March on, oh, noble lord,  
Into

(41) ——— So did we woo  
Transformed Timon to our City's Love

By humble Meſſage, and by promis'd means:] Promis'd Means muſt im-  
port a Supply of Subſtance, the recruiting his ſunk Fortunes; but that is  
not all, in my Mind, that the Poet would aim at. The Senate had  
wooed him with humble Meſſage, and Promise of general Reparation for  
their Injuries and Ingratitude. This ſeems included in the ſlight Change  
which I have made — and by promis'd 'mends: and this Word, apoſ-  
trophe'd, or otherwiſe, is uſed in common with Amends. So in Troilus and  
Creſſida;

Let her be as ſhe is; if ſhe be fair, 'tis the better for her; an ſhe be not;  
She has the Mends in her own hands.

And ſo B. Jonſon in his Every Man out of his Humour:

Pardon me, gentle Friends, I'll make fair Mends

For my foul Errors paſt.

(42) Shame, that they wanted Cunning in Exceſs,

Hath broke their Hearts.] i. e. in other Terms, — Shame, that they  
were not the cunning'ſt Men alive, hath been the Cauſe of their Death.  
For Cunning in Exceſs muſt mean this or nothing. O brave Editors!  
They had heard it ſaid, that too much Wit in ſome Caſes might be dan-  
gerous,

Into our city with thy banners spread ;  
 By decimation and a tithed death,  
 If thy revenges hunger for that food  
 Which nature loaths, take thou the destin'd tenth :  
 And by the hazard of the spotted die,  
 Let die the spotted.

1 Sen. All have not offended :  
 For those that were, it is not square to take  
 On those that are, revenge : Crimes, like to lands,  
 Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,  
 Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage ;  
 Spare thy *Athenian* cradle, and those kin,  
 Which in the bluster of thy wrath must fall  
 With those that have offended ; like a shepherd,  
 Approach the fold, and cull th' infected forth ;  
 But kill not all together.

2 Sen. What thou wilt,  
 Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,  
 Than hew to't with thy sword.

1 Sen. Set but thy foot  
 Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall open :  
 So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,  
 To say, thou'lt enter friendly.

2 Sen. Throw thy glove,  
 Or any token of thine Honour else,  
 That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,  
 And not as our confusion : all thy Powers  
 Shall make their harbour in our town, till we  
 Have seal'd thy full desire.

*Alc.* Then there's my glove ;  
 Descend, and open your uncharged ports ;  
 Those enemies of *Timon's*, and mine own,  
 Whom you your selves shall set out for reproof,  
 Fall, and no more ; and to atone your fears

gerous, and why not an absolute Want of it ? But had they the Skill or  
 Courage to remove one perplexing *Comma*, the easy and genuine Sense  
 would immediately arise. " Shame in Excess (i. e. Extremity of Shame)  
 " that they wanted Cunning (i. e. that they were not wise enough not to  
 " banish you :) hath broke their Hearts."



With my more noble meaning, not a man  
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream  
Of regular justice in your city's bounds;  
But shall be remedied by publick laws  
At heaviest answer.

*Bolb.* 'Tis most nobly spoken.

*Alc.* Descend, and keep your words.

*Enter a Soldier.*

*Sold.* My noble General, *Timon* is dead;  
Entomb'd upon the very hem o'th' sea;  
And on the grave-stone this Insculpture, which  
With wax I brought away; whose soft impression  
Interpreteeth for my poor ignorance.

[*Alcibiades reads the epitaph.*]

*Here lyes a wretched coarſe, of wretched ſoul bereft: (43)*  
*Seek not my name: a plague conſume you caitiffs left!*  
*Here lye I Timon, who all living men did hate,*  
*Paſs by, and curſe thy fill, but ſtay not here thy gait.*

These well expreſs in thee thy latter ſpirits:  
Tho' thou abhorr'dſt in us our human griefs,  
Scorn'dſt our brains flow, and thoſe our droplets, which

(43) *Here lies a wretched Coarſe,*] This Epitaph the Poet has form'd out of two ſeparate Diſtichs quoted by *Plutarch* in his Life of *M. Antony*: the firſt, ſaid to have been compos'd by *Timon* himſelf; the other is an Epitaph on him made by *Callimachus*, and extant among his Epigrams. The Verſion of the latter, as our Author has tranſmitted it to us, avoids thoſe Blunders which *Leonard Aretine*, the *Latin* Tranſlator of the above quoted Life in *Plutarch*, committed in it. I once imagin'd, that *Shakeſpeare* might poſſibly have corrected this Tranſlator's Blunder from his own Acquaintance with the *Greek* Original: but, I find, he has tranſcrib'd the four Lines from an old *English* Verſion of *Plutarch*, extant in his Time. I have not been able to trace the Time, when this Play of our Author's made its firſt Appearance; but I believe, it was written before the Death of *Q. Elizabeth*; becauſe I take it to be hinted at in a Piece, call'd, *Jack Drum's Entertainment*; or, *The Comedy of Paſquill and Katherine*, play'd by the Children of *Powles*, and printed in 1601.

— Come, come, now I'll be as ſociable as *Timon* of Athens.

From niggard nature fall; yet rich conceit (44)  
 Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye  
 On thy low grave. — On: faults forgiven. — Dead  
 Is noble Timon, of whose memory  
 Hereafter more — Bring me into your City,  
 And I will use the Olive with my Sword; [each  
 Make War breed Peace; make Peace stint War; make  
 Prescribe to other, as each other's Leach.  
 Let our drums strike. — [Exeunt]

(44) ——— yet rich Conceit

Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye

On thy low Grave, on faults forgiven. Dead

Is noble Timon, of whose Memory

Hereafter more. — ]

All the Editors, in their Learning and Sagacity, have suffer'd an unaccountable Absurdity to pass them in this Passage. Why was Neptune to weep on Timon's Faults forgiven? Or, indeed, what Faults had Timon committed, except against his own Fortune and happy Situation in Life? But the Corruption of the Text lies only in the bad Pointing, which I have disengag'd, and restor'd to the true Meaning. Alcibiades's whole Speech, as the Editors might have observ'd, is in Breaks, betwixt his Reflections on Timon's Death, and his Addresses to the Athenian Senators: and as soon as he has commented on the Place of Timon's Grave, he bids the Senate set forward; tells 'em, he has forgiven their Faults; and promises to use them with Mercy. The very same Manner of Expression occurs in Antony, and Cleopatra.

Anto. Well; what worst?

Mess. The Nature of bad News infects the Teller.

Anto. When it concerns the Fool or Coward: — On; —

Things, that are past, are done with Me. —





Dramatis Personae.

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TITUS  
ANDRONICUS.

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SCENE, ROME: Under the Capitol. Vol. V.

# Dramatis Personæ.

Saturninus, *Son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declar'd Emperor himself.*

Bassianus, *Brother to Saturninus, in Love with Lavinia.*

Titus Andronicus, *a Noble Roman, General against the Goths.*

Marcus Andronicus, *Tribune of the People, and Brother to Titus.*

Marcus,  
Quintus,  
Lucius,  
Mutius,

} *Sons to Titus Andronicus.*

*Young Lucius, a Boy, Son to Lucius.*

Publius, *Son to Marcus the Tribune, and Nephew to Titus Andronicus.*

Sempronius.

Alarbus,  
Chiron,  
Demetrius,

} *Sons to Tamora.*

Aaron, *a Moor, belov'd by Tamora.*

*Captain, from Titus's Camp.*

Æmilius, *a Messenger.*

Goths, and Romans.

Clown.

Tamora, *Queen of the Goths, and afterwards married to Saturninus.*

Lavinia, *Daughter to Titus Andronicus.*

*Nurse, with a Black-a-moor Child.*

*Senators, Judges, Officers, Soldiers, and other Attendants.*

SCENE, Rome ; and the Country near it.





# TITUS ANDRONICUS. (1)

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## A C T I.

### S C E N E, *before the Capitol in ROME.*

*Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft, as in the Senate.  
Enter Saturninus and his followers, at one door; and  
Bassianus and his followers, at the other, with Drum  
and Colours.*

#### SATURNINUS.



OBLE Patricians, Patrons of my Right,  
Defend the justice of my Cause with arms :  
And Countrymen, my loving followers,  
Plead my successive title with your swords.  
I am the first-born Son of him, that last

Wore the imperial Diadem of *Rome* :  
Then let my father's honours live in me,  
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

U 2

*Bas.*

(1) *Titus Andronicus.*] This is one of those Plays, which I have always thought, with the better Judges, ought not to be acknowledg'd in the List of *Shakespeare's* genuine Pieces. And, perhaps, I may give a Proof to strengthen this Opinion, that may put the Matter out of Question. *Ben Jonson*

*Bas. Romans*, friends, foll'wers, favourers of my Right,  
 If ever *Bassianus*, *Cæsar's* son,  
 Were gracious in the eyes of royal *Rome*,  
 Keep then this passage to the Capitol ;  
 And suffer not dishonour to approach  
 Th' imperial Seat, to virtue consecrate,  
 To justice, continence, and nobility :  
 But let Desert in pure election shine ;  
 And, *Romans*, fight for freedom in your choice.

*Enter Marcus Andronicus aloft, with the Crown.*

*Mar.* Princes, that strive by factions, and by friends,  
 Ambitiously for Rule and Empery !  
 Know, that the people of *Rome*, for whom we stand  
 A special party, have by common voice,  
 In election for the *Roman* Empery,  
 Chosen *Andronicus*, sur-named *Pius*,  
 For many good and great deserts to *Rome*.  
 A nobler man, a braver warrior,  
 Lives not this day within our city-walls.  
 He by the Senate is accited home,  
 From weary wars against the barbarous *Goths* ;  
 That with his sons (a terror to our foes)  
 Hath yoak'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.  
 Ten years are spent, since first he undertook

*Jonson* in the Induction to his *Bartlemew-Fair*, (which made its first Appearance in the Year 1614) couples *Jeronymo* and *Andronicus* together in Reputation, and speaks of them as Plays then of 25 or 30 Years standing. Consequently, *Andronicus* must have been on the Stage, before *Shakespeare* left *Warwickshire* to come and reside in *London* : and I never heard it so much as intimated, that he had turn'd his Genius to Stage-Writing, before he associated with the Players, and became one of their Body. However, that he afterwards introduc'd it a-new on the Scene, with the Addition of his own masterly Touches, is incontestable : and thence, I presume, grew his Title to it. The Diction in general, where he has not taken the Pains to raise it, is even beneath that of the Three Parts of *Henry VI.* The Story, we are to suppose, merely fictitious. *Andronicus* is a Sur-name of pure Greek Derivation : *Tamora* is neither mention'd by *Ammianus Marcellinus*, nor any body else that I can find. Nor had *Rome*, in the Time of her Emperours, any Wars with the *Goths*, that I know of : not till after the Translation of the Empire, I mean, to *Byzantium*. And yet the Scene of our Play is laid at *Rome*, and *Saturninus* is elected to the Empire at the Capitol.



This Cause of *Rome*, and chastised with arms  
Our enemies pride. Five times he hath return'd  
Bleeding to *Rome*, bearing his valiant sons  
In coffins from the field. —

And now at last, laden with Honour's Spoils,  
Returns the good *Andronicus* to *Rome*,  
Renowned *Titus*, flourishing in arms.  
Let us intreat, by honour of his Name,  
Whom (worthily) you would have now succeed,  
And in the Capitol and Senate's Right,  
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,  
That you withdraw you, and abate your strength;  
Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,  
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

*Sat.* How fair the Tribune speaks, to calm my thoughts!

*Bas.* *Marcus Andronicus*, so I do affie  
In thy uprightness and integrity,  
And so I love and honour thee and thine;  
Thy noble brother *Titus*, and his sons,  
And her, to whom our thoughts are humbled all,  
Gracious *Lavinia*, *Rome's* rich Ornament;  
That I will here dismiss my loving friends;  
And to my fortunes, and the people's favour,  
Commit my Cause in ballance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*]

*Sat.* Friends, that have been thus forward in my Right,  
I thank you all, and here dismiss you all;  
And to the love and favour of my country  
Commit my self, my person and the Cause:  
*Rome*, be as just and gracious unto me,  
As I am confident and kind to thee.  
Open the gates, and let me in.

*Bas.* Tribunes, and Me, a poor Competitor.

[*They go up into the Senate-house.*]

*Enter a Captain.*

*Cap.* *Romans*, make way: the good *Andronicus*,  
Patron of virtue, *Rome's* best champion,  
Successful in the battels that he fights,  
With honour and with fortune is return'd,

From whence he circumscribed with his sword,  
And brought to yoke the enemies of Rome.

*Sound drums and trumpets, and then enter Mutius and Marcus: after them, two men bearing a coffin cover'd with black; then Quintus and Lucius. After them, Titus Andronicus; and then Tamora, the Queen of Goths, Alarbus, Chiron, and Demetrius, with Aaron the Moor, prisoners; soldiers, and other attendants. They set down the coffin, and Titus speaks.*

*Tit.* Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds! (2)  
Loe, as the Bark, that hath discharg'd her freight,  
Returns with precious lading to the bay,  
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage;  
Cometh *Andronicus* with laurel boughs,  
To re-salute his Country with his tears;  
Tears of true joy for his Return to Rome.  
Thou great Defender of this Capitol,  
Stand gracious to the Rites that we intend!  
*Romans*, of five and twenty valiant sons,  
Half of the number that King *Priam* had,  
Behold the poor Remains, alive and dead!  
These, that survive, let Rome reward with love;  
These, that I bring unto their latest home,  
With burial among their Ancestors.  
Here *Goths* have given me leave to sheath my sword:  
*Titus*, unkind, and careless of thine own,  
Why suffer'st thou thy Sons, unburied yet,  
To hover on the dreadful shore of *Styx*?

(2) *Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning Weeds!* Mr. Warburton and I concurr'd to suspect that the Poet wrote;

————— in my mourning Weeds.

i. e. *Titus* would say; "Thou, Rome, art victorious, tho I am a Mourner for those Sons which I have lost in obtaining that Victory." But I have not ventur'd to disturb the Text; because, on a second Reflexion, *mourning Weeds* may relate to Rome for this Reason; The Scene opens with *Saturninus* and *Bassianus* canvassing to be elected to the Empire: and consequently the State might be in Grief for their last Emperour just deas'd,



Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[They open the tomb.]

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,  
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars :  
O sacred receptacle of my joys,  
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,  
How many sons of mine hast thou in store,  
That thou wilt never render to me more?

*Luc.* Give us the proudest prisoner of the *Goths*,  
That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile,  
*Ad manes Fratrum* sacrifice his flesh,  
Before this earthly prison of their bones :  
That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,  
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

*Tit.* I give him you, the noblest that survives.  
The eldest son of this distressed Queen.

*Tam.* Stay, *Roman* brethren, gracious Conqueror,  
Victorious *Titus*, rue the tears I shed,  
A mother's tears in passion for her son :  
And if thy sons were ever dear to thee,  
O, think my sons to be as dear to me.  
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to *Rome*, (3)  
To beautify thy Triumphs and Return,  
Captive to thee and to thy *Roman* yolk?  
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,  
For valiant doings in their country's cause?  
O! if to fight for King and Common-weal  
Were Piety in thine, it is in these :  
*Andronicus*, stain not thy tomb with blood.

(3) *Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,  
To beautify thy Triumphs, and return*

*Captive to thee and to thy Roman Yolk?* ] It is evident, as this Passage has hitherto been pointed, none of the Editors understood the true Meaning. If *Tamora* and her Family return captive to *Rome*, they must have been before Prisoners of War to the *Romans* : and that is more than what is hinted, or suppos'd, any where in the Play. But the Truth is, *return* is not a *Verb* but a *Substantive* ; and relates to *Titus* and not to *Tamora* : The Regulation I have given the Text, I dare warrant, restores the Author's Intention.

*To beautify thy Triumphs and Return.*

Wilt thou draw near the nature of the Gods?  
 Draw near them then in being merciful;  
 Sweet Mercy is Nobility's true badge.  
 Thrice noble *Titus*, spare my first-born son.

*Tit.* Patient your self, Madam, and pardon me.  
 These are their brethren, whom you *Goths* behold  
 Alive and dead, and for their brethren slain  
 Religiously they ask a Sacrifice;  
 To this your son is markt, and die he must,  
 T'appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

*Luc.* Away with him, and make a fire straight.  
 And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,  
 Let's hew his limbs, 'till they be clean consum'd.

[*Exeunt Mutius, Marcus, Quintus and Lucius*  
*with Alarbus.*

*Tam.* O cruel, irreligious, piety!

*Chi.* Was ever *Scythia* half so barbarous?

*Dem.* Oppose me, *Scythia*, to ambitious *Rome*.

*Alarbus*, go to rest! and we survive  
 To tremble under *Titus*' threatening looks.  
 Then, Madam, stand resolv'd; but hope withal,  
 The self-same Gods, that arm'd the Queen of *Troy* (4)  
 With opportunity of sharp revenge  
 Upon the *Thracian* tyrant in her Tent,  
 May favour *Tamora*, the Queen of *Goths*,  
 (When *Goths* were *Goths*, and *Tamora* was Queen)  
 To quit her bloody wrongs upon her foes.

*Enter Mutius, Marcus, Quintus and Lucius.*

*Luc.* See, lord and father, how we have perform'd  
 Our *Roman* rites: *Alarbus*' limbs are lopt;  
 And intrails feed the sacrificing fire;

(4) *The self-same Gods, that arm'd the Queen of Troy*  
*With opportunity of sharp revenge*

*Upon the Thracian Tyrant in his Tent, &c.]* I read, against the Authority of all the Copies, — in her Tent; i. e. in the Tent where she and the other Trojan Captive Women were kept: for thither *Hecuba* by a Wile had decoy'd *Polymnestor*, in order to perpetrate her Revenge. This we may learn from *EURIPIDES*'s *Hecuba*; the only Author, that I can at present remember, from whom our Writer must have glean'd this Circumstance.

Whose



Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.  
Remaineth nought but to inter our brethren,  
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

*Tit.* Let it be So, and let *Andronicus*  
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

[*Then sound trumpets, and lay the coffins in the tomb.*  
In peace and honour rest you here, my sons,  
*Rome's* readiest champions, repose you here,  
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps:  
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells;  
Here grow no damned grudges, here no storms,  
No noise: but silence and eternal sleep:  
In peace and honour rest you here, my sons!

*Enter Lavinia.*

*Lav.* In peace and honour live lord *Titus* long,  
My noble lord and father, live in fame!  
Lo! at this tomb my tributary tears  
I render, for my brethrens obsequies:  
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy  
Shed on the earth, for thy Return to *Rome*.  
O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,  
Whose fortune *Rome's* best citizens applaud.

*Tit.* Kind *Rome*, that hast thus lovingly reserv'd  
The Cordial of mine age, to glad mine heart!  
*Lavinia*, live; out-live thy father's days, (5)  
In Fame's eternal Date for virtue's praise!

*Mar.* Long live lord *Titus*, my beloved brother,  
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of *Rome*!

*Tit.* Thanks, gentle Tribune, noble brother *Marcus*.

*Mar.* And welcome, Nephews, from successful wars,  
You that survive, and you that sleep in fame:

(5) *Lavinia*, live; out-live thy Father's days:

And *Fame's* eternal date for *Virtue's* praise] Were the Text to be admitted genuine, nothing could be so absurd as for *Titus* to wish, his Daughter might out-live the eternal Date of Fame. This, as my Friend Mr. Warburton merrily observes, is like the loyal Patriot in the last Reign, who wish'd, King *George* might reign for ever, and the Prince and Princess after him! I have, by the Change of a single Monosyllable restor'd the Passage to a sensible and kind Wish.

# 314 TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all, (6)  
That in your country's service drew your swords.  
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,  
That hath aspir'd to *Solon's* happiness;  
And triumphs over chance, in Honour's bed.

*Titus Andronicus*, the people of *Rome*,  
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,  
Send thee by me their Tribune, and their trust,  
This Palliament of white and spotless hue;  
And name thee in election for the Empire,  
With these our late-deceased Emperor's sons:  
Be *Candidatus* then, and put it on;  
And help to set a head on headless *Rome*.

*Tit.* A better head her glorious body fits,  
Than his, that shakes for age and feebleness:  
What! should I don this robe, and trouble you?  
Be chose with Proclamations to day,  
To morrow yield up Rule, resign my life,  
And set abroad new business for you all?  
*Rome*, I have been thy soldier forty years,  
And led my country's strength successfully;  
And buried one and twenty valiant sons,  
Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,  
In Right and Service of their noble Country.  
Give me a staff of honour for mine age,  
But not a sceptre to controul the world.  
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

*Mar.* *Titus*, thou shalt obtain and ask the Empery.

*Sat.* Proud and ambitious Tribune, canst thou tell?

*Tit.* Patience, Prince *Saturninus*.—

*Sat.* *Romans*, do me Right.

Patricians, draw your swords, and sheath them not

(6) *Fair Lords, your Fortunes are alike in all.*] This is address'd by the Tribune to all his Brother's Sons, as well *dead as alive*. But how could it be then said, that their Fortunes were all *alike*? The Expression seems liable to an open Absurdity. Perhaps, we may reconcile ourselves to it, thus: "Some of you are return'd safe, and with Glory; you, that have not liv'd to return, share the Glory of your Brethren's Fortune; in having dy'd for your Country: And tho you cannot partake in the Joy of their Triumph; yet still you enjoy a safer Triumph, exempt from Chance and Casualty."

'Till



'Till *Saturninus* be *Rome's* Emperor.

*Andronicus*, would thou wert shipt to hell,  
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

*Luc.* Proud *Saturnine*, interrupter of the Good  
That noble-minded *Titus* means to thee.——

*Tit.* Content thee, Prince ; I will restore to thee  
The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

*Bas. Andronicus*, I do not flatter thee,  
But honour thee, and will do 'till I die :  
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,  
I will most thankful be ; and Thanks to men  
Of noble minds is honourable meed.

*Tit.* People of *Rome*, and noble Tribunes here,  
I ask your voices, and your suffrages,  
Will you bestow them friendly on *Andronicus* ?

*Mar.* To gratify the good *Andronicus*,  
And gratulate his safe Return to *Rome*,  
The people will accept whom he admits.

*Tit.* Tribunes, I thank you, and this suit I make,  
That you create your Emperor's eldest son,  
Lord *Saturnine* ; whose virtues will, I hope,  
Reflect on *Rome*, as *Titan's* rays on earth,  
And ripen justice in this Common-weal.  
Then if you will elect by my advice,  
Crown him, and say,—Long live our Emperor !

*Mar.* With voices and applause of every sort,  
Patricians and Plebeians, we create  
Lord *Saturninus*, *Rome's* great Emperor ;  
And say,—Long live our Emperor *Saturnine* !

[A long flourish, 'till they come down.]

*Sat. Titus Andronicus*, for thy favours done  
To us in our Election this day,  
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,  
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness :  
And for an onset, *Titus*, to advance  
Thy name, and honourable family,  
*Lavinia* will I make my Emperess,  
*Rome's* royal Mistress, Mistress of my heart,  
And in the sacred *Pantheon* her espouse :  
Tell me, *Andronicus*, doth this motion please thee ?

*Tit.*

*Tit.* It doth, my worthy lord; and, in this match,  
I hold me highly honour'd of your Grace:  
And here in sight of *Rome*, to *Saturninus*,  
King and Commander of our Common-weal,  
The wide world's Emperor, do I consecrate  
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners;  
Presents well worthy *Rome's* imperial lord.  
Receive them then, the Tribute that I owe,  
Mine Honour's Ensigns humbled at thy feet.

*Sat.* Thanks, noble *Titus*, father of my life!  
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,  
*Rome* shall record; and when I do forget  
The least of these unspeakable deserts,  
*Romans*, forget your fealty to me.

*Tit.* Now, Madam, are you prisoner to an Emperor;  
To him, that for your honour and your state  
Will use you nobly, and your followers.

*Sat.* A goodly lady, trust me, of the hue [*To Tamora.*  
That I would chuse, were I to chuse a-new:  
Clear up, fair Queen, that cloudy countenance;  
Tho' chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,  
Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in *Rome*:  
Princely shall be thy usage every way.  
Rest on my word, and let not discontent  
Daunt all your hopes: Madam, who comforts you,  
Can make you greater than the Queen of *Goths*.  
*Lavinia*, you are not displeas'd with this?

*Lav.* Not I, my lord; sith true nobility  
Warrants these words in princely courtesie.

*Sat.* Thanks, sweet *Lavinia*; *Romans*, let us go.  
Ransomless here we set our prisoners free;  
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.

*Bas.* Lord *Titus*, by your Leave, this Maid is mine:

[*Seizing Lavinia.*

*Tit.* How, Sir? are you in earnest then, my lord?

*Bas.* Ay, noble *Titus*; and resolv'd withal,  
To do my self this Reason and this Right.

[*The Emperor courts Tamora in dumb shew.*

*Mar.* *Suum cuique* is our *Roman* justice:  
This Prince in justice seizeth but his own.



*Luc.* And that he will, and shall, if *Lucius* live.

*Tit.* Traitors, avant! where is the Emperor's Guard?  
Treason, my lord; *Lavinia* is surpriz'd.

*Sat.* Surpriz'd! by whom?

*Bas.* By him, that justly may  
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

[Exit Bassianus with *Lavinia*.]

*Mut.* Brothers, help to convey her hence away,  
And with my sword I'll keep this door secure.

*Tit.* Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.

*Mut.* My lord, you pass not here. —

*Tit.* What! villain-boy,  
Barr'st me my way in *Rome*? [He kills him.]

*Mut.* Help, *Lucius*, help!

*Luc.* My lord, you are unjust, and more than so;  
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

*Tit.* Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine:  
My sons would never so dishonour me.

Traitor, restore *Lavinia* to the Emperor.

*Luc.* Dead, if you will, but not to be his wife,  
That is another's lawful promis'd love.

*Sat.* No, *Titus*, no, the Emperor needs her not;  
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock;  
I'll trust by leisure him, that mocks me once:  
Thee never, nor thy traiterous haughty sons,  
Confederates all, thus to dishonour me.

Was there none else in *Rome* to make a Stale of,  
But *Saturnine*? full well, *Andronicus*,  
Agree these deeds with that proud Brag of thine,  
That said'st, I begg'd the Empire at thy hands.

*Tit.* O monstrous! what reproachful words are these;

*Sat.* But go thy ways; go give that changing piece,  
To him that flourish'd for her with his sword;  
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy:  
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,  
To ruffle in the Commonwealth of *Rome*.

*Tit.* These words are razors to my wounded heart.

*Sat.* And therefore, lovely *Tamora*, Queen of *Goths*,  
That, like the stately *Phæbe* 'mong her Nymphs,  
Dost over-shine the gallant'st Dames of *Rome*;  
If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice, Behold

Behold, I chuse thee, *Tamora*, for my bride,  
 And will create thee Emperess of *Rome*.  
 Speak, Queen of *Goths*, dost thou applaud my choice?  
 And here I swear by all the *Roman* Gods,  
 (Sith priest and holy water are so near,  
 And tapers burn so bright, and every thing  
 In readiness for *Hymeneus* stands,)

I will not re-salute the streets of *Rome*,  
 Or climb my Palace, 'till from forth this place  
 I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

*Tam.* And here in sight of heav'n to *Rome* I swear,  
 If *Saturnine* advance the Queen of *Goths*,  
 She will a handmaid be to his desires,  
 A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

*Sat.* Ascend, fair Queen, *Pantheon*; lords, accompany  
 Your noble Emperor, and his lovely bride,  
 Sent by the heavens for Prince *Saturnine*;  
 Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered:  
 There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[*Exeunt.*

*Manet Titus Andronicus.*

*Tit.* I am not bid to wait upon this bride.  
*Titus*, when wert thou wont to walk alone,  
 Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?

*Enter Marcus Andronicus, Lucius, Quintus, and Marcus.*

*Mar.* Oh, *Titus*, see, oh, see, what thou hast done!  
 In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

*Tit.* No, foolish Tribune, no: no son of mine,  
 Nor thou, nor these confederates in the deed,  
 That hath dishonoured all our family;  
 Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons.

*Luc.* But let us give him burial, as becomes;  
 Give *Mutius* burial with our bretheren.

*Tit.* Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb;  
 This Monument five hundred years hath stood,  
 Which I have sumptuously re-edified:  
 Here none but soldiers, and *Rome's* Servitors,



Repose in fame : none basely slain in brawls.  
Bury him where you can; he comes not here.

*Mar.* My lord, this is impiety in you ;  
My nephew *Mutius*' deeds do plead for him :  
He must be buried with his bretheren.

[*Titus's sons speak.*

*Sons.* And shall, or him we will accompany.

*Tit.* And shall ? what villain was it spake that word ?

[*Titus's son speaks.*

*Quin.* He, that would vouch't in any place but here.

*Tit.* What, would you bury him in my despight ?

*Mar.* No, noble *Titus* ; but intreat of thee  
To pardon *Mutius*, and to bury him.

*Tit.* *Marcus*, ev'n thou hast struck upon my Crest,  
And with these boys mine Honour thou hast wounded,  
My foes I do repute you every one,  
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

*Luc.* He is not himself, let us withdraw.

*Quin.* Not I, 'till *Mutius*' bones be buried.  
[*The brother and the sons kneel.*

*Mar.* Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.

*Quin.* Father, and in that name doth nature speak.

*Tit.* Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

*Mar.* Renowned *Titus*, more than half my soul,——

*Luc.* Dear father, soul and substance of us all.——

*Mar.* Suffer thy brother *Marcus* to inter  
His noble Nephew here in virtue's nest,  
That died in honour, and *Lavinia*'s cause.  
Thou art a *Roman*, be not barbarous.  
The *Greeks*, upon advice, did bury *Ajax*, (7)  
That slew himself ; and wife *Laertes*' son  
Did graciously plead for his funerals.  
Let not young *Mutius* then, that was thy joy,

(7) *The Greeks, upon Advice, did bury Ajax,*

*That slew himself ;* ———] As the Author before shew'd himself  
acquainted with a Circumstance glean'd from *Euripides*, we find him  
there no less conversant with the *Ajax* of *SOPHOCLES* ; in which  
*Ulysses* and *Teucer* strenuously contend for permission to bury the Bo-  
dy of *Ajax*, tho he had been declar'd an Enemy to the Confede-  
rate States of *Greece*.

Be barr'd his entrance here.

*Tit.* Rise, *Marcus*, rise——

The dismall'st day is this, that ev'r I saw,  
To be dishonour'd by my sons in *Rome* :  
Well ; bury him, and bury me the next.

[*They put him in the tomb.*]

*Luc.* There lye thy bones, sweet *Mutius*, with thy  
friends,

'Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb !

[*They all kneel, and say ;*

No man shed tears for noble *Mutius* ;  
He lives in fame, that died in virtue's cause.

*Mar.* My lord, to step out of these dreary dumps,  
How comes it, that the subtle Queen of *Goths*  
Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in *Rome* ?

*Tit.* I know not, *Marcus* ; but I know it is :  
If by device or no, the heav'ns can tell :  
Is she not then beholden to the man,  
That brought her for this high good Turn so far ?  
Yes ; and will nobly him remunerate.

*Flourish.* Re-enter the Emperor, Tamora, Chiron, and  
Demetrius, with Aaron the Moor, at one door. At the other  
door, Bassianus and Lavinia with others.

*Sat.* So, *Bassianus*, you have plaid your prize ;  
God give you joy, Sir, of your gallant bride.

*Bas.* And you of yours, my lord ; I say no more,  
Nor wish no less, and so I take my leave.

*Sat.* Traytor, if *Rome* have law, or we have power,  
Thou and thy faction shall repent this Rape.

*Bas.* Rape call you it, my lord, to seize my own,  
My true-betrothed love, and now my wife ?  
But let the laws of *Rome* determine all ;  
Mean while I am possesst of that is mine.

*Sat.* 'Tis good, Sir ; you are very short with us.  
But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

*Bas.* My lord, what I have done, as best I may,  
Answer I must, and shall do with my life ;  
Only thus much I give your Grace to know,  
By all the duties which I owe to *Rome*,

This



This noble gentleman, lord *Titus* here,  
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd;  
That in the rescue of *Lavinia*,  
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,  
In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath  
To be controul'd in that he frankly gave;  
Receive him then to favour, *Saturnine*,  
That hath exprest himself in all his deeds.  
A father and a friend to thee, and *Rome*.

*Tit.* Prince *Bassianus*, leave to plead my deeds,  
'Tis thou, and those, that have dishonour'd me  
*Rome* and the righteous heavens be my judge,  
How I have lov'd and honour'd *Saturnine*.

*Tam.* My worthy lord, if ever *Tamora*  
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,  
Then hear me speak, indifferently, for all;  
And at my suit (sweet) pardon what is past.

*Sat.* What, Madam! be dishonour'd openly,  
And basely put it up without revenge?

*Tam.* Not so, my lord; the Gods of *Rome* fore-fend,  
I should be author to dishonour you;  
But, on mine honour dare I undertake  
For good lord *Titus*' innocence in all;  
Whose fury, not dissembled, speaks his griefs;  
Then, at my suit, look graciously on him,  
Lose not so noble a friend on vain Suppose,  
Nor with fowre looks afflict his gentle heart.

My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last,  
Dissemble all your griefs and discontents:  
You are but newly planted in your Throne;  
Lest then the People and Patricians too,  
Upon a just survey, take *Titus*' part;  
And so supplant us for ingratitude,  
Which *Rome* reputes to be a hainous sin,  
Yield at intreats, and then let me alone;  
I'll find a day to massacre them all,  
And raze their faction, and their family,  
The cruel father, and his traiterous sons,  
To whom I sued for my dear son's life:  
And make them know, what 'tis to let a Queen  
Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in vain.—

*Aside.*

322 TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Come, come, sweet Emperor,——come, *Andronicus*——  
Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart,  
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

*Sat.* Rise, *Titus*, rise ; my Empress hath prevail'd.

*Tit.* I thank your Majesty, and her ; my lord,  
These words, these looks infuse new life in me.

*Tam.* *Titus*, I am incorporate in *Rome*,  
A *Roman* now adopted happily :

And must advise the Emperor for his good.

This day all quarrels die, *Andronicus* ;

And let it be my honour, good my lord,

That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.

For you, Prince *Bassianus*, I have past

My word and promise to the Emperor,

That you will be more mild and tractable.

And fear not, lords ; and you, *Lavinia*,

By my advice all-humbled on your knees,

You shall ask pardon of his Majesty.

*Luc.* We do, and vow to heaven and to his Highness,  
That what we did was mildly, as we might,  
Tending our sister's honour and our own.

*Mar.* That on mine honour here I do protest.

*Sat.* Away, and talk not ; trouble us no more.——

*Tam.* Nay, nay, sweet Emperor, we must all be  
The Tribune and his Nephews kneel for grace, [friends.  
I will not be denied ; sweet-heart, look back.

*Sat.* *Marcus*, for thy sake and thy brother's here,  
And at my lovely *Tamora's* intreats,  
I do remit these young men's hainous faults.

*Lavinia*, though you left me like a churl,

I found a friend ; and, sure as death, I swore,

I would not part a bachelor from the priest.

Come, if the Emperor's Court can feast two brides ;

You are my guests, *Lavinia*, and your friends ;

This day shall be a love-day, *Tamora*.

*Tit.* To morrow, an it please your Majesty,

To hunt the Panther and the Hart with me,

With horn and hound, we'll give your grace *Bon-jour*.

*Sat.* Be it so, *Titus*, and gramercy too. [Exeunt.

ACT



## A C T II.

S C E N E, *before the Palace.**Enter Aaron alone.*

A A R O N.

**N**OW climbeth *Tamora* *Olympus'* top, (8)  
 Safe out of fortune's shot; and sits aloft,  
 Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning flash;  
 Advanc'd above pale envy's threatening reach;  
 As when the golden sun salutes the morn,  
 And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,  
 Gallops the Zodiack in his glistering coach,  
 And over-looks the highest-peering hills:  
 So *Tamora*.

Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait, (9)  
 And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.  
 Then, *Aaron*, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,  
 To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,  
 And mount her pitch; whom thou in triumph long  
 Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains;

(8) Now climbeth *Tamora* *Olympus'* top,  
 Safe out of Fortune's Shot; and sits aloft,  
 Secure of Thunder's Crack, or lightning flash;]

The Images here seem to be borrow'd from *Claudian's* Description  
 of the Summit of *Olympus*, in his Poem on *Mallius Theodorus's* Con-  
 sultship.

— — — — — ut altus Olympi  
 Vertex, qui spatio ventos hiemesque relinquit,  
 Perpetuum nullâ temeratus nube serenum,  
 Celsior exurgit pluviis, auditque ruenter  
 Sub pedibus nimbos, & rauca tonitrua calcat.

Mr. Warburton.

(9) Upon her Wit doth earthly Honour wait,]  
 I don't know for what Reason, or whether by Chance, Mr. Rows  
 and Mr. Pope adopted this Reading: I have restor'd with all the  
 old Copies, earthly.

And faster bound to *Aaron's* charming eyes,  
 Than is *Prometheus* ty'd to *Caucasus*.  
 Away with slavish weeds, and idle thoughts,  
 I will be bright and shine in pearl and gold,  
 To wait upon this new-made Emperess.  
 To wait, said I? to wanton with this Queen,  
 This Goddess, this *Semiramis*; — this Queen,  
 This *Syren*, that will charm *Rome's Saturnine*,  
 And see his shipwrack, and his common-weal's.  
 Holla! what Storm is this?

*Enter Chiron and Demetrius, braving.*

*Dem.* *Chiron*, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge  
 And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd;  
 And may, for ought thou know'st, affected be.

*Chi.* *Demetrius*, thou dost over-ween in all,  
 And so in this, to bear me down with Braves:  
 'Tis not the difference of a year or two  
 Makes me less gracious, or thee more fortunate;  
 I am as able, and as fit as thou,  
 To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;  
 And that my sword upon thee shall approve,  
 And plead my passion for *Lavinia's* love.

*Aar.* Clubs, clubs! — these lovers will not keep the peace.

*Dem.* Why, Boy, although our mother (unadvise'd)  
 Gave you a dancing rapier by your side,  
 Are you so desperate grown to threat your friends?  
 Go to; have your lath glued within your sheath,  
 'Till you know better how to handle it.

*Chi.* Mean while, Sir, with the little skill I have,  
 Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

*Dem.* Ay, boy, grow ye so brave? [*They draw.*]

*Aar.* Why, how now, lords?

So near the Emp'ror's Palace dare you draw?  
 And maintain such a quarrel openly?  
 Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge:  
 I would not for a million of gold,  
 The Cause were known to them it most concerns.  
 Nor would your noble mother, for much more,  
 Be so dishonour'd in the Court of *Rome*.  
 For shame, put up. —



*Chir.* Not I, till I have sheath'd (10)  
My rapier in his bosom, and withal  
Thrust these reproachful speeches down his throat,  
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

*Dem.* For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd, —  
Foul-spoken coward! thou thundrest with thy tongue,  
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

*Aar.* Away, I say. —  
Now by the Gods, that warlike *Goths* adore,  
This petty Brabble will undo us all;  
Why, lords——and think you not, how dangerous  
It is to jet upon a Prince's Right?  
What, is *Lavinia* then become so loose,  
Or *Bassianus* so degenerate,  
That for her love such quarrels may be broacht,  
Without controulment, justice, or revenge?  
Young lords, beware——and should the Empress know  
This discord's ground, the musick would not please.

*Chir.* I care not, I, knew she and all the world;  
I love *Lavinia* more than all the world.

*Dem.* Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner  
*Lavinia* is thine elder brother's hope. [choice;

*Aar.* Why, are ye mad! or know ye not, in *Rome*  
How furious and impatient they be;  
And cannot brook competitors in love?  
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths  
By this Device.

*Chir.* *Aaron*, a thousand deaths would I propose,  
To atchieve her whom I do love.

*Aar.* To atchieve her——how?

*Dem.* Why mak'st thou it so strange?  
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;  
She is a woman, therefore may be won;  
She is *Lavinia*, therefore must be lov'd.

What, man? more water glideth by the mill

(10) — Not I, till I have sheath'd  
My Rapier in his Bosom, —] This Speech, which has been all along  
given to *Demetrius*, as the next has been to *Chiron*, I have, by the Ad-  
vice of Mr. Warburton, vice versa given to *Chiron* and *Demetrius*: for it  
is *Demetrius*, as it appears from the Tenour of the Scene, who had thrown  
out reproachful Speeches on *Chiron*.

# 326 TITUS ANDRONICUS:

Than wots the miller of; and easie it is  
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know:  
Tho *Bassianus* be the Emperor's brother,  
Better than he have yet worn *Vulcan's* badge.

*Aar.* Ay, and as good as *Saturninus* may. [Aside.

*Dem.* Then why should he despair, that knows to court  
With words, fair looks, and liberality? [it

What, hast thou not full often struck a doe,  
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

*Aar.* Why then, it seems, some certain snatch or so  
Would serve your turns.

*Chi.* Ay, so the turn were served.

*Dem.* *Aaron*, thou hast hit it.

*Aar.* Would you had hit it too,  
Then should not we be tired with this ado:  
Why, hark ye, hark ye——and are you such fools (11)  
To square for this? would it offend you then  
That Both should speed?

*Chi.* Faith, not me.

*Dem.* Nor me, so I were one.

*Aar.* For shame, be friends; and join for that you jar.  
'Tis policy and stratagem must do  
That you affect; and so must you resolve,  
That what you cannot, as you would, atchieve,  
You may perforce accomplish as you may.  
Take this of me, *Lucrece* was not more chaste  
Than this *Lavinia*, *Bassianus'* love;  
A speedier course than lingring languishment  
Must we pursue, and I have found the path,  
My lords, a solemn Hunting is in hand,  
There will the lovely *Roman* ladies troop:

(11) ——— and are you such Fools  
To square for this? ——— Would it offend you then ———

*Chi.* Faith, not me.

*Dem.* Nor me, so I were one.] This is *Verbum sat sapienti*, with a Ven-  
geance. The two Brothers shew more Sagacity in this Passage, than they  
do throughout the Play besides; for they make their Answer to *Aaron*,  
without ever staying to hear him propound his Question. But there is no  
Occasion for this Spirit of Divination. The Supplement, which I have  
made, is restor'd from the *Old Quarto*, which *Mr. Pope* pretends to have  
collated.



The forest-walks are wide and spacious,  
 And many unfrequented Plots there are,  
 Fitted by kind for rape and villany :  
 Single you thither then this dainty doe,  
 And strike her home by force, if not by words :  
 This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.  
 Come, come, our Empress with her sacred wit  
 To villany and vengeance consecrate,  
 We will acquaint with all that we intend ;  
 And she shall file our engines with advice,  
 That will not suffer you to square your selves,  
 But to your wishes height advance you both.  
 The Emperor's Court is like the House of Fame,  
 The Palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears :  
 The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf and dull :  
 There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your turns.  
 There serve your lusts, shadow'd from heaven's eye ;  
 And revel in *Lavinia's* treasury.

*Cbi.* Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardise.

*Dem.* Sit fas aut nefas, 'till I find the stream  
 To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,  
*Per Styga, per Manes vebor.* —

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE changes to a Forest.

*Enter Titus Andronicus and his three sons, with bounds and horns, and Marcus.*

*Tit.* **T**HE Hunt is up, the morn is bright and gray ;  
 The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green :  
 Uncouple here, and let us make a Bay.  
 And wake the Emperor and his lovely Bride,  
 And rouse the Prince, and ring a hunter's peal,  
 That all the Court may echo with the noise.  
 Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,  
 To tend the Emperor's person carefully :  
 I have been troubled in my sleep this night,  
 But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

*Here a cry of bounds, and wind horns in a peal: then enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus, Lavinia, Chiron, Demetrius, and their attendants.*

328 TITUS ANDRONICUS

*Tit.* Many good morrows to your Majesty :  
Madam, to you as many and as good.  
I promised your Grace a hunter's peal.

*Sat.* And you have rung it lustily, my lords,  
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

*Bas. Lavinia*, how say you?

*Lav.* I say, no :  
I have been broad awake two hours and more.

*Sat.* Come on then, horse and chariots let us have,  
And to our sport : Madam, now ye shall see  
Our Roman Hunting.

*Mar.* I have dogs, my lord,  
Will rouse the proudest Panther in the chase,  
And climb the highest promontory-top.

*Tit.* And I have horse will follow, where the game  
Makes way, and run like Swallows o'er the plain.

*Dem. Chiron*, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound ;  
But hope to pluck a dainty Doe to ground. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E *changes to a desert part of the Forest.*

*Enter Aaron alone.*

*Aar.* He, that had wit, would think, that I had none,  
To bury so much gold under a tree ;  
And never after to inherit it.  
Let him, that thinks of me so abjectly,  
Know, that this gold must coin a stratagem ;  
Which, cunningly effected, will beget  
A very excellent piece of villany ;  
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest,  
That have their alms out of the Empress' chest.

*Enter Tamora.*

*Tam.* My lovely *Aaron*, wherefore look'st thou sad,  
When every thing doth make a gleeful boast ?  
The birds chaunt melody on every bush,  
The snake lies rolled in the chearful sun,  
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,  
And make a checquer'd shadow on the ground :

Under



Under their sweet shade, *Aaron*, let us sit,  
 And whilst the babling Echo mocks the hounds,  
 Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,  
 As if a double Hunt were heard at once,  
 Let us sit down and mark their yelling noise :  
 And after conflict, such as was suppos'd  
 The wandring Prince and *Dido* once enjoy'd,  
 When with a happy storm they were surpriz'd,  
 And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave ;  
 We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,  
 (Our pastimes done) possess a golden slumber ;  
 Whilst hounds and horns, and sweet melodious birds  
 Be unto us, as is a nurse's song  
 Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

*Aar.* Madam, though *Venus* govern your desires,  
*Saturn* is dominator over mine :  
 What signifies my deadly-standing eye,  
 My silence, and my cloudy melancholy,  
 My fleece of woolly hair, that now uncurls,  
 Even as an adder when she doth unrowl  
 To do some fatal execution ?  
 No, Madam, these are no venereal signs ;  
 Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand ;  
 Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.  
 Hark, *Tamora*, (the Empress of my soul,  
 Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee)  
 This is the day of doom for *Bassianus* ;  
 His *Philomel* must lose her tongue to day ;  
 Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,  
 And wash their hands in *Bassianus'* blood.  
 Seest thou this letter, take it up, I pray thee,  
 And give the King this fatal-plotted serowl ;  
 Now question me no more, we are espied ;  
 Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,  
 Which dread not yet their lives destruction.

*Tam.* Ah, my sweet *Moor*, sweeter to me than life.

*Aar.* No more, great Empress, *Bassianus* comes ;  
 Be cross with him, and I'll go fetch thy sons  
 To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be.

[Exit.

Enter

*Enter Bassianus and Lavinia.*

*Bas.* Whom have we here? *Rome's* royal Emperess?  
Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troops?  
Or is it *Dian*, habited like her,  
Who hath abandoned her holy groves,  
To see the general Hunting in this forest?

*Tam.* Sawcy controuller of our private steps:  
Had I the power, that, some say, *Dian* had,  
Thy Temples should be planted presently  
With horns, as was *Acteon's*; and the hounds  
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,  
Unmannerly Intruder as thou art!

*Lav.* Under your patience, gentle Emperess,  
'Tis thought, you have a goodly gift in horning;  
And to be doubted, that your *Moor* and you  
Are singled forth to try experiments:  
*Jove* shield your husband from his hounds to day!  
'Tis pity, they should take him for a stag.

*Bas.* Believe me, Queen, your swarth *Cimmerian*  
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,  
Spotted, detested, and abominable.  
Why are you sequestred from all your train?  
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,  
And wandred hither to an obscure plot,  
Accompanied with a barbarous *Moor*,  
If foul desire had not conducted you?

*Lav.* And, being intercepted in your sport,  
Great reason, that my noble lord be rated  
For sauciness.—I pray you, let us hence.  
And let her joy her raven-colour'd love;  
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

*Bas.* The King my brother shall have note of this.

*Lav.* Ay, for these slips have made him noted long.  
Good King, to be so mightily abused.

*Tam.* Why have I patience to endure all this?

*Enter Chiron and Demetrius.*

*Dem.* How now, dear Sovereign and our gracious  
Mother,  
Why does your Highness look so pale and wan?

*Tam.*



*Tam.* Have I not reason, think you, to look pale ?  
 These two have tic'd me hither to this place,  
 A barren and detested vale, you see, it is.  
 The trees, tho' summer, yet forlorn and lean,  
 O'ercome with moss, and baleful misseeto.  
 Here never shines the sun ; here nothing breeds,  
 Unless the mighty owl, or fatal raven.  
 And when they shew'd me this abhorred pit,  
 They told me, here at dead time of the night,  
 A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,  
 Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,  
 Would make such fearful and confused cries,  
 As any mortal body hearing it,  
 Should strait fall mad, or else die suddenly.  
 No sooner had they told this hellish tale,  
 But straight they told me, they would bind me here,  
 Unto the body of a dismal yew ;  
 And leave me to this miserable death,  
 And then they call'd me foul adulteress,  
 Lascivious *Goth*, and all the bitterest terms  
 That ever ear did hear to such effect.  
 And had you not by wondrous fortune come,  
 This vengeance on me had they executed:  
 Revenge it, as you love your Mother's life ;  
 Or be ye not from henceforth call'd my children.

*Dem.* This is a witness that I am thy son. [*Stabs Bas.*

*Chi.* And this for me, struck home to shew my strength.  
 [*Stabbing him likewise.*]

*Lav.* I, come, *Semiramis* ;—nay, barbarous *Tamora* ; (12)  
 For no name fits thy nature but thy own.

*Tam.* Give me thy poniard ; you shall know, my boys,  
 Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

*Dem.* Stay, Madam, here is more belongs to her ;  
 First, thrash the corn, then after burn the straw :

(12) *I come, Semiramis, nay barbarous Tamora,*]

By an Inaccuracy of the Pointing, the Editors have all along made Nonsense of this Passage. But the Poet's Meaning is this : *Levinia*, seeing her Husband stabb'd by the Queen's two Sons, expects and invites the Queen to serve her in the same kind, and put an End to her Miseries.

This

This minion stood upon her chastity,  
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,  
And with that painted Cope she braves your mightiness; (13)  
And shall she carry this unto her grave?

*Cbi.* And if she do, I would I were an Eunuch.  
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,  
And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

*Tam.* But when you have the honey you desire,  
Let not this wasp out-live, us both to sting.

*Cbi.* I warrant, Madam, we will make that sure;  
Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy  
That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

*Lav.* O *Tamora*, thou bear'st a woman's face—

*Tam.* I will not hear her speak; away with her.

*Lav.* Sweet lords, intreat her hear me but a word—

*Dem.* Listen, fair Madam; let it be your glory  
To see her tears; but be your heart to them,  
As unrelenting flints to drops of rain.

*Lav.* When did the tyger's young ones teach the dam?  
O, do not teach her wrath; she taught it thee.  
The milk, thou suck'dst from her, did turn to marble;  
Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.  
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike;  
Do thou intreat her, shew a woman pity.

*Cbi.* What! would'st thou have me prove my self a  
bastard?

*Lav.* 'Tis true, the raven doth not hatch a lark:  
Yet have I heard, (O, could I find it now)

(13) *And with that painted Hope she braves your Mightiness.*]  
*Lavinia*, say they, stands on her Chastity, her Nuptial Vow, and Matrimonial Faith; and upon the Merit of such Qualifications braves the Queen. But in what Sense can these Things be call'd a *painted Hope*? What Image, or Idea does this Expression give? The ingenious Mr: *Warburton* furnish'd me with the Emendation I have inserted in the Text, *And with that painted Cope*, — i. e. this gay Covering: a Figure very pretty and common among the Poets. So we say, cloath'd with Virtue: as of other Qualities we say, they are used as a *Cloak*. Then, *painted* is a very proper Epithet to *Cope*, it being a splendid Ecclesiastical Vestment of various Colours. Besides, *painted* may be here ironically intended; to insinuate, this Virtue was only pretended in *Lavinia*.



The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure  
 To have his princely paws par'd all away.  
 Some say, that ravens foster forlorn children,  
 The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:  
 Oh be to me, tho' thy hard heart say, no,  
 Nothing so kind, but something pitiful.

*Tam.* I know not what it means: away with her.

*Lav.* Oh, let me teach thee for my father's sake,  
 (That gave thee life, when well he might have slain thee)  
 Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

*Tam.* Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,  
 Even for his sake am I now pitiless:  
 Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,  
 To save your brother from the sacrifice;  
 But fierce *Andronicus* would not relent:  
 Therefore away with her, and use her as you will;  
 The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

*Lav.* O *Tamora*, be call'd a gentle Queen,  
 And with thine own hands kill me in this place;  
 For 'tis not life, that I have begg'd so long;  
 Poor I was slain, when *Bassianus* dy'd.

*Tam.* What begg'st thou then? fond woman, let me  
 go.

*Lav.* 'Tis present death I beg; and one thing more,  
 That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:  
 O, keep me from their worse-than-killing lust,  
 And tumble me into some loathsome pit;  
 Where never man's eye may behold my body:  
 Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

*Tam.* So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee.  
 No; let them satisfy their lust on thee.

*Dem.* Away. For thou hast staid us here too long.

*Lav.* No grace? no woman-hood? ah beastly creature!  
 The blot and enemy of our general name!  
 Confusion fall——

*Chi.* Nay, then I'll stop your mouth —— bring thou  
 her husband: [Dragging off *Lavinia*.  
 This is the hole, where *Aaron* bid us hide him. [Exeunt.

*Tam.* Farewel, my sons; see, that you make her sure.  
 Ne'er

Ne'er let my heart know merry chear indeed,  
 'Till all th' *Andronici* be made away.  
 Now will I hence to seek my lovely *Moor*,  
 And let my spleenful sons this Trull devour. [Exit,

*Enter Aaron, with Quintus and Marcus.*

*Aar.* Come on, my lords, the better foot before;  
 Strait will I bring you to the loathsome pit,  
 Where I espied the Panther fast asleep.

*Quin.* My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

*Mar.* And mine, I promise you; wer't not for shame,  
 Well could I leave our sport to sleep a while.

[*Marcus falls into the pit.*

*Quin.* What, art thou fallen? what subtle hole is this,  
 Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briars,  
 Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,  
 As fresh as morning dew distill'd on flowers?  
 A very fatal place it seems to me:

Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

*Mar.* O brother, with the dismallest object  
 That ever eye, with sight, made heart lament.

*Aar.* Now will I fetch the King to find them here;  
 That he thereby may have a likely guess,  
 How these were they, that made away his Brother.

[Exit Aaron.

*Mar.* Why dost not comfort me, and help me out  
 From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?

*Quin.* I am surprized with an uncouth fear;  
 A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;  
 My heart suspects, more than mine eye can see.

*Mar.* To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,  
*Aaron* and thou, look down into the den,  
 And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

*Quin.* *Aaron* is gone; and my compassionate heart  
 Will not permit my eyes once to behold  
 The thing, whereat it trembles by surmise:  
 O, tell me how it is; for ne'er till now  
 Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

*Mar.* Lord *Bassianus* lies embrewed here,  
 All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,



In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

*Quin.* If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?

*Mar.* Upon his bloody finger he doth wear

A precious ring, that lightens all the hole:

Which, like a taper in some monument,

Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks;

And shews the ragged entrails of this pit.

So pale did shine the moon on *Pyramus*,

When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.

O brother, help me with thy fainting hand,

(If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath)

Out of this fell devouring receptacle,

As hateful as *Cocytus'* misty mouth:

*Quin.* Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out,

Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,

I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb

Of this deep pit, poor *Bassianus'* grave.

I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

*Mar.* And I no strength to climb without thy help.

*Quin.* Thy hand once more; I will not loose again,

'Till thou art here aloft, or I below.

Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee.

[Falls in.]

*Enter the Emperor, and Aaron.*

*Sat.* Along, with me;—I'll see what hole is here,

And what he is, that now is leap'd into't.

Say, who art thou, that lately didst descend

Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

*Mar.* Th' unhappy son of old *Andronicus*,

Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,

To find thy brother *Bassianus* dead.

*Sat.* My brother dead? I know, thou dost but jest:

He and his lady both are at the Lodge,

Upon the north-side of this pleasant chafe;

'Tis not an hour since I left him there.

*Mar.* We know not where you left him all alive,

But out, alas! here have we found him dead.

*Enter Tamora with Attendants; Andronicus, and Lucius.*

*Tam.* Where is my lord the King?

*Sat.*

*Sat.* Here, *Tamora*; though griev'd with killing grief.

*Tam.* Where is thy brother *Bassianus*?

*Sat.* Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound;  
Poor *Bassianus* here lies murdered.

*Tam.* Then all too late I bring this fatal Writ,  
The complot of this timeless tragedy;  
And wonder greatly, that man's face can fold  
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

[*She giveth Saturninus a letter.*

*Saturninus reads the letter.*

*And if we miss to meet him handsomly,  
Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis we mean;  
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him,  
Thou know'st our meaning: look for thy reward  
Among the nettles at the elder-tree,  
Which over-shades the mouth of that same pit,  
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.  
Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.*

Oh, *Tamora*! was ever heard the like?

This is the pit, and this the elder-tree:

Look, Sirs, if you can find the huntsman out,

That should have murder'd *Bassianus* here.

*Aar.* My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.

*Sat.* Two of thy whelps, fell curs of bloody kind,  
Have here bereft my brother of his life. [To Titus.

Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison,

There let them bide, until we have devis'd

Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

*Tam.* What, are they in this pit? oh wondrous thing!  
How easily murder is discovered?

*Tit.* High Emperor, upon my feeble knee

I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,

That this fell fault of my accursed sons,

(Accursed, if the fault be prov'd in them —)

*Sat.* If it be prov'd? you see, it is apparent.

Who found this letter, *Tamora*, was it you?



*Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.*

*Tit. I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail.*  
For by my father's reverend tomb, I vow,  
They shall be ready at your Highness' will,  
To answer their suspicion with their lives.

*Sat. Thou shalt not bail them: see thou follow me:*  
Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers.  
Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain;  
For by my soul, were there worse end than death,  
That end upon them should be executed.

*Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the King;*  
Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough.

*Tit. Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with them.*  
[*Exeunt severally.*]

*Enter Demetrius and Chiron, with Lavinia, ravish'd; her  
hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.*

*Dem. So, now go tell (an if thy tongue can speak)*  
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue, and ravish'd thee.

*Cbi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so;*  
And (if thy stumps will let thee) play the scribe.

*Dem. See, how with signs and tokens she can scrowle.*

*Cbi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.*

*Dem. She has no tongue to call, nor hands to wash;*  
And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

*Cbi. If 'twere my case, I should go hang my self.*

*Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.*  
[*Exeunt Dem. and Chiron.*]

*Enter Marcus to Lavinia.*

*Mar. Who's this, my Niece, that flies away so fast?*  
Cousin, a word; where is your husband?  
If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me!  
If I do wake, some planet strike me down,  
That I may slumber in eternal sleep!  
Speak, gentle Niece, what stern ungentle hands  
Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare

# 338 TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Of her two branches, those sweet ornaments, (14)  
 Whose circling shadows Kings have sought to sleep in?  
 And might not gain so great a happiness,  
 As have thy love! why dost not speak to me?  
 Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,  
 Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,  
 Doth rise and fall between thy rose lips,  
 Coming and going with thy honey breath.  
 But, sure, some *Tereus* hath deflower'd thee;  
 And, lest thou shou'dst detect him, cut thy tongue:  
 Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!  
 And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,  
 (As from a conduit with their issuing spouts,)  
 Yet do thy cheeks look red as *Titan's* face,  
 Blushing to be encountred with a cloud.—  
 Shall I speak for thee? Shall I say, 'tis so?  
 O, that I knew thy heart, and knew the beast,  
 That I might rail at him to ease my mind!  
 Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopt,  
 Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.  
 Fair *Philomela*, she but lost her tongue,  
 And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind.  
 But, lovely Niece, that Mean is cut from thee;  
 A craftier *Tereus* hast thou met withal,  
 And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,  
 That could have better sew'd than *Philomel*.  
 Oh, had the monster seen those lilly hands  
 Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute,  
 And make the silken strings delight to kiss them;

(14) ————— those sweet Ornaments,  
 Whose circling shadows Kings have sought to sleep in,  
 And might not gain so great an Happiness,  
 As half thy Love! ] As half her Love? But might they gain any part of  
 her Love? Or would she not consent to embrace 'em so much as with out  
 Arm? The Poet had no such Stuff in his Thoughts. My Correction re-  
 stores the true Meaning; that tho Princes languish'd to sleep in her Arms,  
 they could not obtain their Suit, or have her Love. The very same Cor-  
 ruption has obtain'd in our Author's Tale of *Cephalus* and *Procris*:

And looks, as do the Trees by Winter night,  
 Whom Frost and Cold of Fruit and Leaves half stript.  
 For Grammar shews, that we must likewise read here — have stript.

He



He would not then have touch'd them for his life.  
 Or had he heard the heav'nly harmony,  
 Which that sweet tongue hath made,  
 He would have dropt his knife, and fell asleep,  
 As *Cerberus* at the *Tibracian* Poet's feet.  
 Come, let us go, and make thy father blind;  
 For such a sight will blind a father's eye.  
 One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads,  
 What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?  
 Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee:  
 Oh, could our mourning ease thy misery! *[Exeunt.]*



ACT III.

SCENE, a Street in Rome.

*Enter the Judges and Senators, with Marcus and Quintus bound, passing on the stage to the place of execution, and Titus going before, pleading.*

TITUS.

**H**EAR me, grave fathers; noble Tribunes,  
 stay,  
 For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent  
 In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept:  
 For all my blood in *Rome's* great quarrel shed,  
 For all the frosty nights that I have watcht,  
 And for these bitter tears, which you now see  
 Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks,  
 Be pitiful to my condemned sons,  
 Whose souls are not corrupted, as 'tis thought.  
 For two and twenty sons I never wept,  
 Because they died in Honour's lofty bed.  
*[Andronicus lieth down, and the judges pass by him.]*  
 For these, these, Tribunes, in the dust I write

# 140 TITUS ANDRONICUS

My heart's deep languor, and my soul's sad tears :  
 Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite,  
 My sons sweet blood will make it shame and blush :  
 O earth ! I will befriend thee more with rain, [Enc.  
 That shall distil from these two antient ruins,  
 Than youthful *April* shall with all his showers : (15)  
 In summer's drought I'll drop upon thee still ;  
 In winter, with warm tears I'll melt the snow ;  
 And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,  
 So thou refuse to drink my dear sons blood.

*Enter Lucius with his sword drawn.*

Oh, reverend Tribunes ! gentle aged men !  
 Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death ;  
 And let me say, (that never wept before)  
 My tears are now prevailing orators.

*Luc.* Oh, noble father, you lament in vain ;  
 The Tribunes hear you not, no man is by ;  
 And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

*Tit.* Ah, *Lucius*, for thy brothers let me plead ; —  
 Grave Tribunes, once more I intreat of you —

*Luc.* My gracious lord, no Tribune hears you speak.

*Tit.* Why, 'tis no matter, man ; if they did hear,  
 They would not mark me ; or if they did mark,  
 They would not pity me. —

Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones,  
 Who, tho' they cannot answer my distress,  
 Yet in some sort they're better than the Tribunes,  
 For that they will not intercept my tale ;  
 When I do weep, they humbly at my feet  
 Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me ;  
 And were they but attired in grave weeds,

(15) *Than Youthful April shall with all her Show'rs ;*]. This is the Reading of our poetical Editors only ; the older Copies have it rightly — *with all his Show'rs*. If they had not remember'd *Ovid* in his *Fasti*, lib. IV. ver. 89.

(*Aprilem memorant ab aperto tempore dictum :*

*Quem Venus injecta vindicat alma manu.*)

They might, at least, have remembered the first Rule in their *Propria que maribus*, that all *Months* and *Winds* are Masculines.

Rome



Rome could afford no Tribune like to these.

A stone is soft as wax, Tribunes more hard than stones:

A stone is silent, and offendeth not,

And Tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.

But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?

*Luc.* To rescue my two brothers from their death;

For which attempt, the judges have pronounc'd

My everlasting doom of banishment.

*Tit.* O happy man, they have befriended thee:

Why, foolish *Luctus*, dost thou not perceive,

That *Rome* is but a wilderness of Tygers;

Tygers must prey, and *Rome* affords no prey

But me and mine; how happy art thou then,

From these devourers to be banished?

But who comes with our brother *Marcus* here?

*Enter Marcus, and Lavinia.*

*Mar.* *Titus*, prepare thy noble eyes to weep,

Or if not so, thy noble heart to break:

I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

*Tit.* Will it consume me? let me see it then.

*Mar.* This was thy daughter.

*Tit.* Why, *Marcus*, so she is.

*Luc.* Ah me! this object kills me.

*Tit.* Faint-hearted boy, arise and look upon her:

Speak, my *Lavinia*, what accursed hand

Hath made thee handleless, in thy father's spight? (16)

What fool hath added water to the sea?

Or brought a faggot to bright-burning *Troy*?

My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,

And now, like *Nilus*, it disdaineth bounds:

(16) ——— what accursed Hand

*Hath made thee handleless in thy Father's Sight?*] But tho' *Lavinia* appear'd handleless in her Father's Presence, she was not made so in his Sight. And if that be the true Reading, it can at best bear but this poor Meaning. What curs'd Hand hath robb'd thee of thy Hands, for thy Father to see thee in that Condition? The slight Alteration, I have given, adds a much more reasonable Complaint, and aggravates the Sentiment. What cursed Hand hath robb'd thee of thy Hands, only in Despight to thy Father, only to encrease his Torments?

Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too,  
 For they have fought for *Rome*, and all in vain;  
 And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life:  
 In bootless prayer have they been held up,  
 And they have serv'd me to effectless use.  
 Now all the service I require of them,  
 Is that the one will help to cut the other:  
 'Tis well, *Lavinia*, that thou hast no hands,  
 For hands to do *Rome* service are but vain.

*Luc.* Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?

*Mar.* O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,  
 That blab'd them with such pleasing eloquence,  
 Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,  
 Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung  
 Sweet various notes, enchanting every ear!

*Luc.* Oh, say thou for her, who hath done this deed?

*Mar.* O, thus I found her straying in the park,  
 Seeking to hide her self; as doth the deer,  
 That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.

*Tit.* It was my Deer; and he, that wounded her,  
 Hath hurt me more than had he kill'd me dead:  
 For now I stand, as one upon a rock,  
 Environ'd with a wilderness of sea,  
 Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave;  
 Expecting ever when some envious surge  
 Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.

This way to death my wretched sons are gone:  
 Here stands my other son, a banish'd man;  
 And here my brother, weeping at my woes.  
 But that, which gives my soul the greatest spurn,  
 Is dear *Lavinia*, dearer than my soul. —

Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,  
 It would have maddened me. What shall I do,  
 Now I behold thy lively body so?

Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears,  
 Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee;  
 Thy husband he is dead; and for his death  
 Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.  
 Look, *Marcus*! ah, son *Lucius*, look on her:  
 When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears



Stood on her cheeks; as doth the honey-dew  
Upon a gather'd lilly almost wither'd.

*Mar.* Perchance, she weeps because they kill'd her  
husband.

Perchance, because she knows them innocent.

*Tit.* If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,  
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.

No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;

Witness the sorrow, that their sister makes.

Gentle *Lavinia*, let me kiss thy lips,

Or make some signs how I may do thee ease:

Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother *Lucius*,

And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain,

Looking all downwards to behold our cheeks,

How they are stain'd like meadows yet not dry

With mirey slime left on them by a flood?

And in the fountain shall we gaze so long,

'Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,

And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?

Or shall we cut away our hands like thine?

Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows

Pass the remainder of our hateful days?

What shall we do? let us, that have our tongues,

Plot some device of further misery,

To make us wondred at in time to come.

*Luc.* Sweet father, cease your tears; for, at your grief,  
See, how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

*Mar.* Patience, dear niece; good *Titus*, dry thine eyes.

*Tit.* Ah, *Marcus*, *Marcus*! brother, well I wot,  
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,  
For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

*Luc.* Ah, my *Lavinia*, I will wipe thy cheeks.

*Tit.* Mark, *Marcus*, mark; I understand her signs;  
Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say  
That to her brother which I said to thee.  
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,  
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.  
Oh, what a sympathy of woe is this!  
As far from help as Limbo is from bliss.

*Enter Aaron.*

*Aar.* *Titus Andronicus*, my lord the Emperor  
Sends thee this word; that if thou love thy sons,  
Let *Marcus*, *Lucius*, or thy self, old *Titus*,  
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,  
And send it to the King; he for the same  
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive,  
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

*Tit.* Oh, gracious Emperor! oh, gentle *Aaron*!  
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,  
That gives sweet tidings of the Sun's uprise?  
With all my heart, I'll send the Emperor my hand;  
Good *Aaron*, wilt thou help to chop it off?

*Luc.* Stay, father, for that noble hand of thine,  
That hath thrown down so many enemies,  
Shall not be sent; my hand will serve the turn.  
My youth can better spare my blood than you,  
And therefore mine shall save my brothers lives.

*Mar.* Which of your hands hath not defended *Rome*,  
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-ax,  
Writing Destruction on the enemies Casque? (17)  
Oh, none of Both but are of high desert;

(17) *Which of your Hands hath not defended Rome,*

*And rear'd aloft the bloody Battle-axe,*

*Writing Destruction on the Enemies Castle?*] This is a Passage, which shows a most wonderful Sagacity in our Editors. They could not, sure, intend an Improvement of the *Art Military*, by teaching us that it was ever a Custom to hew down Castles with the Battle-Axe. Or could they have a Design to tell us, that they wore Castles formerly on their heads for defensive Armour? There is, indeed, a Passage in *Troilus and Cressida*, which such Commentators might alledge in Support of such a wise Opinion.

*And, Diomedes,*

*Stand fast, and wear a Castle on thy Head, &c.*

I ventur'd, some time ago, to correct the Passage thus;

*Writing Destruction on the Enemies' Casque,*

i. e. an Helmet; from the French Word, *une Casque*. A broken & in the Manuscript might easily be mistaken for *it*, and thus a Castle was built at once. But as I think it is much more feasible to split an Helmet with a Battle-axe, than to cut down a Castle with it, I shall continue to stand by my Emendation.



My hand hath been but idle, let it serve  
To ransom my two Nephews from their death;  
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

*Aar.* Nay, come, agree, whose hand shall go along,  
For fear they die before their Pardon come.

*Mar.* My hand shall go.

*Luc.* By heav'n, it shall not go.

*Tit.* Sirs, strive no more, such wither'd herbs as these  
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

*Luc.* Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,  
Let me redeem my brothers Both from death.

*Mar.* And for our father's sake, and mother's care,  
Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

*Tit.* Agree between you, I will spare my hand.

*Luc.* Then I'll go fetch an ax.

*Mar.* But I will use the ax. [*Exeunt Lucius and Marcus.*]

*Tit.* Come hither, *Aaron*, I'll deceive them both,  
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

*Aar.* If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,  
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so.  
But I'll deceive you in another sort,  
And that, you'll say, ere half an hour pass. [*Aside.*]

[*He cuts off Titus's hand.*]

*Enter Lucius and Marcus again.*

*Tit.* Now stay your strife; what shall be, is dispatch'd:  
Good *Aaron*, give his Majesty my hand:  
Tell him, it was a hand that warded him  
From thousand dangers, bid him bury it:  
More hath it merited; that let it have.  
As for my sons, say, I account of them  
As jewels purchas'd at an easie price;  
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

*Aar.* I go, *Andronicus*; and for thy hand  
Look by and by to have thy sons with thee:  
Their heads, I mean.—Oh, how this villany [*Aside.*]  
Doth fat me with the very thought of it!  
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,  
*Aaron* will have his soul black like his face. [*Exit.*]

*Tit.* O hear! — I lift this one hand up to heav'n,  
And

And bow this feeble ruin to the earth;  
 If any Power pities wretched tears,  
 To that I call: What, wilt thou kneel with me?  
 Do then, dear heart, for heav'n shall hear our prayers,  
 Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,  
 And stain the sun with fogs, as sometime clouds,  
 When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

*Mar.* Oh! brother, speak with possibilities,  
 And do not break into these deep extremes.

*Tit.* Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?  
 Then be my passions bottomless with them.

*Mar.* But yet let reason govern thy Lament.

*Tit.* If there were reason for these miseries,  
 Then into limits could I bind my woes.  
 When heav'n doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?  
 If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,  
 Threatning the welkin with his big-swol'n face?  
 And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?  
 I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow;  
 She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:  
 Then must my sea be moved with her sighs,  
 Then must my earth with her continual tears  
 Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:  
 For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,  
 But, like a drunkard, must I vomit them;  
 Then give me leave, for losers will have leave  
 To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

*Enter a Messenger, bringing in two heads and a hand.*

*Mes.* Worthy *Andronicus*, ill art thou repay'd  
 For that good hand thou sent'st the Emperor;  
 Here are the heads of thy two noble sons,  
 And here's thy hand in scorn to thee sent back;  
 Thy grief's their sport, thy resolution mockt:  
 That woe is me to think upon thy woes,  
 More than remembrance of my father's death. [Exit.]

*Mar.* Now let hot *Ætna* cool in *Sicily*,  
 And be my heart an ever-burning hell;  
 These miseries are more than may be borne!  
 To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,

But



But sorrow flouted at is double death.

*Luc.* Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound,  
And yet detested life not shrink thereat;  
That ever death should let life bear his name,  
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe.

*Mar.* Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless,  
As frozen water to a starved snake.

*Tit.* When will this fearful slumber have an end?

*Mar.* Now, farewell, flattery! die, *Andronicus*;  
Thou dost not slumber; see, thy two sons heads,  
Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter here;  
Thy other banish'd son with this dear sight  
Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother I,  
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.

Ah, now no more will I controul thy griefs; (18)  
Rend off thy silver hair, thy other hand  
Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this dismal sight  
The closing up of your most wretched eyes;  
Now is a time to storm, why art thou still?

*Tit.* Ha, ha, ha. —

*Mar.* Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this hour.

*Tit.* Why, I have not another tear to shed;  
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,  
And would usurp upon my watry eyes,  
And make them blind with tributary tears;  
Then which way shall I find Revenge's Cave?  
For these two heads do seem to speak to me,  
And threat me, I shall never come to bliss,  
'Till all these mischiefs be return'd again,  
Even in their throats that have committed them.

Come, let me see, what task I have to do —  
You heavy people, circle me about;  
That I may turn me to each one of you,  
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.  
The vow is made; — come, Brother, take a head,

(18) *Ab, now no more will I controul my Griefs;]* I read, — *thy*  
Griefs. *Marcus* had before perswaded *Titus* to be temperate and restrain  
the Excess of his Sorrows: but now, *says he*, that so miserable an Object  
is presented to your Sight as a dear Daughter so heinously abus'd, e'en in-  
dulge your Sorrows till they put an End to your miserable Life.

And

And in this hand the other will I bear;  
*Lavinia*, thou shalt be employ'd in these things;  
 Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth;  
 As for thee, boy, go get thee from my sight,  
 Thou art an Exile, and thou must not stay.  
 Hie to the *Goths*, and raise an army there;  
 And if you love me, as I think you do,  
 Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do. [Exeunt,

*Manet Lucius.*

*Luc.* Farewel, *Andronicus*, my noble father,  
 The woful'st man that ever liv'd in *Rome*;  
 Farewel, proud *Rome*; 'till *Lucius* come again,  
 He leaves his pledges dearer than his life;  
 Farewel, *Lavinia*, my noble sister,  
 O, would thou wert as thou tofore hast been!  
 But now nor *Lucius* nor *Lavinia* lives,  
 But in oblivion and hateful griefs;  
 If *Lucius* live, he will requite your wrongs,  
 And make proud *Saturninus* and his Empress  
 Beg at the gates, like *Tarquin* and his Queen.  
 Now will I to the *Goths*, and raise a Power,  
 To be reveng'd on *Rome* and *Saturnine*. [Exit *Lucius*,

## SCENE, an Apartment in Titus's House.

*A Banquet.*

*Enter Titus, Marcus, Lavinia, and young Lucius, a Boy.*

*Tit.* SO, so, now sit; and look, you eat no more  
 Than will preserve just so much strength in us,  
 As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.  
*Marcus*, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot;  
 Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,  
 And cannot passionate our ten-fold grief  
 With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine  
 Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;  
 And when my heart, all mad with misery,  
 Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,

Then



Then thus I thump it down. —  
 Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs!  
 When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,  
 Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still;  
 Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans;  
 Or get some little knife between thy teeth,  
 And just against thy heart make thou a hole,  
 That all the tears, that thy poor eyes let fall,  
 May run into that sink, and soaking in,  
 Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

*Mar.* Fie, brother, fie, teach her not thus to lay  
 Such violent hands upon her tender life.

*Tit.* How now! has sorrow made thee doat already?  
 Why, *Marcus*, no man should be mad but I;  
 What violent hands can she lay on her life?  
 Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands,  
 To bid *Aeneas* tell the tale twice o'er,  
 How *Troy* was burnt, and he made miserable?  
 O, handle not the theam; no talk of hands,  
 Lest we remember still, that we have none.  
 Fie, fie, how frantickly I square my talk,  
 As if we should forget we had no hands,  
 If *Marcus* did not name the word of hands?  
 Come, let's fall to, and, gentle girl, eat this.  
 Here is no drink: hark, *Marcus*, what she says,  
 I can interpret all her martyr'd signs;  
 She says, she drinks no other drink but tears,  
 Brew'd with her sorrows, mesh'd upon her cheeks.  
 Speechless complaint! — O, I will learn thy thought,  
 In thy dumb action will I be as perfect,  
 As begging hermits in their holy prayers.  
 Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heav'n,  
 Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,  
 But I, of these, will wrest an alphabet,  
 And by still practice learn to know thy meaning.

*Boy.* Good grandfire, leave these bitter deep laments;  
 Make my Aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

*Mar.* Alas, the tender boy, in passion mov'd,  
 Doth weep to see his grandfire's heaviness.

*Tit.* Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears,

And

And tears will quickly melt thy life away.

[*Marcus strikes the dish with a knife.*  
What dost thou strike at, *Marcus*, with thy knife?

*Mar.* At That that I have kill'd, my lord, a fly.

*Tit.* Out on thee, murderer; thou kill'st my heart,  
Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:

A deed of death done on the innocent  
Becomes not *Titus'* brother; get thee gone,  
I see, thou art not for my company.

*Mar.* Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

*Tit.* But? ——— how if that fly had a father and mother?  
How would he hang his slender gilded wings,  
And buz lamenting Dolings in the air? (19)

Poor harmless fly,  
That with his pretty buzzing melody,  
Came here to make us merry;  
And thou hast kill'd him.

*Mar.* Pardon me, Sir, it was a black ill-favour'd fly,  
Like to the Empress' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.

*Tit.* O, O, O,  
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,  
For thou hast done a charitable deed;  
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him,  
Flattering my self, as if it were the Moor  
Come hither purposely to poison me.  
There's for thy self, and that's for *Tamora*:  
Yet still, I think, we are not brought so low,  
But that between us we can kill a fly,  
That comes in likeness of a cole-black Moor.

*Mar.* Alas, poor man, grief has so wrought on him,  
He takes false shadows for true substances.  
Come, take away; *Lavinia*, go with me;  
I'll to thy closet, and go read with thee

(19) *And buz lamenting Doings in the Air.*] *Lamenting Doings* is a very idle Expression, and conveys no Idea. The Alteration, which I have made, tho' it is but the Addition of a single Letter, is a great Encrease to the Sense: and tho, indeed, there is somewhat of a Tautology in the *Epithet* and *Substantive* annext to it, yet that's no new Thing with our Author. I remember One of the very same kind in his *Loctrine*;

*And gnash your Teeth with dolorous Laments.*



Sad stories, chanced in the times of old,  
Come, boy, and go with me; thy sight is young,  
And thou shalt read, when mine begins to dazzle.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT IV.

SCENE, Titus's House.

Enter young Lucius, and Lavinia running after him; and  
the boy flies from her, with his books under his arm. Enter  
Titus, and Marcus.

Boy.



ELP, grandfire, help; my Aunt Lavinia  
Follows me every where, I know not why.  
Good uncle Marcus, see, how swift she comes:  
Alas, sweet Aunt, I know not what you mean.  
Mar. Stand by me, Lucius, do not fear thy  
Aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Boy. Ay, when my father was in Rome, she did.

Mar. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?

Tit. Fear thou not, Lucius, somewhat doth she mean:

See, Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee:

Some whither would she have thee go with her.

Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care

Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee,

Sweet poetry, and Tully's oratory:

Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

Boy. My lord, I know not I, nor can I guess,

Unless some fit or frenzie do possess her:

For I have heard my grandfire say full oft,

Extremity of grief would make men mad.

And I have read, that Hecuba of Troy

Ran mad through sorrow; that made me to fear;

Although, my lord, I know my noble Aunt  
Loves me as dear as e'er my Mother did:  
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth;  
Which made me down to throw my books, and flie,  
Causeless, perhaps; but pardon me, sweet Aunt;  
And, Madam, if my uncle *Marcus* go,  
I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

*Mar.* *Lucius*, I will.

*Tit.* How now, *Lavinia*? *Marcus*, what means this?  
Some book there is, that she desires to see.  
Which is it, girl, of these? open them, boy.  
But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd:  
Come and make choice of all my library,  
And so beguile thy sorrow, 'till the heav'n  
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed:  
Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

*Mar.* I think, she means, that there was more than one  
Confederate in the fact. Ay, more there was:  
Or else to heav'n she heaves them, for revenge.

*Tit.* *Lucius*, what book is That she tosses so?

*Boy.* Grandfire, 'tis *Ovid's Metamorphoses*;  
My mother gave it me.

*Mar.* For love of her that's gone,  
Perhaps, she cull'd it from among the rest.

*Tit.* Soft! see, how busily she turns the leaves!  
Help her: what would she find? *Lavinia*, shall I read?  
This is the tragick Tale of *Philomel*,  
And treats of *Tereus'* treason and his rape;  
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

*Mar.* See, brother, see; note, how she quotes the leaves.

*Tit.* *Lavinia*, wert thou thus surpriz'd, sweet girl,  
Ravish'd and wrong'd as *Philomela* was,  
Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?  
See, see; —  
Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,  
(O had we never, never, hunted there!)  
Pattern'd by That the Poet here describes,  
By nature made for murders and for rapes.

*Mar.* O, why should Nature build so foul a den,  
Unless the Gods delight in tragedies!



Tit. Give signs, sweet Girl, for here are none but friends,  
What Roman lord it was durst do the deed;  
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,  
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?

Mar. Sit down, sweet neice; brother, sit down by me.  
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,  
Inspire me, that I may this treason find.  
My lord, look here; look here, Lavinia.

[He writes his name with his staff, and guides it with  
his feet and mouth.

This sandy Plot is plain; guide, if thou can'st,  
This after me, when I have writ my name,  
Without the help of any hand at all.  
Curst be that heart, that forc'd us to this shift!  
Write thou, good niece; and here display, at least,  
What God will have discover'd for revenge;  
Heav'n guide thy pen, to print thy sorrows plain,  
That we may know the traitors, and the truth!

[She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it with  
her stumps, and writes.

Tit. Oh, do you read, my lord, what she hath writ?  
Stuprum, Chiron, Demetrius.

Mar. What, what! — the lustful sons of Tamara  
Performers of this hateful bloody deed?

Tit. Magne Dominator Poli, (20)  
Tam lentus audis scelera! tam lentus vides!

VOL. V. Z Mar.

(20) ——— Magni Dominator Poli,

Tam lentus audis Scelera! tam lentus vides!] Thus this Quotation has  
pass'd thro all the printed Copies, as well those put out by the Players, as  
those by the more learned Editors. The latter of these Verses is copied  
from the Hippolytus of Seneca; but the Address to Jupiter there, which  
precedes it, is in these Terms ——— Magne Regnator Deum,

Tam lentus audis Scelera! &c.

Where Shakspeare, (or whoever else was the Author of this Play) met  
with the Hemistich substituted in the place of Seneca's, I can't pretend to  
say. But were our poetical Editors so little acquainted with the Numbers  
of a common Iambic, as to let

——— Mag- | nī Dōmī- | nator | Poli,

pass them without Suspicion? Have they ever observ'd a Dactyl in the  
Fourth Foot of an Iambic Verse, either in the Greek Tragedians, or in  
Seneca? If not, I must believe, our Author found this Hemistich thus:

———Mag-

*Mar.* Oh calm, thee, gentle lord; although, I know,  
 There is enough written upon this earth,  
 To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,  
 And arm the minds of Infants to exclams.  
 My lord, kneel down with me: *Lavinia* kneel,  
 And kneel, sweet boy, the *Roman Hector's* Hope,  
 And swear with me, (as, with the woeful peer,  
 And father, of that chaste dishonoured Dame,  
 Lord *Junius Brutus* sware for *Lucrece's* rape,)  
 That we will prosecute (by good advice) (21)  
 Mortal revenge upon these traiterous *Goths*;  
 And see their blood, ere die with this reproach.

*Tit.* 'Tis sure enough, if you knew how.  
 But if you hurt these bear-whelps, then beware,  
 The dam will wake; and if she wind you once,  
 She's with the lion deeply still in league;  
 And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,  
 And, when he sleeps, will she do what she list.  
 You're a young Huntsman, *Marcus*, let it alone;  
 And come, I will go get a leaf of brass,  
 And with a gad of steel will write these words,  
 And lay it by; the angry northern wind  
 Will blow these sands, like *Sybil's* leaves, abroad,  
 And where's your lesson then? boy, what say you!

————— Mag-| ně Dömi-|nator|Poli,  
 Thus the 4th Foot is a *Tribrachys*, (and equal in Time to an *Iambic*.) a  
 Licence perpetually taken by all the Tragic Poets.

(21) *That we will prosecute (by good Advice)*

*Mortal Revenge upon these traiterous Goths;*

*And see their Blood, or die with this Reproach.*] But if they endeavour'd to throw off the Reproach, tho' they fell in the Attempt, they could not be properly said to dye with that Reproach. *Marcus* must certainly mean, that they would have Revenge on their Enemies, and spill their Blood, rather than they would tamely sit down, and dye, under such Injuries. For this Reason I have corrected the Text,

————— ere dye with this Reproach.

And the same Emendation I have made on a Passage in *Cymbeline*, where it was as absolutely necessary. I am not to learn, that or formerly was equivalent to *ere*. — Or, *before*, *ere*: Gloss. to *Urrey's* Chaucer. — Or, *for ere*: *quod etiamdem in agro Lincolnienſi frequentissime usurpatur. Skinner in his Glossary of Uncommon Words.* — But this Usage was too obsolete for our *Shakespeare's* Time,



*Boy.* I say, my lord, that if I were a man,  
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe,  
For these bad bond-men to the yolk of *Rome*.

*Mar.* Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full oft  
For this ungrateful Country done the like.

*Boy.* And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

*Tit.* Come, go with me into my armoury.

*Lucius,* I'll fit thee; and withal, my boy  
Shall carry from me to the Empress' sons  
Presents, that I intend to send them both.

Come, come, thou'lt do my message, wilt thou not?

*Boy.* Ay, with my dagger in their bosom, grandfire.

*Tit.* No, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another course.

*Lavinia,* come; *Marcus,* look to my House:

*Lucius* and I'll go brave it at the Court,

Ay, marry, will we, Sir; and we'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Mar.* O heavens, can you hear a good man groan,  
And not relent, or not compassion him?

*Marcus,* attend him in his ecstasie,  
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,  
Than foe-mens marks upon his batter'd shield;

But yet so just, that he will not revenge;

Revenge the Heav'ns for old *Andronicus*!

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E *changes to the Palace.*

*Enter Aaron, Chiron, and Demetrius at one door: and at another door young Lucius and another, with a bundle of weapons and verses writ upon them.*

*Cbi.* **D** *Emetrius,* here's the Son of *Lucius*;  
He hath some message to deliver us.

*Aar.* Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

*Boy.* My lords, with all the humbleness I may,  
I greet your Honours from *Andronicus*;  
And pray the *Roman* Gods, confound you Both.

*Dem.* Gramercy, lovely *Lucius,* what's the news?

*Boy.* That you are both decypher'd (that's the news)  
For villains mark'd with rape. May it please you,

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My grandfire, well advis'd, hath sent by me  
The goodliest weapons of his armoury,  
To gratifie your honourable youth,  
The hope of *Rome*; for so he bad me say:  
And so I do, and with his gifts present  
Your lordships, that whenever you have need,  
You may be armed and appointed well.  
And so I leave you both, like bloody villains. [Exit.

*Dem.* What's here, a scroule, and written round about?  
Let's see.

*Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,  
Non eget Mauri jaculis nec arcu.*

*Chi.* O, 'tis a verse in *Horace*, I know it well:  
I read it in the *Grammar* long ago.

*Aar.* Ay, just;—a verse in *Horace*——right, you have  
Now, what a thing it is to be an *As*? [it—  
Here's no fond jest; th' old man hath found their guilt, (22)  
And sends the weapons wrap'd about with lines,  
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick:  
But were our witty *Empress* well a-foot,  
She would applaud *Andronicus'* conceit:  
But let her rest in her unrest awhile.

And now, young lords, was't not a happy star  
Led us to *Rome* strangers, and more than so,  
Captives, to be advanced to this height?  
It did me good before the Palace-gate  
To brave the Tribune in his Brother's hearing.

*Dem.* But me more good, to see so great a lord  
Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.

*Aar.* Had he not reason, lord *Demetrius*?  
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

*Dem.* I would, we had a thousand *Roman* dames  
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

*Chi.* A charitable wish, and full of love.

*Aar.* Here lacketh but your mother to say Amen.

*Chi.* And that would she for twenty thousand more.

(22) *Here's no sound jest*;] But, I think, I may venture to say, here's  
no sound Sense. Doubtless, the Poet wrote, *here's no fond jest*, i. e. no  
idle, foolish one; but a Sarcasm deliberately thrown, and grounded on  
Reason.

*Dem.*



*Dem.* Come, let us go, and pray to all the Gods  
For our beloved mother in her pains.

*Aar.* Pray to the devils; the Gods have given us over.  
[*Flourish.*]

*Dem.* Why do the Emp'ror's trumpets flourish thus?

*Chi.* Belike, for joy the Emp'ror hath a son.

*Dem.* Soft, who comes here?

*Enter Nurse, with a Black-a-moor child.*

*Nur.* Good morrow, lords:

O, tell me, did you see *Aaron* the *Moor*?

*Aar.* Well, more or less, or ne'er a whit at all,  
Here *Aaron* is, and what with *Aaron* now?

*Nur.* O gentle *Aaron*, we are all undone:  
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

*Aar.* Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep?  
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

*Nur.* O That which I would hide from heaven's eye,  
Our Empress' shame, and stately *Rome*'s disgrace.  
She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.

*Aar.* To whom?

*Nur.* I mean, she is brought to bed,

*Aar.* Well, God give her good rest!  
What hath he sent her?

*Nur.* A devil.

*Aar.* Why, then she is the devil's dam: a joyful issue.

*Nur.* A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue.  
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad,  
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.  
The Empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal;  
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

*Aar.* Out, Out, you whore! is black so base a Hue?  
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

*Dem.* Villain, what hast thou done?

*Aar.* That which thou canst not undo.

*Chi.* Thou hast undone our mother. (23)

Z 3

*Aar.*

(23) *Chi.* Thou hast undone our Mother.

*Dem.* And therein, hellish Dog, thou hast undone. — ]  
There is no Necessity for this Break, had our Editors collated the old

*Parto,*

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*Aar.* Villain, I've done thy Mother.

*Dem.* And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.  
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice,  
Accurs'd the off-spring of so foul a fiend!

*Cbi.* It shall not live.

*Aar.* It shall not die.

*Nur.* *Aaron*, it must; the mother wills it so.

*Aar.* What, must it, nurse? then let no man but I  
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

*Dem.* I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point:  
Nurse, give it me, my sword shall soon dispatch it.

*Aar.* Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.  
Stay, murderous villains, will you kill your brother?  
Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,  
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,  
He dies upon my Scymitar's sharp point,  
That touches this my first-born son and heir.  
I tell you, Younglings, not *Enceladus*  
With all his threatening band of *Typhon's* brood,  
Nor great *Alcides*, nor the God of War,  
Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.  
What, what, ye sanguine shallow-hearted boys,  
Ye white-lim'd walls, ye alehouse painted signs,  
Coal-black is better than another hue:  
In that it scorns to bear another hue:  
For all the water in the ocean  
Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,  
Although she lave them hourly in the flood.

*Quarto*, and restor'd the supplemental half Line which I have added from  
thence. They did not, I dare say, suppress it out of Modesty. It con-  
tains a mode of Expression, which, tho somewhat coarse, is used by our  
Author in other Places.

*Clown.* Yonder Man is carried to Prison.

*Bawd.* Well; What has he done?

*Clown.* — A Woman.

Meaf. for Meaf.

————— who, if I  
Had Servants true about me, that bear Eyes  
To see alike mine Honour, as their Profits,  
Their own particular Thrifts, they would do That  
Which should undo more Doing,

Winter's Tale.

Tell



Tell the Empress from me, I am of age  
To keep mine own; excuse it, how she can.

*Dem.* Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

*Aar.* My mistress is my mistress; this, my self;  
The vigour and the picture of my youth.  
This, before all the world do I prefer;  
This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe;  
Or some of you shall smoke for it in *Rome*.

*Dem.* By This our mother is for ever sham'd.

*Chi.* *Rome* will despise her for this foul escape.

*Nur.* The Emperor in his rage will doom her death.

*Chi.* I blush to think upon this ignominy.

*Aar.* Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears:  
Fie, treacherous Hue, that will betray with blushing  
The close enacts and counsels of the heart!  
Here's a young lad fram'd of another leër,  
Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father;  
As who should say, "old lad, I am thine own.—  
He is your brother, lords; sensibly fed  
Of that self-blood, that first gave life to you;  
And from that womb, where you imprison'd were,  
He is enfranchis'd and come to light:  
Nay, he's your brother by the surer side;  
Although my seal be stamped in his face.

*Nur.* *Aaron*, what shall I say unto the Empress?

*Dem.* Advise thee, *Aaron*, what is to be done,  
And we will all subscribe to thy advice:  
Save thou the child, so we may be all safe.

*Aar.* Then sit we down, and let us all consult.  
My son and I will have the wind of you:  
Keep there; now talk at pleasure of your safety.

[*They sit on the ground.*]

*Dem.* How many women saw this child of his?

*Aar.* Why, so, brave lords; when we all join in league,  
I am a lamb; but if you brave the *Moor*,  
The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,  
The ocean swells not so as *Aaron* storms:  
But say again, how many saw the child?

*Nur.* *Cornelia* the midwife, and my self——  
And no one else but the deliver'd Empress.

*Aar.* The Empress, the midwife, and your self —  
Two may keep counsel, when the third's away :  
Go to the Empress, tell her, this I said — [*He kills her.*  
Week,—week!—so cries a pig, prepar'd to th' spit.

*Dem.* What mean'st thou, *Aaron*? wherefore didst thou

*Aar.* O lord, Sir, 'tis a deed of policy : [*this?*  
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours?

A long-tongu'd babling gossip? no, lords, no.

And now be it known to you my full intent :

Not far, one *Muliteus* lives, my country-man,

His wife but yesternight was brought to bed,

His child is like to her, fair as you are :

Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,

And tell them both the circumstance of all ;

And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,

And be received for the Emp'r's heir,

And substituted in the place of mine,

To calm this tempest whirling in the Court ;

And let the Emperor dandle him for his own.

Hark ye, my lords, ye see, I have given her physick ;

And you must needs bestow her funeral ;

The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms :

This done, see, that you take no longer days,

But send the midwife presently to me.

The midwife and the nurse well made away,

Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

*Gbi.* *Aaron*, I see thou wilt not trust the air  
With secrets.

*Dem.* For this care of *Tamora*,  
Her self and hers are highly bound to thee. [*Exeunt.*

*Aar.* Now to the *Goths*, as swift as Swallow flies,

There to dispose this treasure in my arms,

And secretly to greet the Empress' friends.

Come on, you thick-lip'd slave, I bear you hence,

For it is you, that put us to our shifts :

I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,

And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,

And cabin in a cave ; and bring you up

To be a warrior, and command a camp. [*Exit.*

SCENE,



SCENE, *a Street near the Palace.*

*Enter Titus, old Marcus, young Lucius, and other Gentlemen with bows ; and Titus bears the arrows with letters on the end of them.*

*Tit.* Come, *Marcus*, come ; kinsmen, this is the way.  
 Sir boy, now let me see your archery.  
 Look, ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight ;  
*Terras Astræa reliquit*—be you remember'd, *Marcus*—  
 She's gone, she's fled—Sirs, take you to your tools ;  
 You, cousins, shall go sound the ocean,  
 And cast your nets ; haply, you may find her in the sea,  
 Yet there's as little justice as at land—  
 No, *Publius* and *Sempronius* ; you must do it,  
 'Tis you must dig with mattock and with spade,  
 And pierce the inmost center of the earth :  
 Then, when you come to *Pluto's* region,  
 I pray you deliver this petition,  
 Tell him, it is for justice, and for aid ;  
 And that it comes from old *Andronicus*,  
 Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful *Rome*.  
 Ah, *Rome*!—Well, well, I made thee miserable,  
 What time I threw the people's suffrages  
 On him, that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.  
 Go, get you gone, and, pray, be careful all,  
 And leave you not a man of war unsearch'd ;  
 This wicked Emperor may have ship'd her hence,  
 And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

*Mar.* Oh *Publius*, is not this a heavy case,  
 To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

*Pub.* Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns,  
 By day and night t'attend him carefully :  
 And feed his humour kindly as we may,  
 'Till time beget some careful remedy.

*Mar.* Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.  
 Join with the *Goths*, and with revengeful war  
 Take wreak on *Rome* for this ingratitude,  
 And vengeance on the traitor *Saturnine*.

*Tit.*

*Tit.* *Publius*, how now? how now, my masters,  
What, have you met with her?

*Pub.* No, my good lord, but *Pluto* sends you word,  
If you will have Revenge from hell, you shall:  
Marry, for justice, she is so employ'd,  
He thinks, with *Jove* in heav'n, or somewhere else;  
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

*Tit.* He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.  
I'll dive into the burning lake below,  
And pull her out of *Acheron* by th' heels.

*Marcus*, we are but shrubs, no cedars we,  
No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the *Cyclops* size;  
But metal, *Marcus*, steel to th' very back;  
Yet wrung with wrongs, more than our backs can bear.  
And sith there's no justice in earth nor hell,  
We will solicit heav'n, and move the Gods,  
To send down Justice for to wreak our wrongs:  
Come, to this gear; you're a good archer, *Marcus*.

[He gives them the arrows.

*Ad Jovem*, that's for you—here, *ad Apollinem*——

*Ad Martem*, that's for my self;

Here, boy, to *Pallas*——here, to *Mercury*——

To *Saturn* and to *Cælus*——not to *Saturnine*——

You were as good to shoot against the wind.

To it, boy; *Marcus*——loose when I bid:

Of my word I have written to effect,

There's not a God left unsolicited.

*Mar.* Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the Court,  
We will afflict the Emperor in his pride.

[They shoot.

*Tit.* Now, masters, draw; oh, well said, *Lucius*:  
Good boy, in *Virgo's* lap, give it *Pallas*.

*Mar.* My lord, I am a mile beyond the moon;  
Your letter is with *Jupiter* by this.

*Tit.* Ha, ha, *Publius*, *Publius*, what hast thou done?  
See, see, thou'st shot off one of *Taurus's* horns.

*Mar.* This was the sport, my lord; when *Publius* shot,  
The bull being gall'd, gave *Aries* such a knock,  
That down fell both the ram's horns in the Court,  
And who should find them, but the Empress' villain:  
She laugh'd, and told the *Moor*, he should not chuse



But give them to his master for a present.

*Tit.* Why, there it goes. God give your lordship joy!

*Enter a Clown with a basket and two pigeons.*

News, news from heav'n; *Marcus*, the post is come.  
Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?  
Shall I have justice, what says *Jupiter*?

*Clow.* Who? the gibbet-maker? he says, that he hath taken them down again, for the man must not be hang'd till the next week.

*Tit.* Tut, what says *Jupiter*, I ask thee?

*Clow.* Alas, Sir, I know not *Jupiter*,  
I never drank with him in all my life.

*Tit.* Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

*Clow.* Ay, of my pigeons, Sir, nothing else.

*Tit.* Why, didst thou not come from heav'n?

*Clow.* From heav'n? alas, Sir, I never came there.  
God forbid, I should be so bold to press into heav'n in my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the Imperial's men.

*Mar.* Why, Sir, that is as fit as can be to serve for your oration, and let him deliver the pigeons to the Emperor from you.

*Tit.* Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the Emperor with a grace?

*Clow.* Nay, truly, Sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

*Tit.* Sirrah, come hither, make no more ado,  
But give your pigeons to the Emperor.

By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.

Hold, hold—mean while here's mony for thy charges.

Give me a pen and ink.

Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

*Clow.* Ay, Sir.

*Tit.* Then here is a supplication for you: and when you come to him, at the first approach you must kneel, then kiss his foot, then deliver up your pigeons, and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, Sir; see, you do it bravely.

*Clow.*

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*Clow.* I warrant you, Sir, let me alone.

*Tit.* Sirrah, hast thou a knife? come, let me see it.  
Here, *Marcus*, fold it in the oration,  
For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant;  
And when thou hast given it the Emperor,  
Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

*Clow.* God be with you, Sir, I will.

*Tit.* Come, *Marcus*, let us go. *Publius*, follow me.

[*Exeunt.*]

**S C E N E, the Palace.**

*Enter Emperor and Empress, and her two sons; the Emperor brings the arrows in his hand, that Titus shot.*

*Sat.* **W**H Y, lords, what wrongs are these? was ever seen  
An Emperor of *Rome* thus over-born,  
Troubled, confronted thus, and, for th' extent  
Of equal justice, us'd in such contempt?  
My lords, you know, as do the mighty Gods,  
(However the disturbers of our peace  
Buz in the people's ears) there nought hath past,  
But even with law against the wilful sons  
Of old *Andronicus*. And what an if  
His sorrows have so over-whelm'd his wits,  
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks,  
His fits, his frensie, and his bitterness?  
And now he writes to heav'n for his redress.  
See, here's to *Jove*, and this to *Mercury*,  
This to *Apollo*, this to the God of war:  
Sweet scrouls to fly about the streets of *Rome*!  
What's this but libelling against the Senate,  
And blazoning our injustice ev'ry where?  
A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?  
As who would say, in *Rome* no justice were.  
But if I live, his feigned ecstasies  
Shall be no shelter to these outrages:  
But he and his shall know, that Justice lives  
In *Saturninus'* health; whom, if she sleep,  
He'll so awake, as she in fury shall

Cut



Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

*Tam.* My gracious lord, my lovely *Saturnine*,  
Lord of my life, commander of my thought,  
Calm thee, and bear the faults of *Titus'* age,  
Th' effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,  
Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep, and scarr'd his heart;  
And rather comfort his distressed plight,  
Than prosecute the meanest, or the best,  
For these contempts——Why, thus it shall become  
High-witted *Tamora* to glose with all:  
But, *Titus*, I have touch'd thee to the quick,  
Thy life-blood out: if *Aaron* now be wise,  
Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port. [*Aside.*]

*Enter Clown.*

How, now, good fellow, would'st thou speak with us?

*Clo.* Yea, forsooth, an your Mistership be Imperial.

*Tam.* Empress I am, but yonder sits the Emperor.

*Clow.* 'Tis he: God and St. *Stephen* give you good-  
Even:

I have brought you a letter and a couple of pigeons here.  
[*He reads the letter.*]

*Sat.* Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

*Clow.* How much money must I have?

*Tam.* Come, sirrah, thou must be hang'd.

*Clow.* Hang'd! by'r lady, then I have brought up a  
neck to a fair end. [*Exit.*]

*Sat.* Despightful and intolerable wrongs,  
Shall I endure this monstrous villany?

I know, from whence this same device proceeds:

May this be borne? as if his traiterous sons,

That dy'd by law for murder of our brother,

Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully?

Go, drag the villain hither by the hair,

Nor age nor honour shall shape privilege.

For this proud mock I'll be thy slaughter-man;

Sly frantick wretch, that help'st to make me great,

In hope thy self should govern *Rome* and me.

*Enter*

*Enter Æmilius. (24)*

*Sat.* What news with thee, *Æmilius*?

*Æmil.* Arm, my lords; *Rome* never had more cause,  
The *Goths* have gather'd head, and with a Power  
Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,  
They hither march amain, under the conduct  
Of *Lucius*, son to old *Andronicus*:  
Who threats in course of his revenge to do  
As much as ever *Coriolanus* did.

*Sat.* Is warlike *Lucius* General of the *Goths*?  
These tidings nip me, and I hang the head  
As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms.  
Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach;  
'Tis he, the common people love so much:  
My self hath often over-heard them say,  
(When I have walked like a private man)  
That *Lucius*' banishment was wrongfully,  
And they have wish'd, that *Lucius* were their Emperor.

*Tam.* Why should you fear? is not our city strong?

*Sat.* Ay, but the citizens favour *Lucius*,  
And will revolt from me, to succour him.

*Tam.* King, be thy thoughts imperious like thy name.  
Is the sun dim'd, that gnats do fly in it?  
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,  
And is not careful what they mean thereby,  
Knowing, that with the shadow of his wings

(24) *Enter Nuntius Æmilius.*] Thus the old Books have describ'd this Character: and I believe, I can account for the Formality, from the Ignorance of the Editors. In the Author's Manuscript, I presume, 'twas writ, *Enter Nuntius*; and they observing, that he is immediately call'd *Æmilius*, thought proper to give him his whole Title, and so clapp'd in *Enter Nuntius Æmilius*. — Mr. Pope has very critically follow'd them; and ought, methinks, to have given his new-adopted Citizen *Nuntius* a place in the *Dramatis Personæ*. If this Gentleman has discover'd any Roman Family, that had the *Prænomen* of *Nuntius*; it is a Secret, I dare say, more than *Carisus*, *Diomedes Grammaticus*, or the *Fasti Capitolini*, were ever acquainted withal. *Shakespeare* meant no more than, *Enter Æmilius* as a Messenger. This sort of Character is always distinguish'd in the Greek and Roman Plays by the single Title of ἀγγελος, and *Nuntius*.



He can at pleasure stint their melody ;  
 Even so may'st thou the giddy men of *Rome*.  
 Then cheer thy spirit, for know, thou Emperor,  
 I will enchant the old *Andronicus*  
 With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,  
 Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep :  
 When as the one is wounded with the bait,  
 The other rotted with delicious food.

*Sat.* But he will not intreat his son for us.

*Tam.* If *Tamora* intreat him, then he will :  
 For I can smooth, and fill his aged ear  
 With golden promises ; that were his heart  
 Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,  
 Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.  
 Go thou before as our embassador ; [To *Æmilius*.  
 Say, that the Emperor requests a parley  
 Of warlike *Lucius*, and appoint the meeting.

*Sat.* *Æmilius*, do this message honourably ;  
 And if he stand on hostage for his safety,  
 Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

*Æmil.* Your Bidding shall I do effectually. [Exit.

*Tam.* Now will I to that old *Andronicus*,  
 And temper him, with all the art I have,  
 To pluck proud *Lucius* from the warlike *Goths*.  
 And now, sweet Emperor, be blith again,  
 And bury all thy fear in my devices.

*Sat.* Then go successfully, and plead to him. [Exe.





## ACT V.

SCENE, *A Camp, at a small Distance from Rome.*

*Enter Lucius with Goths, with drum and soldiers.*

LUCIUS.



Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,  
I have received letters from great *Rome*,  
Which signifie, what hate they bear their Em-  
p'ror,  
And how desirous of our fight they are.  
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,  
Imperious and impatient of your wrongs;  
And wherein *Rome* hath done you any scathe,  
Let him make treble satisfaction.

*Goth.* Brave slip, sprung from the great *Andronicus*,  
(Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort,)  
Whose high exploits and honourable deeds  
Ingrateful *Rome* requites with foul contempt,  
Be bold in us; we'll follow, where thou lead'st:  
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,  
Led by their master to the flower'd fields,  
And be aveng'd on cursed *Tamora*.

*Omn.* And, as he saith, so say we all with him.

*Luc.* I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.  
But who comes here led by a lusty *Goth*?

*Enter a Goth leading Aaron, with his child in his arms.*

*Goth.* Renowned *Lucius*, from our troops I stray'd  
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;  
And as I earnestly did fix mine eye

Upon



Upon the wasted building, suddenly  
I heard a child cry underneath a wall;  
I made unto the noise, when soon I heard  
The crying babe controul'd with this discourse:

"Peace, tawpy slave, half me and half thy dam,  
"Did not thy Hue bewray whose brat thou art,  
"Had Nature lent thee but thy mother's look,  
"Villain, thou might'st have been an Emperor:  
"But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,  
"They never do beget a cole-black calf;  
"Peace, villain, peace! (even thus he rates the babe)  
"For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth;  
"Who, when he knows thou art the Empress' babe,  
"Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake."

With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,  
Surpriz'd him suddenly, and brought him hither,  
To use as you think needful of the man.

*Luc.* O worthy Goth, this is th' incarnate Devil,  
That robb'd *Andronicus* of his good hand;  
This is the Pearl that pleas'd your Empress' eye,  
And here's the base fruit of his burning lust.  
Say, wall-ey'd slave, whither would'st thou convey  
This growing image of thy fiend-like face?  
Why dost not speak? what! deaf? no! not a word?  
A halter, soldiers; hang him on this tree,  
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

*Aar.* Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.

*Luc.* Too like the fire for ever being good.  
First, hang the child that he may see it sprawl,  
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.  
Get me a ladder. (25)

*Aar.* *Lucius*, save the child,

(25) *Aar.* *Get me a Ladder.* *Lucius*, *save the Child.*] All the printed Editions have given this whole Verse to *Aaron*. But why should the Moor here ask for a Ladder, who earnestly wanted to have his Child sav'd? Unless the Poet is suppos'd to mean for *Aaron*, that, if they would get him a Ladder, he would resolutely hang himself out of the Way, so they would spare the Child. But I much rather suspect, there is an old Error in prefixing the Names of the Persons; and that *Lucius* ought to call for the Ladder, and then *Aaron* very properly entreats of *Lucius* to save the Child. I ventur'd to make this Regulation in my SHAKESPEARE restored, and Mr. Pope has embrac'd it in his last Edition.

And bear it from me to the Emperess;  
 If thou do this, I'll shew thee wondrous things,  
 That highly may advantage thee to hear;  
 If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,  
 I'll speak no more; but Vengeance rot you all!

*Luc.* Say on, and if it please me which thou speak'st,  
 Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

*Aar.* And if it please thee? why, assure thee, *Lucius*,  
 'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak:  
 For I must talk of murders, rapes and massacres,  
 Acts of black night, abominable deeds,  
 Complots of mischief, treason, villanies,  
 Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd:  
 And this shall all be buried by my death,  
 Unless thou swear to me, my child shall live.

*Luc.* Tell on thy mind; I say, thy child shall live.

*Aar.* Swear, that he shall; and then I will begin.

*Luc.* Who should I swear by? thou believ'st no God:  
 That granted, how can'st thou believe an oath?

*Aar.* What if I do not! as, indeed, I do not;  
 Yet, for I know thou art religious,  
 And hast a thing within thee called Conscience,  
 With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies  
 Which I have seen thee careful to observe:  
 Therefore I urge thy oath; (for that, I know,  
 An idiot holds his bauble for a God,  
 And keeps the oath, which by that God he swears,  
 To that I'll urge him;) — therefore thou shalt vow  
 By that same God, what God soe'er it be,  
 That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,  
 To save my boy, nourish and bring him up;  
 Or else I will discover nought to thee.

*Luc.* Even by my God I swear to thee, I will.

*Aar.* First, know thou, I begot him on the Emperess.

*Luc.* O most insatiate, luxurious, woman!

*Aar.* Tut, *Lucius*, this was but a deed of charity,  
 To That which thou shalt hear of me anon.

'Twas her two sons, that murder'd *Bassianus*;  
 They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,  
 And cut her hands, and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.

*Luc.*



*Luc.* Oh, detestable villain! call'st thou That trimming?

*Aar.* Why, she was washed, and cut, and trimm'd;  
And 'twas trim sport for them that had the doing of't.

*Luc.* Oh, barb'rous beastly villains like thyself!

*Aar.* Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them:

That coddling spirit had they from their mother,

As sure a card as ever won the set;

That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,

As true a dog as ever fought at head; —

Well; let my deeds be witness of my worth.

I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,

Where the dead corps of *Bassianus* lay:

I wrote the letter that thy father found,

And hid the gold within the letter mention'd;

Confed'rate with the Queen, and her two sons.

And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,

Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in't?

I paid the cheater for thy father's hand,

And when I had it, drew my self apart,

And almost broke my heart with extream laughter.

I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,

When for his hand he had his two sons heads;

Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,

That both mine eyes were rainy like to his:

And when I told the Empress of this sport,

She swooned almost at my pleasing Tale,

And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.

*Goth.* What! can'st thou say all this, and never blush!

*Aar.* Ay, like a black dog, as the Saying is.

*Luc.* Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

*Aar.* Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.

Ev'n now I curse the day (and yet, I think,

Few come within the compass of my curse)

Wherein I did not some notorious ill;

As kill a man, or else devise his death;

Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;

Accuse some innocent, and forswear my self;

Set deadly enmity between two friends;

Make poor mens cattle break their necks;

Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,

And bid the owners quench them with their tears :  
 Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,  
 And set them upright at their dear friends doors,  
 Ev'n when their sorrow almost was forgot ;  
 And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,  
 Have with my knife carved in *Roman* letters,  
 " Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.  
 Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things,  
 As willingly as one would kill a fly :  
 And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,  
 But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

*Luc.* Bring down the devil, for he must not die  
 So sweet a death, as hanging presently.

*Aar.* If there be devils, would I were a devil,  
 To live and burn in ever-lasting fire,  
 So I might have your company in hell,  
 But to torment you with my bitter tongue !

*Luc.* Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.

*Enter Æmilius.*

*Goth.* My lord, there is a messenger from *Rome*  
 Desires to be admitted to your presence.

*Luc.* Let him come near. —

Welcome, *Æmilius*, what's the news from *Rome* ?

*Æmil.* Lord *Lucius*, and you Princes of the *Goths*,  
 The *Roman* Emperor greets you all by me ;  
 And, for he understands you are in arms,  
 He craves a parley at your father's house,  
 Willing you to demand your hostages,  
 And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

*Goth.* What says our General ?

*Luc.* *Æmilius*, let the Emperor give his pledges  
 Unto my father and my uncle *Marcus*,  
 And we will come : march away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to *Titus's Palace in Rome.*

*Enter Tamora, Chiron and Demetrius, disguis'd.*

*Tam.* **T**HUS, in these strange and sad habiliments,  
 I will encounter with *Andronicus* :

*And*



And say, I am Revenge sent from below,  
To join with him, and right his heinous wrongs:  
Knock at the Study, where, they say, he keeps,  
To ruminat strange plots of dire revenge;  
Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,  
And work confusion on his enemies.

[*They knock, and Titus appears above.*]

*Tit.* Who doth molest my contemplation?

Is it your trick to make me ope the door,  
That so my sad decrees may fly away,  
And all my study be to no effect?  
You are deceiv'd; for what I mean to do,  
See, here in bloody lines I have set down;  
And what is written, shall be executed.

*Tam.* *Titus*, I am come to talk with thee.

*Tit.* No, not a word: how can I grace my Talk,  
Wanting a hand to give it that accord?  
Thou hast the odds of me, therefore no more.

*Tam.* If thou did'st know me, thou wouldst talk with me.

*Tit.* I am not mad; I know thee well enough;  
Witness this wretched stump, these crimson lines,  
Witness these trenches, made by grief and care,  
Witness the tiring day and heavy night;  
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well  
For our proud Empress, mighty *Tamora*:  
Is not thy Coming for my other hand?

*Tam.* Know thou, sad man, I am not *Tamora*;  
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend;  
I am Revenge, sent from th' infernal Kingdom,  
To ease the gnawing Vulture of thy mind,  
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.  
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;  
Confer with me of murder and of death;  
There's not a hollow cave, nor lurking place,  
No vast obscurity, or misty vale,  
Where bloody Murther or detested Rape  
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out;  
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,  
Revenge, which makes the foul offenders quake.

*Tit.* Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me,

374 TITUS ANDRONICUS:

To be a torment to mine enemies?

*Tam.* I am ; therefore come down, and welcome me.

*Tit.* Do me some service, ere I come to thee ;  
Lo, by thy side where Rape and Murder stands ;  
Now give some surance that thou art Revenge,  
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot-wheels ;  
And then I'll come and be thy waggoner,  
And whirl along with thee about the globes :  
Provide two proper palfries black as jet,  
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,  
And find out murders in their guilty caves.  
And when thy car is loaden with their heads,  
I will dismount, and by thy waggon-wheel  
Trot like a servile foot-man all day long ;  
Even from *Hyperion's* rising in the east,  
Until his very downfal in the sea.  
And day by day I'll do this heavy task,  
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

*Tam.* These are my ministers, and come with me.

*Tit.* Are they thy ministers ? what are they call'd ?

*Tam.* Rapine and Murder ; therefore called so,  
'Cause they take vengeance on such kind of men.

*Tit.* Good lord, how like the Empress' sons they are,  
And you the Empress ! but we worldly men  
Have miserable mad mistaking eyes :  
O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee,  
And if one arm's embracement will content thee,  
I will embrace thee in it by and by.

[*Exit Titus from above.*]

*Tam.* This closing with him fits his lunacy.  
Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits,  
Do you uphold, and maintain in your speech,  
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge ;  
And, being credulous in this mad thought,  
I'll make him send for *Lucius*, his son :  
And whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,  
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand,  
To scatter and disperse the giddy *Goths*,  
Or at the least make them his enemies :

See,



See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme. (26)

*Enter Titus.*

*Tit.* Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee :

Welcome, dread fury, to my woful house ;

Rapine and Murder, you are welcome too :

How like the Empress and her sons you are !

Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor ;

Could not all hell afford you such a devil ?

For, well I wot, the Empress never wags,

But in her company there is a Moor ;

And would you represent our Queen aright,

It were convenient you had such a devil :

But welcome, as you are : what shall we do ?

*Tam.* What wouldst thou have us do, *Andronicus* ?

*Dem.* Shew me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

*Cbi.* Shew me a villain, that has done a rape,  
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

*Tam.* Shew me a thousand, that have done thee wrong ;  
And I will be revenged on them all.

*Tit.* Look round about the wicked streets of Rome,

And when thou find'st a man that's like thy self,

Good Murder, stab him ; he's a murderer.

Go thou with him, and when it is thy hap

To find another that is like to thee,

Good Rapine, stab him ; he is a ravisher.

Go thou with them, and in the Emperor's Court

There is a Queen attended by a Moor ;

Well may'st thou know her by thy own proportion,

For up and down she doth resemble thee ;

I pray thee, do on them some violent death ;

They have been violent to me and mine.

*Tam.* Well hast thou lesson'd us ; this shall we do.

But would it please thee, good *Andronicus*,

To send for *Lucius* thy thrice-valiant son,

(26) See, here he comes, and I must play my Theme.] Tho this Reading has obtain'd as far back as the first Edition in folio, — to play a Theme, I think, is no justifiable Expression, nor one that our Author would have chose to use. The Reading, I have given, has the Authority of the oldest Quarto's.

Who leads tow'rds *Rome* a band of warlike *Goths*,  
 And bid him come and banquet at thy house.  
 When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,  
 I will bring in the Empress and her Sons,  
 The Emperor himself, and all thy foes;  
 And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,  
 And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart:  
 What says *Andronicus* to this device?

*Tit.* *Marcus*, my brother! — 'tis sad *Titus* calls:

*Enter Marcus.*

Go, gentle *Marcus*, to thy nephew *Lucius*;  
 Thou shalt enquire him out among the *Goths*:  
 Bid him repair to me: and bring with him  
 Some of the chiefest Princes of the *Goths*;  
 Bid him encamp his Soldiers where they are;  
 Tell him, the Emperor and the Empress too  
 Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them;  
 This do thou for my love, and so let him,  
 As he regards his aged father's life.

*Mar.* This will I do, and soon return again. [*Exit.*

*Tam.* Now will I hence about thy business,  
 And take my ministers along with me.

*Tit.* Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me;  
 Or else I'll call my brother back again,  
 And cleave to no revenge but *Lucius*.

*Tam.* What say you, boys, will you abide with him,  
 Whiles I go tell my lord, the Emperor,  
 How I have govern'd our determin'd jest?  
 Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,  
 And tarry with him 'till I come again.

*Tit.* I know them all, tho' they suppose me mad;  
 And will o'er-reach them in their own devices:  
 A pair of cursed hell-hounds and their dam. [*Aside.*

*Dem.* Madam, depart at pleasure, leave us here.

*Tam.* Farewel, *Andronicus*; Revenge now goes  
 To lay a complot to betray thy foes. [*Exit Tamora.*

*Tit.* I know, thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, farewell.

*Chi.* Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?

*Tit.* Tut, I have work enough for you to do.

*Publius,*



*Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!*

*Enter Publius and Servants.*

*Pub.* What is your will?

*Tit.* Know ye these two?

*Pub.* The Empress' sons,  
I take them, *Chiron*, and *Demetrius*.

*Tit.* Fie, *Publius*, fie! thou art too much deceiv'd,  
The one is Murder, Rape is th' other's name;  
And therefore bind them, gentle *Publius*;  
*Caius* and *Valentine*, lay hands on them;  
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,  
And now I find it, therefore bind them sure.

[*Exit Titus.*]

*Chi.* Villains, forbear; we are the Empress' Sons.

*Pub.* And therefore do we what we are commanded.  
Stop close their mouths; let them not speak a word.  
Is he sure bound? look, that ye bind them fast.

*Enter Titus Andronicus with a Knife, and Lavinia with a Basen.*

*Tit.* Come, come, *Lavinia*; look, thy foes are bound;  
Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me,  
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.

Oh, villains *Chiron* and *Demetrius*!

Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud,  
This goodly summer with your winter mixt:  
You kill'd her husband, and for that vile fault  
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death;  
My hand cut off, and made a merry jest;  
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and That more dear  
Than hands or tongue, her spotless Chastity,  
Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.  
What would ye say, if I should let you speak?  
Villains!—for shame you could not beg for grace.

Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.  
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,  
Whilst that *Lavinia* 'twixt her stumps doth hold  
The basen, that receives your guilty blood.  
You, know, your mother means to feast with me,

And calls her self Revenge, and thinks me mad —  
 Hark, villains, I will grind your bones to dust,  
 And with your blood and it I'll make a paste;  
 And of the paste a coffin will I rear,  
 And make two pasties of your shameful heads;  
 And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,  
 Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.  
 This is the feast that I have bid her to,  
 And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;  
 For worse than *Philomel* you us'd my daughter,  
 And worse than *Procne* I will be reveng'd.  
 And now prepare your throats: *Lavinia*, come,  
 Receive the blood; and, when that they are dead,  
 Let me go grind their bones to powder small,  
 And with this hateful liquor temper it;  
 And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.  
 Come, come, be every one officious  
 To make this banquet, which I wish might prove  
 More stern and bloody than the *Centaurs* feast.

[*He cuts their throats.*]

So, now bring them in, for I'll play the cook,  
 And see them ready 'gainst the Mother comes. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Lucius, Marcus, and Goths with Aaron Prisoner.*

*Luc.* Uncle *Marcus*, since 'tis my father's mind  
 That I repair to *Rome*, I am content.

*Goth.* And ours with thine, befall what fortune will.

*Luc.* Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,  
 This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil;  
 Let him receive no sustenance, fether him,  
 'Till he be brought unto the Emp'or's face,  
 For testimony of these foul proceedings;  
 And see, the ambush of our friends be strong;  
 I fear, the Emperor means no good to us.

*Aar.* Some devil whisper curses in my ear,  
 And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth  
 The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

*Luc.* Away, inhuman dog, unhallow'd slave,

[*Exeunt Goths with Aaron.*]

Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in. [*Flourish.*]

The



The trumpets shew the Emperor is at hand.

*Sound trumpets. Enter Emperor and Empress, with Tribunes and others.*

*Sat.* What, hath the firmament more Suns than one?

*Luc.* What boots it thee to call thy self a Sun?

*Mar.* Rome's Emperor, and Nephew, break the parley;  
These quarrels must be quietly debated:

The feast is ready, which the careful *Titus*

Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,

For peace, for love, for league, and good to *Rome*:

Please you therefore draw nigh and take your places.

*Sat.* *Marcus*, we will. [Hautboys.

*A Table brought in. Enter Titus like a Cook, placing the meat on the Table, and Lavinia with a veil over her face.*

*Tit.* Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome dread  
Queen,

Welcome, ye warlike *Goths*, welcome *Lucius*,

And welcome all; although the cheer be poor,

'Twill fill your stomachs, please you eat of it.

*Sat.* Why art thou thus attir'd, *Andronicus*?

*Tit.* Because I would be sure to have all well,  
To entertain your Highness, and your Empress.

*Tam.* We are beholden to you, good *Andronicus*.

*Tit.* And if your Highness knew my heart, you were.

My lord the Emperor, resolve me this;

Was it well done of rash *Virginius*,

To slay his daughter with his own right-hand,  
Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflower'd?

*Sat.* It was, *Andronicus*.

*Tit.* Your reason, mighty lord?

*Sat.* Because the girl should not survive her shame,  
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

*Tit.* A reason mighty, strong, and effectual,

A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,

For me, most wretched, to perform the like:

Die, die, *Lavinia*, and thy shame with thee,

And with thy shame thy father's sorrow die!

[He kills her.

*Sat.*

*Sat.* What hast thou done, unnatural and unkind?

*Tit.* Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me blind.  
I am as woful as *Virginius* was,  
And have a thousand times more cause than he  
To do this outrage. And it is now done.

*Sat.* What, was she ravish'd? tell, who did the deed?

*Tit.* Will't please you eat, will't please your Highness  
feed?

*Tam.* Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?

*Tit.* Not I, 'twas *Chiron* and *Demetrius*.

They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue,  
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

*Sat.* Go, fetch them hither to us presently.

*Tit.* Why, there they are both, baked in that pye,  
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed;  
Eating the flesh, that she her self hath bred.

'Tis true, 'tis true; witness, my knife's sharp point.

[*He stabs the Empress.*]

*Sat.* Die, frantick wretch, for this accursed deed.

[*He stabs Titus.*]

*Luc.* Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?

There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.

[*Lucius stabs the Emperor.*]

*Mar.* You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of Rome,  
By uprore sever'd, like a flight of fowl  
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,  
Oh, let me teach you how to knit again  
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,  
These broken limbs again into one body.

*Goth.* Let *Rome* her self be Bane unto her self;  
And she, whom mighty Kingdoms curtsie to,  
Like a forlorn and desperate cast-away,  
Do shameful execution on her self.

*Mar.* But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,  
Grave witnesses of true experience,  
Cannot induce you to attend my words,  
Speak, *Rome's* dear friend; as erst our Ancestor,

[*To Lucius.*]

When with his solemn tongue he did discourse  
To love-sick *Dido's* sad attending ear,



The story of that baleful burning Night,  
 When subtle *Greeks* surpriz'd King *Priam's Troy*:  
 Tell us, what *Sinon* hath bewitch'd our ears,  
 Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,  
 That gives our *Troy*, our *Rome*, the civil wound.  
 My heart is not compact of flint, nor steel;  
 Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,  
 But floods of tears will drown my oratory,  
 And break my very utterance; even in the time  
 When it should move you to attend me most,  
 Lending your kind commiseration.  
 Here is a Captain, let him tell the Tale,  
 Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

*Luc.* Then, noble Auditory, be it known to you,  
 That cursed *Chiron* and *Demetrius*  
 Were they, that murdered our Emperor's brother;  
 And they it were, that ravished our sister:  
 For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded,  
 Our father's tears despis'd, and basely cozen'd  
 Of that true hand, that fought *Rome's* quarrel out,  
 And sent her enemies into the grave.  
 Lastly, my self unkindly banished,  
 The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,  
 To beg relief among *Rome's* enemies;  
 Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,  
 And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend:  
 And I am turn'd forth, be it known to you,  
 That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood,  
 And from her bosom took the enemy's point,  
 Sheathing the steel in my advent'rous body.  
 Alas!—you know, I am no vaunter, I;  
 My scars can witness, dumb although they are,  
 That my report is just, and full of truth.  
 But, soft, methinks, I do digress too much,  
 Citing my worthless praise: oh, pardon me,  
 For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

*Mar.* Now is my tongue to speak: behold this child,  
 Of this was *Tamora* delivered;  
 The issue of an irreligious *Moor*,  
 Chief architect and plotter of these woes;

The

The villain is alive in *Titus'* house, (27)  
 Damn'd as he is, to witness this is true.  
 Now judge, what cause had *Titus* to revenge  
 These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,  
 Or more than any living man could bear.  
 Now you have heard the truth, what say you, *Romans*?  
 Have we done aught amiss? shew us wherein,  
 And from the place where you behold us now,  
 The poor remainder of *Andronicus*,  
 We'll hand in hand all head-long cast us down,  
 And on the ragged stones beat out our brains,  
 And make a mutual Closure of our House:  
 Speak, *Romans*, speak; and, if you say, we shall,  
 Lo, hand in hand, *Lucius* and I will fall.

*Æm.* Come, come, thou reverend man of *Rome*,  
 And bring our Emperor gently in thy hand,  
*Lucius* our Emperor: for, well I know,  
 The common voice do cry, it shall be so.

*Mar.* *Lucius*, all hail, *Rome's* royal Emperor!  
 Go, go, into old *Titus'* sorrowful house,  
 And hither hale that misbelieving *Moor*,  
 To be adjudg'd some direful slaughtering death;  
 As punishment for his most wicked life.

*Lucius*, all hail, *Rome's* gracious governour!

*Luc.* Thanks, gentle *Romans*: may I govern so,

(27) *The Villain is alive in Titus' house,*

And as he is, to witness this is true.] The Villain alive, and as he is, surely, can never be right. The Manuscript must have been obscure and blindly writ, so that the first Editors could not make out the Word which I have ventur'd to restore. The Epithet, I have replac'd, admirably suits with the *Moor's* Character: and *Lucius* uses it again, speaking of him at the Conclusion of the Play.

See justice done on Aaron that damn'd Moor.

Besides, damn'd as he is — is a Mode of Expression familiar with our Author.

So in *Othello*:

O thou foul Thief! where ha'st thou stow'd my Daughter?

Damn'd as thou art, thou ha'st enchanted her.

And the same Fashion of expressing himself he likewise uses in bestowing Praise.

2 Henry VI.

But, noble as he is, look, where he comes.



To heal *Rome's* harm, and drive away her woe ! I should  
 But, gentle people, give me aim a while,  
 For nature puts me to a heavy task:  
 Stand all aloof; but, Uncle, draw you near,  
 To shed obsequious tears upon this Trunk:  
 Oh, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,  
 These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face;  
 The last true duties of thy noble Son.

*Mar.* Ay, tear for tear, and loving kisses for kisses,  
 Thy brother *Marcus* tenders on thy lips:  
 O, were the sum of these that I should pay  
 Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them.

*Luc.* Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn of us  
 To melt in showers; thy grandfire lov'd thee well;  
 Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee;  
 Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow:  
 Many a matter hath he told to thee,  
 Meet and agreeing with thy infancy;  
 In that respect then, like a loving child,  
 Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,  
 Because kind nature doth require it so;  
 Friends should associate friends, in grief and woe:  
 Bid him farewell, commit him to the grave;  
 Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

*Boy.* O grandfire, grandfire! ev'n with all my heart,  
 Would I were dead, so you did live again——  
 O lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping——  
 My tears will choak me, if I ope my mouth.

*Enter Romans with Aaron.*

*Rom.* You sad *Andronici*, have done with woes:  
 Give sentence on this execrable wretch,  
 That hath been breeder of these dire events.

*Luc.* Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him;  
 There let him stand, and rave and cry for food:  
 If any one relieves or pities him,  
 For the offence he dies: this is our doom.  
 Some stay to see him fastned in the earth.

*Aar.* O, why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb!—  
 I am no baby, I, that with base prayers

I should repent the evil I have done:  
 Ten thousand worse, than ever yet I did,  
 Would I perform, if I might have my will:  
 If one good deed in all my life I did,  
 I do repent it from my very soul.

*Luc.* Some loving friends convey the Emp'rор hence,  
 And give him burial in his father's grave.  
 My father and *Lavinia* shall forthwith  
 Be closed in our Household's Monument:  
 As for that heinous tygress *Tamora*,  
 No funeral rites, nor man in mournful weeds,  
 No mournful bell shall ring her burial;  
 But throw her forth to beasts and birds of prey:  
 Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity,  
 And, being so, shall have like want of pity.  
 See justice done on *Aaron* that damn'd Moor,  
 From whom our heavy haps had their beginning;  
 Then afterwards, we'll order well the State;  
 That like events may ne'er it ruinate. [*Exeunt omnes.*]





Dramatis Personae.

DUNCAN, King of Scotland.

Malcolm, Son to the King.

Donalbain,

Macbeth, General of the King's Army.

Baron,

Lenox,

Macduff,

Ross,

Menteth,

Noblemen of Scotland.

THE  
TRAGEDY

Fleance, Son to Banquo.

Siward, General of the English Forces.

Young Siward, his Son.

Siron, an Officer attending Macbeth.

Son to Macbeth.

Doctor.

MACBETH.

Gentlemen, attending on Lady Macbeth.

Hecate, and three other Witches.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers and Attendants.

The Ghost of Banquo, and several other Apparitions.

SCENE, in the Heart of the Forest of Birnam, in Scotland; through the midst of the Play, in Scotland; and, chiefly, at Macbeth's Castle.

# Dramatis Personæ.

DUNCAN, *King of Scotland.*

Malcolm, } *Sons to the King.*  
Donalbain, }

Macbeth, } *Generals of the King's Army.*  
Banquo, }

Lenox, } *Noblemen of Scotland.*  
Macduff, }  
Roffe, }  
Menteeth, }

Angus, }  
Cathnes, }  
Fleance, *Son to Banquo.*

Siward, *General of the English Forces.*

Young Siward, *his Son.*

Siton, *an Officer attending on Macbeth.*  
*Son to Macduff.*

*Doctor.*

Lady Macbeth.  
Lady Macduff.

*Gentlewomen, attending on Lady Macbeth.*

*Hecate, and three other Witches.*

*Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers and Attendants.*

*The Ghost of Banquo, and several other Apparitions.*

SCENE, *in the End of the fourth Act, lyes in England; through the rest of the Play, in Scotland; and, chiefly, at Macbeth's Castle.*



SCENE changes to the Palace at Forth.



# MACBETH.

## ACT I.

SCENE, *an open Place.*

*Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.*

WITCHES.

HEN shall we three meet again?

In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

1 Witch. When the hurly-burly's done,

When the Battell's lost and won.

2 Witch. That will be ere Set of Sun.

3 Witch. Where the place?

1 Witch. Upon the heath.

2 Witch. There I go to meet Macbeth.

3 Witch. I come, I come, Grimalkin.

1 Witch. Paddocke calls — anon!

All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair,

Hover through the fog and flethy air.

[*They rise from the stage, and fly away.*]

S C E N E *changes to the Palace at Foris.*

*Enter King, Malcolme, Donalbain, Lenox, with attendants, meeting a bleeding Captain.*

King. **W**HAT bloody man is that? he can report,  
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt  
The newest state.

Mal. This is the Serjeant,  
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought  
'Gainst my captivity. Hail, hail, brave friend!  
Say to the King the knowledge of the broil,  
As thou didst leave it.

Cap. Doubtful long it stood:  
As two spent swimmers that do cling together,  
And choak their Art: the merciless *Macdonel*  
(Worthy to be a Rebel; for to That  
The multiplying villanies of nature  
Do swarm upon him) from the western isles  
Of *Kernes* and *Gallow-glass*es was supply'd;  
And fortune, on his damned quarry smiling,  
Shew'd like a rebel's whore. But all too weak:  
For brave *Macbeth* (well he deserves that name)  
Disdaining fortune, with his brandisht steel  
Which smok'd with bloody execution,  
Like Valour's Minion carved out his passage,  
'Till he had fac'd the slave;  
Who ne'er shook hands nor bid farewell to him,  
'Till he unseam'd him from the nave to th' chops,  
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

King. Oh, valiant Cousin! worthy Gentleman!

Cap. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection,  
Shipwracking storms and direful thunders break; (1)

(1) *As whence the Sun 'gins his Reflection,*  
*Shipwracking Storms, and direful Thunders break;]* Mr. Pope has  
degraded this Word, 'gins, against the general Authority of the  
Copies, without any Reason assign'd for so doing; and substituted, *gives*,  
in the Room of it. But it will soon be obvious, how far our Au-  
thor's



# The Tragedy of MACBETH. 389

So from that Spring, whence Comfort seem'd to come, (2)  
Discomfort swell'd. Mark, King of Scotland, mark;  
No sooner Justice had, with valour arm'd,  
Compell'd these skipping Kernes to truft their heels;  
But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,  
With furbisht arms and new supplies of men  
Began a fresh assault.

King. Dismay'd not this  
Our Captains, *Macbeth* and *Banquo*?

thor's good Observation and Knowledge of Nature goes to establish his own Reading, 'gins. For the sense is this;—"As from the place, "from whence the Sun begins his Course, (viz. the East,) Shipwrecking "Storms proceed; &c."—And it is so in Fact, that Storms generally come from the East. And it must be so in Reason, because the natural and constant Motion of the Ocean is from East to West: and because the Motion of the Wind has the same general Direction. *Præcipua & generalis [Ventorum] causa est ipse Sol, qui igneo suo jubare aërem rarefacit & attenuat; imprimis illum, in quem perpendiculares Radios mittit, sive supra quem hæret. Aër enim rarefactus multo majorem locum postulat. Inde fit, ut Aër a Sole impulsus alium vicinum aërem magno impetu protrudat; cumque Sol ab Oriente in Occidentem circumq̃retur, præcipuus ab eo aëris Impulsus fiet versus Occidentem.*—*Quia plerumque ab aëris per Solem rarefactione oritur, qui cùm continuè feratur ab Oriente in Occidentem, majori quoque impetu protruditur Aër ab Oriente in Occidentem.* Varenii Geograph. l. i. c. 14, &c. 20. prop. 10. and 15.—This being so, it is no Wonder that Storms should come most frequently from that Quarter; or that they should be most violent, because here is a Concurrence of the natural Motions of Wind and Wave. This proves clearly, that the true Reading is 'gins, i. e. begins: for the other Reading does not fix it to that Quarter: for the Sun may give its Reflection in any part of its Course above the Horizon; but it can begin it only in One. Mr. Warburton.

(2) *So from that Spring, whence Comfort seem'd to come, Discomfort swell'd.*] I have not disturb'd the Text here, as the Sense does not absolutely require it; tho Dr. Thirlby prescribes a very ingenious and easie Correction:

*So from that Spring, whence Comfort seem'd to come,  
Discomforts well'd.*

i. e. stream'd, flow'd forth: a Word that peculiarly agrees with the Metaphor of a Spring. The Original is Anglo-Saxon *peallian, scaturire*; which very well expresses the Diffusion and Scattering of Water from its Head. CHAUCER has used the Word in these Acceptations,

*For whiché might She no lengir restrain  
Her Teris, thei ganin so up to well.*

Troll. & Cress. I. iv. v. 700.

*I can na more, but here out cast of all welfare abide the daie of my deith,  
or els to se the fight that might all my wellynge Serowes woide, and of the  
flood make an Ebbe.*

Testament of Love.

# 390 The Tragedy of MACBETH

Cap. Yes.

As sparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.  
If I say sooth, I must report, they were  
As cannons overcharg'd; with double cracks, (3)  
So they redoubled strokes upon the foe:  
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,  
Or memorize another Golgotha,  
I cannot tell —

But I am faint, my gashes cry for help. —

King. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds:  
They smack of honour both. Go, get him surgeons.

*Enter Ross and Angus.*

But who comes here?

Mal. The worthy Thane of Ross.

Len. What haste looks through his eyes?

So should he look, that seems to speak things strange.

Rosse. God save the King!

King. Whence cam'st thou, worthy Thane?

Rosse. From Fife, great King,

Where the Norwegian Banners flout the sky,

And fan our people cold.

Norway, himself with numbers terrible, (4)

Assisted by that most disloyal traitor

The Thane of Cawdor, 'gan a dismal conflict;

'Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapt in proof, (5)

Confronted him with self-comparisons,

Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,

Curbing

(3) — I must report they were

As Cannons overcharg'd with double cracks,] Cannons overcharg'd with  
Cracks I have no Idea of: My Pointing, I think, gives the easie and  
natural Sense. Macbeth and Banquo were like Cannons overcharg'd;  
why? because they redoubled Strokes on the Foe with twice the Fury, and  
Impetuosity, as before.

(4) Norway himself, with Numbers terrible,

Assisted by that, &c.] Norway himself assisted, &c. is a Reading we  
owe to the Editors, not to the Poet. That Energy and Contrast of Expres-  
sion are lost, which my Pointing restores. The Sense is, Norway, who  
was in himself terrible by his own Numbers, when assisted by Cawdor, be-  
came yet more terrible.

(5) Till that Bellona's Bridegroom, lapt in Proof,

Confronted him with self-Comparisons,

Point



Curbing his lavish spirit. To conclude,  
The victory fell on us.

*King.* Great happiness!

*Rosse.* Now *Sveno*, *Norway's King*, craves composition:  
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,  
'Till he disbursed, at Saint Colmes-kiln, the  
Ten thousand dollars, to our general use.

*King.* No more that *Thane of Cawdor* shall deceive  
Our bosom int'rest. Go, pronounce his death;  
And with his former Title greet *Macbeth*.

*Rosse.* I'll see it done.

*King.* What he hath lost, noble *Macbeth* hath won.

[*Exit*]

SCENE changes to the Heath.

*Thunder.* Enter the three *Witches*.

1 *Witch.* **W**HERE hast thou been, sister?

2 *Witch.* Killing swine.

3 *Witch.* Sister, where thou?

1 *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,  
And mouncht, and mouncht, and mouncht. Give me,  
quothe I,

Aroint thee, witch! — the rump-fed ronyon cries,  
Her husband's to *Aleppo* gone, master o' th' *Tyger*;  
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,  
And like a rat without a tail,  
I'll do — I'll do — and I'll do,

2 *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.

1 *Witch.* Thou art kind.

*Point against point, rebellious arm 'gainst arm,*

*Curbing his lavish Spirit.*] Here again We are to quarrel with the  
Transposition of an innocent *Comma*; which however becomes dange-  
rous to Sense, when in the Hands either of a careless or ignorant Editor.  
Let us see who is it that brings this rebellious Arm? Why, it is *Bel-  
lona's* Bridegroom: and who is He, but *Macbeth*. We can never believe,  
our Author meant any thing like This. My Regulation of the Pointing  
restores the true Meaning; that the loyal *Macbeth* confronted the disloyal  
*Cawdor*, arm to arm.

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3 Witch. And I another.

1 Witch. I my self have all the other,

And the very points they blow ;

All the quarters that they know,

I'th' ship-man's card. —

I will drain him dry as hay ;

Sleep shall neither night nor day

Hang upon his pent-house lid ;

He shall live a man forbid ; (6)

Weary sev'nights, nine times nine,

Shall he dwindle, peak and pine :

Though his bark cannot be lost,

Yet it shall be tempest-tost.

Look, what I have.

2 Witch. Shew me, shew me.

1 Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,

Wrackt as homeward he did come.

[Drum within.

3 Witch. A drum, a drum !

Macbeth doth come !

All. The Weïrd sisters, hand in hand, (7)

Posters of the sea and land,

Thus

(6) *He shall live a Man forbid :*] i. e. as under a Curse, an *Interdiction*. So, afterwards, in this Play ;

By his own Interdiction stands accur'd.

So, among the Romans, an Outlaw's Sentence was *Aque & Ignis interdiction*. i. e. He was forbid the use of Water and Fire : which imply'd the Necessity of Banishment.

(7) *The weyward Sisters, hand in hand,*] The *Witches* are here speaking of themselves ; and it is worth an Enquiry why they should stile themselves the *weyward*, or *wayward* Sisters. This Word in its general Acceptation signifies, *perverse, froward, moody, obstinate, untractable*, &c. and is every where so used by our *Shakespeare*. To content ourselves with two or three Instances ;

*Fy, fy, how wayward is this foolish Love,*

*That, like a testy Babe, &c.*

Two Gent. of Verona.

*This quimples, rubbing, purblind, wayward Boy.*

Love's Labour lost.

*And, which is worse, All you have done*

*Is but for a wayward Son.*

Macbeth.

It is improbable, the *Witches* would adopt this Epithet to themselves, in any of these Senses ; and therefore we are to look a little farther for the Poet's Word and Meaning. When I had the first Suspicion of our Author being



Thus do go about, about,  
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,  
And thrice again to make up nine.  
Peace! — the Charm's wound up.

*Enter Macbeth and Banquo, with Soldiers and other attendants.*

*Macb.* So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

*Ban.* How far is't call'd to *Foris*? — What are these,  
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire,  
That look not like th' inhabitants o'th' earth,  
And yet are on't? Live you, or are you aught  
That man may question? You seem to understand me,  
By each at once her choppy finger laying  
Upon her skinny lips; — You should be women;  
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret,

being corrupt in this place, it brought to my Mind the following Passage in CHAUCER's *Troilus and Cresseide*. lib. iii. v. 618.

*But O Fortune, executrice of wierdes.*

Which Word the Glossaries expound to us by *Fates* or *Destinies*. I was soon confirm'd in my Suspicion, upon happening to dip into *Heylin's Cosmography*, where he makes a short Recital of the Story of *Macbeth* and *Banquo*.

*These Two* (says He) *travelling together thro' a Forest, were met by three Fairies, Witches, Wierds, the Scots call them, &c.*

I presently recollected, that this Story must be recorded at more Length by *Holingshead*; with whom I thought it was very probable that our Author had traded for the Materials of his Tragedy: and therefore Confirmation was to be fetch'd from this Fountain. Accordingly, looking into his History of *Scotland*, I found the Writer very prolix and express, from *Hector Boethius*, in this remarkable Story; and in p. 170. speaking of these Witches, he uses this Expression.

*But afterwards the common Opinion was, that these Women were either the weird Sisters, that is, as ye would say, the Goddesses of Destiny, &c.*

Again, a little lower;

*The Words of the three weird Sisters also, (of whom before ye have heard) greatly encouraged him thereunto.*

And, in several other Paragraphs there, this Word is repeated. I believe, by this Time, it is plain beyond a Doubt, that the word *Wayward* has obtain'd in *Macbeth*, where the Witches are spoken of, from the Ignorance of the Copyists, who were not acquainted with the *Scotch Term*: and that in every Passage, where there is any Relation to these *Witches* or *Wizards*, my Emendation must be embraced, and we must read *weird*.

That

# 394 *The Tragedy of Macbeth*

That you are so.

*Macb.* Speak, if you can; what are you?

1 *Witch.* All-hail, *Macbeth!* hail to thee, *Thane of Glamis!*

2 *Witch.* All-hail, *Macbeth!* hail to thee, *Thane of Cowdor!*

3 *Witch.* All-hail, *Macbeth!* that shalt be King hereafter.

*Ban.* Good Sir, why do you start, and seem to fear Things that do sound so fair? I th' name of truth, Are ye fantastical, or That indeed [To the Witches. Which outwardly ye shew? my noble Partner You greet with present grace, and great prediction Of noble Having, and of royal Hope, That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak not. If you can look into the Seeds of time, And say, which Grain will grow and which will not; Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear, Your favours, nor your hate.

1 *Witch.* Hail!

2 *Witch.* Hail!

3 *Witch.* Hail!

1 *Witch.* Lessler than *Macbeth*, and greater.

2 *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 *Witch.* Thou shalt get Kings, though thou be none; So, all hail, *Macbeth* and *Banquo!*

1 *Witch.* *Banquo* and *Macbeth*, all-hail!

*Macb.* Stay, you imperfect Speakers, tell me more; By *Sinel's* death, I know, I'm *Thane of Glamis*; But how, of *Cawdor*? the *Thane of Cawdor* lives, A prosp'rous gentleman; and, to be King, Stands not within the prospect of belief, No more than to be *Cawdor*. Say, from whence You owe this strange intelligence? or why Upon this blasted heath you stop our way, With such prophetick Greeting?—speak, I charge you.

[Witches vanish.]

*Ban.* The earth hath bubbles, as the water has; And these are of them: whither are they vanish'd?

*Macb.* Into the air: and what seem'd corporal



# The Tragedy of MACBETH. 395

Melted, as breath, into the wind,  
Would they had staid!

*Ban.* Were such things here, as we do speak about? (8)  
Or have we eaten of the insane root,  
That takes the Reason prisoner?

*Macb.* Your children shall be Kings.

*Ban.* You shall be King.

*Macb.* And Thane of Cawdor too; went it not so?

*Ban.* To th' self same tune, and words; who's here?

*Enter Ross and Angus.*

*Rosse.* The King hath happily receiv'd, *Macbeth*,  
The news of thy success; and when he reads

(8) *Were such Things here, as we do speak about?*

*Or have we eaten of the insane Root,  
That takes the Reason prisoner?* The insane Root, viz. the Root which makes insane; as in *HORACE*, *Pallida Mors*; nempè, *quæ facit pallidos*.—This Sentence, I conceive, is not so well understood, as I would have every part of *Shakespeare* be, by his Audience and Readers. So soon as the Witches vanish from the Sight of *Macbeth* and *Banquo*, and leave them in Doubt whether they had really seen such Apparitions, or whether their Eyes were not deceiv'd by some Illusion; *Banquo* immediately starts the Question,

*Were such Things here, &c.*

I was sure, from a long Observation of *Shakespeare's* Accuracy, that he alluded here to some particular Circumstance in the History, which, I hop'd, I should find explain'd in *Holingshead*. But I found myself deceived in this Expectation. This furnishes a proper Occasion, therefore, to remark our Author's signal Diligence; and Happiness at applying whatever he met with, that could have any Relation to his Subject. *Heister Boethius*, who gives us an Account of *Sueno's* Army being intoxicated by a Preparation put upon them by their subtle Enemy, informs us; that there is a Plant, which grows in great Quantity in Scotland, call'd *Solatrium Amentiale*; that its Berries are purple, or rather black, when full ripe; and have a Quality of laying to Sleep; or of driving into Madness, if a more than ordinary Quantity of them be taken. This Passage of *Boethius*, I dare say, our Poet had an Eye to: And, I think, it fairly accounts for his Mention of the insane Root. *Dioscorides* lib. iv. c. 74. Περὶ Σελίνου μανικῆς, attributes the same Properties to it. Its Classical Name, I observe, is *Solanum*; but the Shopmen agree to call it *Solatrium*. This, prepar'd in Medicine, (as *Theophrastus* tells us, and *Pliny* from him;) has a peculiar Effect of filling the Patient's Head with odd Images and Fancies: and particularly That of seeing Spirits: an Effect, which, I am perswaded, was no Secret to our Author. *Bochart* and *Salmasius* have both been copious upon the Description and Qualities of this Plant.

Thy

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Thy personal venture in the rebels fight,  
His wonders and his praises do contend,  
Which should be thine, or his. Silenc'd with That,  
In viewing o'er the rest o'th' self-same day,  
He finds thee in the stout *Norwegian* ranks,  
Nothing afraid of what thy self didst make,  
Strange images of death. As thick as hail,  
Came Post on Post; and every one did bear  
Thy praises in his Kingdom's great defence:  
And pour'd them down before him.

*Ang.* We are sent,  
To give thee, from our royal Master, thanks;  
Only to herald thee into his sight,  
Not pay thee.

*Rosse.* And for an earnest of a greater honour,  
He bad me, from him, call thee *Thane of Cawdor*:  
In which Addition, hail, most worthy *Thane*!  
For it is thine.

*Ban.* What, can the Devil speak true?

*Macb.* The *Thane of Cawdor* lives;  
Why do you dress me in his borrow'd robes?

*Ang.* Who was the *Thane*, lives yet;  
But under heavy judgment bears that life,  
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was  
Combin'd with *Norway*, or did line the Rebel  
With hidden help and vantage; or that with both  
He labour'd in his country's wrack, I know not:  
But treasons capital, confess'd, and prov'd,  
Have overthrown him.

*Macb.* Glamis, and *Thane of Cawdor*! [*Aside.*]  
The greatest is behind. Thanks for your pains.

[*To Angus.*]

Do you not hope, your children shall be Kings?

[*To Banquo.*]

When those, that gave the *Thane of Cawdor* to me,  
Promis'd no less to them?

*Ban.* That trusted home,  
Might yet enkindle you unto the Crown,  
Besides the *Thane of Cawdor*. But 'tis strange:  
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,



# The Tragedy of MACBETH. 397

The instruments of Darkness tell us truths;  
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us  
In deepest consequence.

Cousins, a word, I pray you. [To Ross and Angus.

*Macb.* Two truths are told, [Aside.

As happy prologues to the swelling act  
Of the imperial theme. I thank you, gentlemen——

This supernatural Solliciting  
Cannot be ill; cannot be good.—— If ill,

Why hath it giv'n me earnest of success,  
Commencing in a truth? I'm *Thane* of *Cawdor*.

If good; why do I yield to that suggestion,  
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,

And make my seated heart knock at my ribs  
Against the use of nature? present feats (9)

Are less than horrible imaginings.

My thought, whose murther yet is but fantastical,

(9) ————— present Fears

*Are less than horrible Imaginings.*] *Macbeth*, while he is projecting the Murther, which he afterwards puts in Execution, is thrown into the most agonizing Affright at the Prospect of it: which soon recovering from, thus he reasons on the Nature of his Disorder. But *Imaginings* are so far from being more or less than *present Fears*, that they are the same Things under different Words. *Shakespeare* certainly wrote;

————— present Feats

*Are less than horrible Imaginings.*  
i. e. When I come to execute this Murther, I shall find it much less dreadful than my frighted Imagination now presents it to me. A Consideration drawn from the Nature of the *Imagination*.

Mr. Warburton.

*Macbeth*, speaking again of this Murther in a subsequent Scene, uses the very same Term;

————— *I'm settled, and bend up*

*Each corporal Agent to this terrible Feat.*

And it is a Word, elsewhere, very familiar with our Poet. I'll only add, in aid of my Friend's Correction, that we meet with the very same Sentiment, which our Poet here advances, in *QVID's Epistles*;

*Terror in his ipso major solet esse periclo.*

Paris Helenæ. ver. 349.

And it is a Maxim with *Machiavel*, that many Things are more fear'd afar off, than near at hand. *E sono molte cose che discosto paiono terribili, insopportabili, strani; E quando tu ti appressi loro, le riescono humane, sopportabili, domestiche. Et però si dice, che sono maggiori li Spaventi che i Mali.*

Mandragola. Atto 3. Sc. 11.

Shakes

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Shakes to my single state of man, that Function  
Is smother'd in surmise; and nothing is,  
But what is not.

*Ban.* Look, how our Partner's rapè!

*Macb.* If Chance will have me King, why, Chance may  
crown me, [Aside]  
Without my stir.

*Ban.* New Honours, come upon him,  
Like our strange garments cleave not to their mould,  
But with the aid of use.

*Macb.* Come what come may,  
Time and the hour runs thro' the roughest day.

*Ban.* Worthy *Macbeth*, we stay upon your leisure.

*Macb.* Give me your favour: my dull brain was wrought  
With things forgot. Kind gentlemen, your pains  
Are registred where every day I turn  
The leaf to read them — Let us tow'rd the King;  
Think, upon what hath chanc'd; and at more time,

[To Banquo.

(The *Interim* having weigh'd it,) let us speak  
Our free hearts each to other.

*Ban.* Very gladly.

*Macb.* 'Till then enough: come, friends. [Exeunt]

## SCENE changes to the Palace.

*Flourish.* Enter King, Malcolme, Donalbain, Lenox, and  
attendants.

*King.* IS execution done on *Cawdor* yet?  
Or not those in commission yet return'd?

*Mal.* My liege,  
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke  
With one that saw him die; who did report,  
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons;  
Implor'd your Highness' pardon, and set forth  
A deep repentance; nothing in his life  
Became him like the leaving it. He dy'd,  
As one, that had been studied in his death,  
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,

As



As 'twere a careless trifle.  
King. There's no art,  
To find the mind's construction in the face:  
He was a gentleman, on whom I built  
An absolute trust.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross, and Angus.

O worthiest Cousin!  
The sin of my ingratitude e'en now  
Was heavy on me. Thou'rt so far before, (10)  
That swiftest wing of recompence is slow,  
To overtake thee. Would thou didst less deserve,  
That the proportion both of thanks and payment  
Might have been mine! only I've left to say,  
More is thy due, than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,  
In doing it, pays it self. Your Highness' part  
Is to receive our duties; and our duties (11)  
Are to your Throne, and State, children and servants;  
Which do but what they should, by doing every thing  
Safe tow'rd your love and honour.

King. Welcome hither:

(10) *Thou'rt so far before,*  
*That swiftest wing of recompence is slow*  
*To overtake thee.* Thus the Editions by Mr. Rowe and Mr. Pope: whether for any Reason, or purely by Chance, I cannot determine. I have chose the Reading of the more authentick Copies, *Wing*.

We meet with the same Metaphor again in *Troilus* and *Cressida*.  
*But his Evasions wing'd his swift with Scorn,*  
*Cannot outfly our apprehension.*

(11) *and our Duties*  
*Are to your Throne, and State, Children and Servants;*  
*Which do but what they should, by doing every thing*  
*Safe towards your Love and Honour.* This may be Some; but, *VI*  
own, it gives me no very satisfactory Idea: And tho' I have not disturb'd  
the Text, I cannot but embrace in my Mind the Conjecture of my inge-  
nious Friend Mr. Warburton, who would read;

————— *by doing every thing,*

*Fiefs towards your Love and Honour.*

i. e. We hold our Duties to your Throne, &c. under an Obligation of  
doing every thing in our Power: as we hold our *Fiefs*, (*seuda*) those  
Estates and Tenures, which we have on the Terms of *Homage* and Ser-  
vice.

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I have begun to plant thee, and will labour  
To make thee full of growing. Noble *Banquo*,  
Thou hast no less deserv'd, and must be known  
No less to have done so: let me enfold thee,  
And hold thee to my heart.

*Ban.* There if I grow,  
The harvest is your own.

*King.* My plenteous joys,  
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves  
In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, *Thanes*,  
And you whose Places are the nearest, know,  
We will establish our estate upon  
Our eldest *Malcolm*, whom we name hereafter  
The Prince of *Cumberland*: which honour must,  
Not unaccompanied, invest him only;  
But signs of Nobleness, like stars, shall shine  
On all deservers. — Hence to *Inverness*,  
And bind us further to you.

*Macb.* The Rest is Labour, which is not us'd for you;  
I'll be my self the harbinger, and make joyful  
The Hearing of my wife with your approach;  
So humbly take my leave.

*King.* My worthy *Cawdor*!

*Macb.* The Prince of *Cumberland*! — that is a step,  
On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap, [*Aside*  
For in my way it lyes. Stars, hide your fires!  
Let not light see my black and deep desires;  
The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,  
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [*Exit*.

*King.* True, worthy *Banquo*; he is full so valiant;  
And in his commendations I am fed;  
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,  
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:  
It is a peerless Kinsman. [*Flourish. Exeunt*.

SCENE



**SCENE** *changes to an Apartment in Macbeth's Castle, at Inverness.*

*Enter Lady Macbeth alone, with a letter.*

Lady. **T**HEY met me in the day of success ; and I have learn'd by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burnt in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanish'd. While I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came Missives from the King, who all-hail'd me Thane of Cawdor ; by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referr'd me to the coming on of time, with hail, King that shalt be ! This have I thought good to deliver thee (my dearest Partner of Greatness) that thou might'st not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what Greatness is promis'd thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor——and shalt be  
What thou art promis'd. Yet do I fear thy nature ;  
It is too full o'th' milk of human kindness,  
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great ;  
Art not without ambition ; but without  
The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst highly,  
That wouldst thou holily ; wouldst not play false,  
And yet wouldst wrongly win. Thou'dst have, great  
Glamis,

That which cries, “ thus thou must do, if thou have it ; ”  
“ And That which rather thou dost fear to do,  
“ Than wishest should be undone.” Hie thee hither,  
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,  
And chastise with the valour of my tongue  
All that impedes thee from the golden Round,  
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem  
To have thee crown'd withal.

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*Enter Messenger.*

What is your tidings ?

*Mes.* The King comes here to night.

*Lady.* Thou'rt mad to say it.

Is not thy master with him ? who, wer't so,  
Would have inform'd for preparation.

*Mes.* So please you, it is true : our *Thane* is coming.  
One of my fellows had the speed of him ;  
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more  
Than would make up his message.

*Lady.* Give him tending ;  
He brings great news. The raven himself is hoarse,  
[*Exit Mes.*

That croaks the fatal entrance of *Duncan*  
Under my battlements. Come, all you Spirits  
That tend on mortal thoughts, unfex me here ;  
And fill me, from the crown to th' toe, top-full  
Of direst cruelty ; make thick my blood,  
Stop up th'access and passage to Remorse,  
That no compunctious visitings of nature  
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between  
Th' effect, and it. Come to my woman's breasts,  
And take my milk for gall, you murth'ring ministers !  
Where-ever in your sightless substances  
You wait on nature's mischief.—Come, thick night !  
And pall thee in the dunnest smoak of hell,  
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes ;  
Nor heav'n peep through the blanket of the dark,  
To cry, hold, hold !——

*Enter Macbeth.*

Great *Glamis* ! worthy *Cawdor* ! [*Embracing him.*  
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter !  
Thy letters have transported me beyond  
This ign'rant present time, and I feel now  
The future in the instant.

*Macb.* Dearest love,  
*Duncan* comes here to night.

*Lady.* And when goes hence ?

*Macb.*



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*Macb.* To morrow, as he purposes.

*Lady.* Oh, never

Shall Sun that morrow see! —

Your face, my *Thane*, is as a book, where men (12)

May read strange matters. To beguile the time,

Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,

Your hand, your tongue; look like the innocent flower,

But be the serpent under't. He, that's coming,

Must be provided for; and you shall put

This night's great business into my dispatch,

Which shall to all our nights and days to come

Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

*Macb.* We will speak further.

*Lady.* Only look up clear:

To alter favour, ever, is to fear.

Leave all the rest to me. [Exit.

S C E N E, before Macbeth's Castle Gate.

*Hautboys and Torches. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff, Ross, Angus, and Attendants.*

*King.* **T**HIS Castle hath a pleasant seat; the air  
Nimbly and sweetly recommends it self  
Unto our gentle senses.

*Ban.* This guest of summer,

(12) *Your Face, my Thane, is as a Book, where Men  
May read strange Matters to beguile the Time.*

*Look like the Time,*] I have ventur'd, against the Authority of all the  
Copies, to alter the Pointing of this Passage: and, I hope, with  
some Certainty. The *Lady* certainly means, that *Macbeth* looks so  
full of Thought and solemn Reflection upon the purpos'd Act, that,  
the fears, People may comment upon the Reason of his Gloom: and  
therefore desires him, in order to take off and prevent such Com-  
ments, to wear a Face of Pleasure and Entertainment; and look like  
the Time, the better to deceive the Time. So *Macbeth* says, in a sub-  
sequent Scene;

*Away and mock the Time with fairest Shew.*

So *Macduff* says to *Malcolm*.

—the Time you may so hoodwink.

i. e. blind the Eye of Observation, and so deceive people's Thoughts.

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The temple-haunting martlet, does approve  
By his lov'd Mansionry that heaven's breath  
Smells wooingly here. No jutting frieze,  
Buttrise, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird  
Hath made his pendant bed, and procreant cradle:  
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd,  
The air is delicate.

*Enter Lady.*

*King.* See, see ! our honour'd Hostess !  
The love that follows us, sometimes is our trouble,  
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you,  
How you should bid god-eyld us for your pains,  
And thank us for your trouble.

*Lady.* All our service  
(In every point twice done, and then done double,)  
Were poor and single business to contend  
Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith  
Your Majesty loads our House. For those of old,  
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,  
We rest your hermits.

*King.* Where's the *Thane of Cawdor* ?  
We courtst him at the heels, and had a purpose  
To be his purveyor : but he rides well,  
And his great love, (sharp as his spur,) hath holp him  
To's home before us : fair and noble Hostess,  
We are your guest to night.

*Lady.* Your servants ever  
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs in compt,  
To make their audit at your Highness' pleasure,  
Still to return your own.

*King.* Give me your hand ;  
Conduct me to mine Host, we love him highly ;  
And shall continue our graces towards him.  
By your leave, Hostess.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE,



# The Tragedy of MACBETH. 405

SCENE changes to an Apartment in Macbeth's Castle.

*Hautboys, Torches. Enter divers servants with dishes and service over the Stage. Then Macbeth.*

*Macb.* IF it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well  
 It were done quickly : if th' assassination  
 Could trammel up the consequence, and catch  
 With its surcease, success ; that but this blow  
 Might be the Be-all and the End-all—*Here, (13)*  
 But *here*, upon this Bank and Shoal of time,  
 We'd jump the life to come.—But, in these cases,  
 We still have judgment *here*, that we but teach  
 Bloody instructions ; which, being taught, return  
 To plague th' inventor. Even-handed Justice  
 Returns th' Ingredients of our poison'd chalice  
 To our own lips. He's here in double trust :  
 First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,  
 Strong both against the deed : Then, as his Host,  
 Who should against his murth'rer shut the door,  
 Not bear the knife my self. Besides, this *Duncan*  
 Hath born his faculties so meek, hath been  
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues  
 Will plead, like angels, trumpet-tongu'd against  
 The deep damnation of his taking off :  
 And Pity, like a naked new-born babe,  
 Striding the blast, or heav'n's cherubin hors'd (14)

(13) *But here, upon this Bank and School of Time.]*

*Bank and School*—What a monstrous Couplement, as *Don Armado* says, is here of heterogeneous Ideas ! I have ventur'd to amend, which restores a Consonance of Images,

—on this Bank and Shoal of Time.

i. e. this *Shallow*, this narrow *Ford* of humane Life, opposed to the great *Abyss* of Eternity. This Word has occur'd again, before, to us in the Life of King *Henry VIIIth*.

*And sounded all the Depths and Shoals of Honour.*

(14) —or *Heav'n's Cherubin hors'd upon the sightless Couriers of the Air.* But the Cherubin is the *Courier* ; so that he can't be said to be hors'd upon another *Courier*. We must read, therefore, *Couriers*.

Mr. Warburton.

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Upon the fightless courfers of the air,  
Shall blow the horrid deed in ev'ry eye ;  
That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur  
To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
Vaulting Ambition, which o'er leaps it self,  
And falls on th' other——

*Enter Lady Macbeth.*

How now ? what news ?

*Lady.* He's almost supp'd ; why have you left the chamber ?

*Macb.* Hath he ask'd for me ?

*Lady.* Know you not, he has ?

*Macb.* We will proceed no further in this business.  
He hath honour'd me of late ; and I have bought  
Golden opinions from all sort of people,  
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,  
Not cast aside so soon.

*Lady.* Was the hope drunk,  
Wherein you drest your self? hath it slept since ?  
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale  
At what it did so freely ? from this time,  
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid  
To be the same in thine own act and valour,  
As thou art in desire ? wouldst thou have That,  
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,  
And live a coward in thine own esteem ?  
Letting *I dare not* wait upon *I would*,  
Like the poor Cat i'th' Adage.

*Macb.* Pr'ythee, peace :

I dare do all that may become a man ;  
Who dares do more, is none.

*Lady.* What beast was't then,  
That made you break this enterprize to me ?  
When you durst do it, then you were a man ;  
And (to be more than what you were) you would  
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place  
Did then co-here, and yet you would make both :  
They've made themselves ; and that their fitness now  
Do's unmake you. I have given suck, and know

How



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How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me——  
I would, while it was smiling in my face,  
Have pluckt my nipple from his boneless gums,  
And dast the brains out, had I but so sworn  
As you have done to this.

*Macb.* If we should fail?—

*Lady.* We fail!

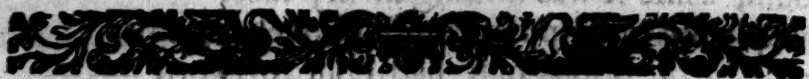
But screw your courage to the sticking place,  
And we'll not fail. When *Duncan* is asleep,  
(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey  
Soundly invite him) his two chamberlains  
Will I with wine and wassel so convince,  
That memory (the warder of the brain)  
Shall be a fume; and the receipt of reason  
A limbeck only; when in swinish sleep  
Their drenched natures lie as in a death,  
What cannot you and I perform upon  
Th' unguarded *Duncan*? what not put upon  
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt  
Of our great quell?

*Macb.* Bring forth men-children only!  
For thy undaunted metal should compose  
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,  
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two  
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,  
That they have don't?

*Lady.* Who dares receive it other,  
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar,  
Upon his death?

*Macb.* I'm settled, and bend up  
Each corporal agent to this terrible Feat.  
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:  
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

[*Exeunt.*]



A C T II.

S C E N E, *A Hall in Macbeth's Castle.*

*Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a torch before him,*

B A N Q U O.



O W goes the night, boy?

*Fle.* The moon is down: I have not heard the clock.

*Ban.* And she goes down at twelve.

*Fle.* I take't, 'tis later, Sir.

*Ban.* Hold, take my sword. There's husbandry in heav'n,

Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.  
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,  
And yet I would not sleep: Merciful Pow'rs!  
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that nature  
Gives way to in repose.

*Enter Macbeth, and a servant with a torch.*

Give me my sword: who's there?

*Macb.* A friend,

*Ban.* What, Sir, not yet at Rest? the King's a-bed.  
He hath to night been in unusual pleasure,  
And sent great largesse to your officers;  
This diamond he greets your wife withal,  
By the name of most kind Hostess, and shut up  
In measureless content.

*Macb.* Being unprepar'd,  
Our will became the servant to defect;  
Which else should free have wrought.

*Ban.* All's well.

I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:



*The Tragedy of MACBETH.* 409

To you they've shew'd some truth.

*Macb.* I think not of them ;  
Yet when we can intreat an hour to serve,  
Would spend it in some words upon that business ;  
If you would grant the time.

*Ban.* At your kind leisure.

*Macb.* If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,  
It shall make honour for you.

*Ban.* So I lose none  
In seeking to augment it, but still keep  
My bosom franchis'd and allegiance clear,  
I shall be counsell'd.

*Macb.* Good repose the while !

*Ban.* Thanks, Sir ; the like to you. [*Exeunt Banquo,*  
[*and Fleance.*

*Macb.* Go, bid thy mistress, when my Drink is ready,  
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.

[*Exit Servant.*

Is this a dagger which I see before me,  
The handle tow'rd my hand ? come, let me clutch thee.  
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.

Art thou not, fatal Vision, sensible  
To feeling, as to sight ? or art thou but  
A dagger of the mind, a false creation  
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain ?  
I see thee yet, in form as palpable  
As this which now I draw.—

Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going ;  
And such an instrument I was to use.  
Mine eyes are made the fools o'th' other senses,  
Or else worth all the rest.—I see thee still ;  
And on thy blade and dudgeon, gouts of blood,  
Which was not so before.—There's no such thing.—

It is the bloody business, which informs  
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er one half the world  
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse  
The curtain'd sleep ; now Witchcraft celebrates  
Pale *Hecate's* offerings : and wither'd Murder,  
(Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,  
Whose howl's his watch) thus with his stealthy pace,

With

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With *Tarquin's* ravishing strides, tow'rd's his design,  
Moves like a ghost.—Thou sound and firm-set earth,  
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear  
Thy very stones prate of my where-about;  
And take the present horror from the time,  
Which now suits with it—whilst I threat, he lives—

[*A Bell rings.*  
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.  
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.  
Hear it not, *Duncan*, for it is a knell  
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.] [*Exit.*

*Enter Lady.*

*Lady.* That, which hath made them drunk, hath made  
me bold:

What hath quench'd them, hath giv'n me fire. Hark!  
peace!

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bell-man,  
Which gives the stern'st good-night—he is about it—  
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms  
Do mock their charge with snores. I've drugg'd their  
Poffets,  
That death and nature do contend about them,  
Whether they live or die.

*Enter Macbeth.*

*Macb.* Who's there? what ho?—

*Lady.* Alack! I am afraid, they have awak'd;  
And 'tis not done; th' attempt, and not the deed,  
Confounds us—hark!—I laid their daggers ready,  
He could not miss 'em.—Had he not resembled  
My father as he slept, I had don't—My husband!

*Macb.* I've done the deed—didst not thou hear a  
noise?

*Lady.* I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.  
Did not you speak?

*Macb.* When?

*Lady.* Now.

*Macb.* As I descended?

*Lady.*



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*Lady.* Ay.

*Macb.* Hark!—who lies i'th' second chamber?

*Lady.* *Donalbaine.*

*Macb.* This is a sorry sight. [*Looks on his hands.*]

*Lady.* A foolish thought, to say, a sorry sight.

*Macb.* There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cry'd,  
Murther!

They wak'd each other; and I stood and heard them;  
But they did say their prayers, and address them  
Again to sleep.

*Lady.* There are two lodg'd together.

*Macb.* One cry'd, God bless us! and Amen, the other;  
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.  
Listening their fear, I could not say, Amen,  
When they did say, God bless us.

*Lady.* Consider it not so deeply.

*Macb.* But wherefore could not I pronounce Amen?  
I had most need of blessing, and Amen  
Stuck in my throat.

*Lady.* These deeds must not be thought,  
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

*Macb.* Methought, I heard a voice cry, Sleep no more!  
*Macbeth* doth murther Sleep; the innocent Sleep;  
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,  
The death of each day's life, fore labour's bath,  
Balm of hurt minds, great Nature's second Course,  
Chief nourisher in life's feast.—

*Lady.* What do you mean?

*Macb.* Still it cry'd, Sleep no more, to all the house;  
*Glamis* hath murther'd sleep, and therefore *Cawdor*  
Shall sleep no more; *Macbeth* shall sleep no more!

*Lady.* Who was it, that thus cry'd? why, worthy *Thane*,  
You do unbend your noble strength, to think  
So brain-sickly of things; go, get some water,  
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.  
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?  
They must lye there. Go, carry them, and smear  
The sleepy grooms with blood.

*Macb.* I'll go no more;

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I am afraid to think what I have done ;  
Look on't again, I dare not.

*Lady.* Infirm of purpose !  
Give me the daggers ; the sleeping and the dead  
Are but as pictures ; 'tis the eye of child-hood,  
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,  
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,  
For it must seem their guilt.

[*Exit.*

*Knocks within.*

*Macb.* Whence is that knocking ? [*Starting.*  
How is't with me, when every noise appals me ? (15)  
What hands are here ? hah ! they pluck out mine eyes,  
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood  
Clean from my hand ? no, this my hand will rather  
Thy multitudinous sea incarnadine,  
Making the green one red——

*Enter Lady.*

*Lady.* My hands are of your colour ; but I shame  
To wear a heart so white ; I hear a knocking [*Knock.*  
At the south entry. Retire we to our chamber ;  
A little water clears us of this deed.  
How easie is it then ? your constancy  
Hath left you unattended—hark, more knocking !

[*Knock.*

Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,  
And shew us to be Watchers ; be not lost  
So poorly in your thoughts.

*Macb.* To know my deed, 'twere best not know my  
self.

Wake, Duncan, with this knocking : 'would, thou couldst !  
[*Exeunt.*

(15) *How is't with me, when ev'ry Noise appals me ?*  
This Reflection is not only drawn from the Truth and Working of  
Nature ; but is so exprest, as that it might have been copied from this  
Passage of SOPHOCLES, which Stobæus has quoted in his Chapter  
upon Fearfulness ;

*Ἄνθρωπος γὰρ τοῖς πρὸ φόβου ἰσχυρὸς ἴσται.*  
Each noise is sent to alarm the Man of Fear.

[*Enter*



# The Tragedy of MACBETH. 411

*Enter a Porter.*

[Knocking within.]

*Port.* Here's a knocking, indeed: if a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key.

[Knock] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there, in th' name of *Belzebub*? here's a farmer, that hang'd himself on the expectation of plenty: come in time, have napkins enough about you, here you'll sweat for't.

[Knock] Knock, knock. Who's there, in th' other devil's name? faith, here's an equivocator, (16) that could swear in both the scales against either scale, who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heav'n: oh, come in, equivocator.

[Knock] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there? faith, (17) here's an *English* taylor come hither for stealing out of a *French* hose: come in, taylor, here you may roast your goose. [Knock] Knock, knock. Never at quiet! what are you? but this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to th' everlasting bonfire. [Knock] Anon, anon, I pray you, remember the porter.

*Enter Macduff, and Lenox.*

*Macd.* Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed, That you do lie so late?

*Port.* Faith, Sir, we were carousing 'till the second cock: And Drink, Sir, is a great provoker of three things.

*Macd.* What three things doth Drink especially provoke?

*Port.*

(16) *Here's an Equivocator*——who committed Treason enough for God's sake, &c.] This Sarcasm is levell'd at the Jesuits, who were so mischievous in the Reigns of Q. Elizabeth and K. James 1st. and who then first broach'd that damnable Doctrine. Mr. Warburton.

(17) *Here's an English Taylor come hither for stealing out of a French hose* :] The Archness of this Joak consists in this; That a French Hose being so very short and strait, a Taylor must be a perfect Master of his Art, who could steal any thing out of it. As to the Nature of the French hose, we have seen that in Henry VIIIth: our Poet calls them *short-bolster'd Breeches*. Mr. Warburton.

*Port.*

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*Port.* Marry, Sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, Sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore much Drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery; it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it perswades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand, to and not stand to; in conclusion, equivocates him into a sleep, and giving him the lie, leaves him.

*Macd.* I believe, Drink gave thee the lie last night.

*Port.* That it did, Sir, i'th' very throat on me; but I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

*Macd.* Is thy master stirring?  
Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

*Len.* Good morrow, noble Sir.

*Enter Macbeth.*

*Macb.* Good morrow, Both.

*Macd.* Is the King stirring, worthy Thane?

*Macb.* Not yet.

*Macd.* He did command me to call timely on him;  
I've almost slipt the hour.

*Macb.* I'll bring you to him.

*Macd.* I know, this is a joyful trouble to you:  
But yet 'tis one.

*Macb.* The labour, we delight in, physicks pain;  
This is the door.

*Macd.* I'll make so bold to call, for 'tis my limited  
service. [Exit Macduff.]

*Len.* Goes the King hence to day?

*Macb.* He did appoint so.

*Len.* The night has been unruly; where we lay,  
Our chimneys were blown down: And, as they say,  
Lamentings heard i'th' air, strange screams of death,  
And prophesying with accents terrible  
Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,  
New hatch'd to th' woful time:

The



# The Tragedy of MACBETH. 415

The obscure bird clamour'd the live-long night.  
Some say, the earth was fev'rous, and did shake.

*Macb.* 'Twas a rough night.

*Len.* My young remembrance cannot parallel  
A fellow to it.

*Enter Macduff.*

*Macd.* O horror ! horror ! horror !  
Nor tongue, nor heart, cannot conceive, nor name thee—

*Macb. and Len.* What's the matter ?

*Macd.* Confusion now hath made his master-piece ;  
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope  
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence  
The life o'th' building.

*Macb.* What is't you say ? the life ? —

*Len.* Mean you his Majesty ? —

*Macd.* Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight  
With a new Gorgon.—Do not bid me speak ;  
See, and then speak your selves : awake ! awake !

[*Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.*]

Ring the alarum-bell—murder ! and treason !

*Banquo, and Donalbain ! Malcolm ! awake !*

Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,

And look on death it self—up, up, and see

The great Doom's image—*Malcolm ! Banquo !*

As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprights,

(18) To countenance this horror.—

*Bell rings. Enter Lady Macbeth.*

*Lady.* What's the business,

(18) *To countenance this horror. Ring the Bell.]*

I have ventur'd to throw out these last Words, as no part of the Text. *Macduff* had said at the Beginning of his Speech, *Ring out th' Alarum-Bell* ; but if the Bell had rung out immediately, not a Word of What he says could have been distinguish'd. *Ring the Bell*, I say, was a Marginal Direction in the *Prompter's Book* for him to order the Bell to be rung, the Minute that *Macduff* ceases speaking.

In proof of this, we may observe, that the Hemistich ending *Macduff's* Speech, and that beginning *Lady Macbeth's*, make up a compleat Verse. Now if *Ring the Bell* had been a part of the Text, can we imagine the Poet would have begun the *Lady's* Speech with a broken Line ?

That

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That such an hideous trumpet calls to parley  
The sleepers of the house? speak.

*Macd.* Gentle lady,  
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak.  
The repetition in a woman's ear  
Would murder as it fell.—O *Banquo, Banquo!*

*Enter Banquo.*

Our royal master's murder'd.

*Lady.* Woe, alas!  
What, in our house?—

*Ban.* Too cruel, any where.  
*Macduff,* I pr'ythee, contradict thy self,  
And say, it is not so.

*Enter Macbeth, Lenox, and Ross.*

*Macb.* Had I but dy'd an hour before this chance,  
I had liv'd a blessed time: for, from this instant,  
There's nothing serious in mortality;  
All is but toys; Renown and Grace is dead;  
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees  
Is left this vault to brag of.

*Enter Malcolme, and Donalbaine.*

*Don.* What is amiss?

*Macb.* You are, and do not know't:  
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood  
Is stopt; the very source of it is stopt.

*Macb.* Your royal father's murder'd.

*Mal.* Oh, by whom?

*Len.* Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had don't;  
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood,  
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found  
Upon their pillows; they star'd, and were distracted;  
No man's life was to be trusted with them.

*Macb.* O, yet I do repent me of my fury,  
That I did kill them.—

*Macd.* Wherefore did you so?



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*Macb.* Who can be wife, amaz'd, temp'rate and furious,

Loyal and neutral in a moment? no man.  
The expedition of my violent love  
Out-run the pauser, Reason. Here, lay *Duncan*;  
His silver skin laced with his golden blood,  
And his gash'd Stabs look'd like a breach in Nature,  
For Ruin's wasteful entrance; there, the murderers;  
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers  
Unmannerly breech'd with gore; who could refrain,  
That had a heart to love, and in that heart  
Courage, to make's love known?

*Lady.* Help me hence, ho! — [Seeming to faint.

*Macd.* Look to the lady.

*Mal.* Why do we hold our tongues,  
That most may claim this argument for ours?

*Don.* What should be spoken here,  
Where our Fate, hid within an augre-hole,  
May rush, and sieze us? Let's away, our tears  
Are not yet brew'd.

*Mal.* Nor our strong sorrow on  
The foot of motion.

*Ban.* Look to the lady; [*Lady Macbeth is carried out.*  
And when we have our naked frailties hid,  
That suffer in exposure; let us meet,  
And question this most bloody piece of work,  
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:  
In the great hand of God I stand, and thence,  
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight  
Of treas'nous malice.

*Macb.* So do I.

*All.* So, all.

*Macb.* Let's briefly put on manly readiness,  
And meet i'th' hall together.

*All.* Well contented. [Exeunt.

*Mal.* What will you do? let's not consort with them:  
To shew an unfelt sorrow, is an office  
Which the false man does easie. I'll to *England*.

*Don.* To *Ireland*, I; our separated fortune  
Shall keep us both the safer; where we are,

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There's daggers in men's smiles ; the near in blood,  
The nearer bloody.

*Mal.* This murderous shaft, that's shot,  
Hath not yet lighted ; and our safest way  
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse ;  
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,  
But shift away ; there's warrant in that theft,  
Which steals it self when there's no mercy left. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, *the Outside of Macbeth's Castle.*

*Enter Ross, with an old Man.*

*Old Man.* **T**Hreescore and ten I can remember well,  
Within the volume of which time, I've seen  
Hours dreadful, and things strange ; but this sore night  
Hath trifled former knowings.

*Ross.* Ah, good father,  
Thou seest, the heav'ns, as troubled with man's act,  
Threaten this bloody stage : by th' clock, 'tis day ;  
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp :  
Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame,  
That darkness does the face of earth intomb,  
When living light should kiss it ?

*Old M.* 'Tis unnatural,  
Even like the Deed that's done. On *Tuesday* last,  
A falcon, tawring in her pride of place,  
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at, and kill'd.

*Ross.* And *Duncan's* horses, (a thing most strange and  
certain !) (19)  
Beauteous and swift, the minions of the Race,  
Turn'd

(19) *And Duncan's Horses, (a Thing most strange and certain !)*  
*Beauteous and swift, the Minions of their Race,]*

I am pretty certain, all the Copies have err'd, one after Another, in  
this Reading : and that I have restor'd the true One. The Poet does  
not mean, that they were the best of their Breed ; but that they  
were excellent Racers : in which Sense he very poetically calls them, the  
Minions of the Race. This is a Mode of Expression, which he seems  
very fond of. So, before, in this Play.

*Like Valour's Minion, carved out his Passage ;*

*King*



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Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,  
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would  
Make war with man.

*Old M.* 'Tis said, they eat each other.

*Rosse.* They did so; to the amazement of mine eyes,  
That look'd upon't.

*Enter Macduff.*

Here comes the good *Macduff*.

How goes the world, Sir, now?

*Macd.* Why, see you not?

*Rosse.* Is't known, who did this more than bloody Deed?

*Macd.* Those, that *Macbeth* hath slain.

*Rosse.* Alas, the day!

What good could they pretend?

*Macd.* They are suborn'd;

*Malcolm*, and *Donalbaine*, the King's two Sons,  
Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them  
Suspicion of the Deed.

*Rosse.* 'Gainst nature still;—

Thriftless ambition! that will ravin up  
Thine own life's means.—Then 'tis most like,  
The Sovereignty will fall upon *Macbeth*?

*Macd.* He is already nam'd, and gone to *Scone*,  
To be invested.

*Rosse.* Where is *Duncan's* body?

*Macd.* Carried to *Colmes-hill*,  
The sacred storehouse of his Predecessors,  
And guardian of their bones.

*Rosse.* Will you to *Scone*?

*Macd.* No, Cousin, I'll to *Fife*.

*Rosse.* Well, I will thither.

*Macd.* Well, may you see things well done there, (adieu;)  
Left our old robes fit easier than our new!

*King John.*

*Fortune shall cull forth*

*Out of One side her happy Minion.*

*1st. Henry. IV.*

*Who is sweet Fortune's Minion, and her Pride.*

And again;

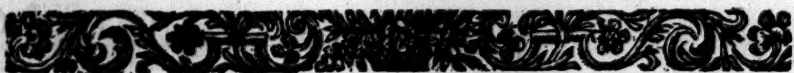
—*Gentlemen of the Shade, Minions of the Moon.*

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*Rosse.* Farewel, Father.

*Old M.* God's benison go with you, and with those  
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes.

[*Exeunt.*]



A C T III.

S C E N E, *an Apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter Banquo.*



THOU hast it now ; King, *Cawdor*, *Glamis*, all  
The weird women promis'd ; and, I fear,  
Thou plaid'st most foully for't : yet it was said,  
It should not stand in thy Posterity ;  
But that my self should be the root, and father  
Of many Kings. If there come truth from them,  
(As upon thee, *Macbeth*, their speeches shine)  
Why, by the verities on thee made good,  
May they not be my Oracles as well,  
And set me up in hope ? but, hush, no more.

*Trumpets sound. Enter Macbeth as King, Lady Macbeth, Lenox, Rosse, Lords and Attendants.*

*Macb.* Here's our chief guest.

*Lady.* If he had been forgotten,  
It had been as a gap in our great Feast,  
And all things unbecoming.

*Macb.* To night we hold a solemn supper, Sir,  
And I'll request your presence.

*Ban.* I lay your Highness'  
Command upon me ; to the which, my Duties  
Are with a most indissoluble tye



# The Tragedy of MACBETH. 421

For ever knit.

*Macb.* Ride you this afternoon?

*Ban.* Ay, my good lord.

*Macb.* We should have else desir'd

Your good advice (which still hath been both grave  
And prosperous) in this day's Council; but  
We'll take to morrow. Is it far you ride?

*Ban.* As far, my lord, as will fill up the time  
'Twi'x't this and supper. Go not my horse the better,  
I must become a borrower of the night  
For a dark hour or twain.

*Macb.* Fail not our feast.

*Ban.* My lord, I will not.

*Macb.* We hear, our bloody Cousins are bestow'd  
In *England*, and in *Ireland*; not confessing  
Their cruel Parricide, filling their hearers  
With strange invention; but of That to morrow;  
When therewithal we shall have cause of State,  
Craving us jointly. Hie to horse: adieu,  
Till you return at night. Goes *Fleance* with you?

*Ban.* Ay, my good lord; our time does call upon us.

*Macb.* I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot:  
And so I do commend you to their backs.  
Farewel. [Exit Banquo.]

Let ev'ry man be master of his time (20)  
'Till seven at night; to make society  
The sweeter welcome, we will keep our self  
'Till supper-time alone: till then, God be with you.

[Exeunt Lady Macbeth, and Lords.]

(20) *Let ev'ry Man be Master of his Time*

*Till sev'n at night, to make Society*

*The sweeter welcome: We will keep our self*

*Till Supper Time alone.]* I am surpriz'd, none of the Editors should quarrel with the Pointing. How could ev'ry Man's being Master of his own Time till Night, make Society then the sweeter? for, so, every Man might have gone into Company in the mean while, and pall'd himself for the Night's Entertainment. My Regulation, I dare warrant, retrieves the Poet's Meaning. "Let every Man (says the King,) be Master of his own time till Seven o' Clock: and that I may have the stronger Enjoyment of your Companies then, I'll abstain from all Company till Supper-time."

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*Manent Macbeth, and a Servant.*

Sirrah, a word with you : attend those men  
Our pleasure?

*Ser.* They are, my lord, without the Palace-gate.

*Macb.* Bring them before us ——— To be thus, is no-  
thing ; *[Exit ser.]*

But to be safely thus. — Our fears in *Banquo*  
Stick deep ; and in his Royalty of Nature  
Reigns That, which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he dares,  
And to that dauntless temper of his mind,  
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour  
To act in safety. There is none but he,  
Whose Being I do fear : and, under him,  
My Genius is rebuk'd ; as it is said,  
*Antony's* was by *Cæsar*. He chid the Sisters,  
When first they put the name of King upon me,  
And bad them speak to him ; then, Prophet-like,  
They hail'd him father to a line of Kings.  
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless Crown,  
And put a barren Scepter in my gripe,  
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,  
No son of mine succeeding. If 'tis so,  
For *Banquo's* issue have I fil'd my mind :  
For them, the gracious *Duncan* have I murther'd :  
Put rancours in the vessel of my Peace  
Only for them : and mine eternal jewel  
Giv'n to the common enemy of man,  
To make them Kings : the Seed of *Banquo* Kings :  
Rather than so, come Fate into the list,  
And champion me to th' utterance ! ——— who's there ?

*Enter Servant, and two Murtherers.*

Go to the door, and stay there, 'till we call.

*[Exit servant.]*

Was it not yesterday we spoke together ?

*Mur.* It was, so please your Highness.

*Macb.* Well then, now  
You have consider'd of my speeches ? know,  
That it was he, in the times past, which held you



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So under fortune ; which, you thought, had been  
Our innocent self ; this I made good to you  
In our last conf'rence, past in probation with you :  
How you were borne in hand, how crost ; the instruments,  
Who wrought with them : and all things else, that might  
To half a soul, and to a notion craz'd,  
Say, thus did *Banquo*.

1 *Mur.* True, you made it known.

*Mach.* I did so ; and went further, which is now  
Our point of second meeting. Do you find  
Your Patience so predominant in your nature,  
That you can let this go ? are you so gospell'd,  
To pray for this good man and for his issue,  
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the Grave,  
And beggar'd yours for ever ?

1 *Mur.* We are men, my liege.

*Mach.* Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men,  
As hounds, and greyhounds, mungrels, spaniels, curs,  
Showghes, water-rugs, and demy-wolves are cleped  
All by the name of dogs ; the valued file  
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,  
The house-keeper, the hunter, every one  
According to the gift which bounteous Nature  
Hath in him clos'd ; whereby he does receive  
Particular addition, from the bill  
That writes them all alike : and so of men.  
Now, if you have a station in the file,  
And not in the worst rank of manhood, say it ;  
And I will put that business in your bosoms,  
Whose execution takes your enemy off ;  
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,  
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,  
Which in his death were perfect.

2 *Mur.* I am one,  
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world  
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what  
I do, to spite the world.

1 *Mur.* And I another,  
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,  
That I would set my life on any chance,

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To mend it, or be rid on't.

*Macb.* Both of you  
Know, *Banquo* was your enemy.

*Mur.* True, my lord.

*Macb.* So is he mine: and in such bloody distance,  
That every minute of his Being thrusts  
Against my near't of life; and though I could  
With bare-fac'd Power sweep him from my sight,  
And bid my Will avouch it; yet I must not,  
For certain friends that are both his and mine,  
Whose loves I may not drop; but wail his Fall,  
Whom I my self struck down: and thence it is,  
That I to your assistance do make love,  
Masking the business from the common eye  
For sundry weighty reasons.

*2 Mur.* We shall, my lord,  
Perform what you command us.

*1 Mur.* Though our lives —

*Macb.* Your spirits shine through you. In this hour, at  
most,  
I will advise you where to plant your selves;  
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o'th' time,  
The moment on't; (for't must be done to night, (21)  
And something from the Palace: always thought,  
That I require a Clearness :) and with him,

(To

(21) *for't must be done to Night,*  
*And something from the Palace: always thought,*  
That I require a Clearness; ] The latter Branch of this Sentence Mr. Pope  
has sunk upon Us, in both his Editions, tho' it is authoriz'd by all the  
preceding Copies. If I may venture to guess at the Reason of his  
suppressing these Words, it was because he did not understand them:  
but *Macbeth* means, that the Murtherers must in every step remem-  
ber, he requires not to be suspected of the Fact; to stand clear from  
all Imputations, which might affect him in the Opinions of People.  
I have frequently observ'd, how minutely *Shakespeare* is used to fol-  
low his History in little particular Circumstances. This is One sig-  
nal Instance. Let us hear honest *Holingshead* (from whom he has  
copied this whole Tale) in his History of Scotland p. 172.—He will-  
ed therefore the same Banquho with his Son named Fleance to come to  
a Supper that he had prepared for them; which was, indeed, as he had  
devised, present Death at the hands of certain Murtherers whom he hired  
to execute that Deed; appointing them to meet with the same Banquho  
and



# *The Tragedy of MACBETH.* 425

(To leave no rubs nor botches in the Work)  
*Fleance* his son, that keeps him company,  
(Whose absence is no less material to me,  
Than is his father's) must embrace the fate  
Of that dark hour. Resolve your selves a-part,  
I'll come to you anon.

*Mur.* We are resolv'd, my lord.

*Macb.* I'll call upon you straight; abide within.  
[*Exeunt Murtherers.*]

It is concluded; — *Banquo*, thy Soul's flight,  
If it find heav'n, must find it out to night. [Exit.]

## SCENE, another Apartment in the Palace.

*Enter Lady Macbeth, and a Servant.*

*Lady.* **I**S *Banquo* gone from Court?

*Serv.* Ay, Madam, but returns again to night.

*Lady.* Say to the King, I would attend his leisure  
For a few words.

*Serv.* Madam, I will. [Exit.]

*Lady.* Nought's had, all's spent,  
Where our desire is got without content:  
'Tis safer to be That which we destroy,  
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

*Enter Macbeth.*

How now, my lord, why do you keep alone?  
Of sorriest fancies your companions making,  
Using those thoughts, which should, indeed, have dy'd  
With them they think on? things without all remedy  
Should be without regard; what's done, is done.

*Macb.* We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it—(22)  
She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice  
Remains

and his Son without the Palace, as they returned to their Lodgings, and there to flea them, so that he would not have his House slandered; but that in time to come he might clear himself, if Any thing were laid to his Charge upon Any Suspicion that might arise.

(22) *We have scorch'd the Snake, not kill'd it,*  
*She'll close, and be herself;]* This is a Passage, which has all along pas-  
sed

# 426 *The Tragedy of* MACBETH.

Remains in danger of her former tooth.  
 But let both worlds disjoint, and all things suffer,  
 Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep  
 In the affliction of these terrible Dreams,  
 That shake us nightly. Better be with the Dead,  
 (Whom we, to gain our Place, have sent to Peace,)  
 Than on the torture of the mind to lie  
 In restless ecstasie. — *Duncan* is in his Grave;  
 After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;  
 Treason has done his worst; nor steel, nor poison,  
 Malice domestick, foreign levy, nothing  
 Can touch him further!

*Lady.* Come on;  
 Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;  
 Be bright, and jovial, 'mong your guests to night.

*Macb.* So shall I, Love; and so, I pray, be you;  
 Let your remembrance still apply to *Banquo*.  
 Present him Eminence, both with eye and tongue:

sed current thro' the Editions, and yet, I dare affirm, is not our Author's Reading. What has a Snake, *closing* again, to do with its being *scorch'd*? Scorching would never either *separate*, or *dilate*, its Parts; but rather make them instantly *contract* and *shrivel*. SHAKESPEARE, I am very well perswaded, had this Notion in his head; that if you cut a Serpent or Worm asunder, in several Pieces, there is such an unctuous Quality in their Blood, that the dismember'd Parts, being only placed near enough to touch one another, will cement and become as whole as before the Injury receiv'd. The Application of this Thought is to *Duncan*, the murder'd King, and his surviving Sons. *Macbeth* considers them so much as Members of the Father, that tho' he has cut off the Old Man, he would say, he has not entirely kill'd him, but he'll revive again in the Lives of his Sons. Can we doubt therefore but that the Poet wrote, as I have restor'd to the Text,

*We have scotch'd the Snake, not kill'd it?*

To *scotch*, however the Generality of our Dictionaries happen to omit the Word, signifies, to *notch*, *slash*, *hack*, *cut*, with Twigs, Swords, &c. and so our Poet more than once has used it in his Works.

CORIOLANUS.

*He was too hard for him directly, to say the Troth on't: Before Corioli, he scotch'd him, and notch'd him, like a Carbonado.*

ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

*We'll beat 'em into Bench-holes: I have yet  
 Room for six Scotches more.*

I made this Emendation, when I publish'd my SHAKESPEARE restor'd; and Mr. Pope has vouchsafed to embrace it in his last Edition.

Unsafe



Unsafe the while, that we must lave our honours  
In these so flatt'ring streams, and make our faces  
Vizors t'our hearts, disguising what they are! —

*Lady.* You must leave this.

*Macb.* O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!  
Thou know'st, that *Banquo*, and his *Fleance*, lives.

*Lady.* But in them, Nature's copy's not eternal.

*Macb.* There's comfort yet, they are affailable;  
Then, be thou jocund. Ere the Bat hath flown  
His cloyster'd flight, ere to black *Hecat's* summons  
The shard-born beetle with his drowsie hums  
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done  
A Deed of dreadful note.

*Lady.* What's to be done?

*Macb.* Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,  
'Till thou applaud the Deed: come, feeling Night, (23)  
Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,  
And with thy bloody and invisible hand  
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond,  
Which keeps me pale! Light thickens, and the Crow  
Makes wing to th' rooky wood:  
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse.  
Whiles night's black agents to their prey do rowze,  
Thou marvell'st at my words; but hold thee still;  
Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by Ill:  
So, pr'ythee, go with me. [Exit.

SCENE changes to a Park; the Castle at a distance.

Enter three Murderers.

1 Mur. BUT who did bid thee join with us?  
3 Mur. Macbeth.

2 Mur.

(23) ————— come, feeling Night,  
[Skarf up the tender Eye of pitiful day:] Mr. Rowe and Mr. Pope, neither of them were aware of the Poet's Metaphor here, and so have blunder'd the Text into Nonsense. I have restor'd from the old Copies,  
————— come, feeling Night,

i. e.

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2 *Mur.* He needs not our Mistrust, since he delivers (24)

Our offices, and what we have to do,  
To the direction just.

1 *Mur.* Then stand with us.  
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:  
Now spurs the lated traveller apace,  
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches  
The subject of our watch.

3 *Mur.* Hark, I hear horses.

*Banquo within.* Give us light there, ho!

2 *Mur.* Then it is he: the rest,  
That are within the note of expectation,  
Already are i'th' Court.

1 *Mur.* His horses go about.

3 *Mur.* Almost a mile: but he does usually,  
(So all men do,) from hence to th' Palace-gate  
Make it their Walk.

*Enter Banquo and Fleance, with a Torch.*

2 *Mur.* A light, a light.

3 *Mur.* 'Tis he.

1 *Mur.* Stand to't.

*Ban.* It will be rain to night.

1 *Mur.* Let it come down.

[*They assault Banquo.*]

*Ban.* Oh, treachery!

Fly, *Fleance*, fly, fly, fly,

i. e. *blinding*. It is a Term in *Falconry*, when they run a thread thro' the Eyelids of a Hawk first taken, so that she may see very little, or not at all, to make her the better endure the Hood. This they call, *seeing* a Hawk.

(24) *He needs not to mistrust, —* Mr. *Pope* has here sophisticated the Text, for want of understanding it. I can easily see, that he conceiv'd This to be the Meaning; that *Macbeth* had no Occasion to mistrust the Murderers he had employ'd, and plant another upon them. But the Text in the Old Copies stands thus,

*He needs not our Mistrust —*

*Macbeth* had agreed with the two Murderers, and appoints a *Third* to assist them. The *Two* are Somewhat jealous of him at first, but finding that he was So particular and precise in his Directions, that he knew every part of their Commission, they agree, that there is no need to mistrust him, and so bid him stand with them.

Thou



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Thou may'st revenge. Oh slave!

[Dies. Fleance escapes.

3 *Mur.* Who did strike out the light?

1 *Mur.* Was't not the way?

3 *Mur.* There's but One down; the son  
Is fled.

2 *Mur.* We've lost best half of our affair.

1 *Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how much is done.

[Exeunt.

SCENE changes to a Room of State in the Castle.

*A Banquet prepar'd. Enter Macbeth, Lady, Rosse, Lennox, Lords, and Attendants.*

*Macb.* YOU know your own degrees, sit down:  
At first and last, the hearty welcome.

*Lords.* Thanks to your Majesty.

*Macb.* Our self will mingle with society,  
And play the humble Host:

Our Hostess keeps her State, but in best time

We will require her welcome.

[They sit.

*Lady.* Pronounce it for me, Sir, to all our friends,  
For my heart speaks, they're welcome.

*Enter first Murderer.*

*Macb.* See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.

Both sides are even: here I'll sit i'th' midst;

Be large in mirth, anon we'll drink a measure

The table round—There's blood upon thy face.

[To the Murderer, aside, at the door.

*Mur.* 'Tis Banquo's then.

*Macb.* 'Tis better thee without, than he within.

Is he dispatch'd?

*Mur.* My lord, his throat is cut, That I did for him.

*Macb.* Thou art the best of cut-throats; yet he's good,  
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,

Thou art the non-pareil.

*Mur.* Most royal Sir,

Fleance is 'scap'd.

*Macb.*

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*Macb.* Then comes my Fit again : I had else been perfect ;

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock ;  
As broad, and gen'ral, as the casing air :  
But now I'm cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in  
To sawcy Doubts and Fears. But *Banquo's* safe? —

*Mur.* Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,  
With twenty trenched gashes on his head ;  
The least a death to Nature.

*Macb.* Thanks for that ;  
There the grown serpent lyes : the worm, that's fled,  
Hath Nature that in time will venom breed,  
No teeth for th' present. Get thee gone, to morrow  
We'll hear 't our selves again. [Exit Murderer.

*Lady.* My royal lord,  
You do not give the cheer ; the feast is sold,  
That is not often vouched, while 'tis making ;  
'Tis given, with welcome. To feed, were best at home ;  
From thence, the sawce to meat is ceremony ;  
Meeting were bare without it.

[*The Ghost of Banquo rises, and sits in Macbeth's place.*

*Macb.* Sweet remembrancer !  
Now good digestion wait on appetite,  
And health on both !

*Len.* May't please your Highness sit ?

*Macb.* Here had we now our Country's Honour roof'd,  
Were the grac'd person of our *Banquo* present, —  
(Whom may I rather challenge for unkindness,  
Than pity for mischance !)

*Rosse.* His absence, Sir,  
Lays blame upon his promise. Pleas't your Highness  
To grace us with your royal company ?

*Macb.* The table's full. [Starting.

*Len.* Here's a place reserv'd, Sir.

*Macb.* Where ?

*Len.* Here, my good lord.  
What is't that moves your Highness ?

*Macb.* Which of you have done this ?

*Lords.* What, my good lord ?

*Macb.* Thou can'st not say, I did it : never shake

Thy



*The Tragedy of MACBETH.* 431

Thy goary looks at me.

*Rosse.* Gentlemen, rise; his Highness is not well.

*Lady.* Sit, worthy friends, my lord is often thus,  
And hath been from his youth. Pray you, keep seat.  
The Fit is momentary, on a thought  
He will again be well. If much you note him,  
You shall offend him, and extend his passion;  
Feed, and regard him not. — Are you a man?

[*To Macb. aside.*]

*Macb.* Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on That,  
Which might appall the Devil.

*Lady.* O proper stuff!

This is the very Painting of your fear; [aside.  
This is the air-drawn-dagger, which, you said,  
Led you to *Duncan*. Oh, these flaws and starts  
(Impostors to true fear,) would well become  
A woman's story at a winter's fire,  
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame it self! —  
Why do you make such faces? when all's done,  
You look but on a stool.

*Macb.* Pr'ythee, see there!  
Behold! look! loe! how say you?

[*Pointing to the Ghost.*]

Why, what care I! if thou canst nod, speak too. —

If Charnel-houses and our Graves must send

Those, that we bury, back; our Monuments

Shall be the maws of kites. [The Ghost vanishes.

*Lady.* What? quite unmann'd in folly?

*Macb.* If I stand here, I saw him. —

*Lady.* Fie, for shame!

*Macb.* Blood hath been shed ere now, i'th' olden time,  
Ere humane Statute purg'd the gen'ral weal; (25)  
Ay, and since too, Murthers have been perform'd  
Too terrible for th' ear: the times have been,

(25) *Ere humane Statute purg'd the gentle Weal.*] Thus all the Editions: but Mr. Warburton very justly advis'd, as I have reform'd the Text, gen'ral Weal: "And it is a very fine *Periphrasis* (says He) to signify, *ere civil Societies were instituted*. For the early Murthers, recorded in Scripture, are here alluded to: and *Macbeth's* apologizing for Murther "from the Antiquity of the Example is very natural."

That,

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That, when the brains were out, the man would die,  
And there an end; but now they rise again  
With twenty mortal Murthers on their crowns,  
And push us from our stools; this is more strange  
Than such a murder is.

*Lady.* My worthy lord,  
Your noble friends do lack you.

*Mach.* I do forget. —  
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends,  
I have a strange Infirmary, which is nothing  
To those that know me. Come, Love and Health to all!  
Then I'll sit down: give me some wine, fill full —  
I drink to th' general joy of the whole table,  
And to our dear friend *Banquo*, whom we miss;  
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,  
And all to all.

*Lords.* Our Duties, and the Pledge.

[*The Ghost rises again.*]

*Mach.* Avaunt, and quit my sight! Let the earth hide  
thee! (26)

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;  
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes,  
Which thou dost glare with.

*Lady.* Think of this, good Peers,  
But as a thing of custom; 'tis no other;  
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

*Mach.* What man dare, I dare:  
Approach Thou like the rugged *Russian* bear,  
The arm'd rhinoceros, or *Hyrcean* tyger,  
Take any shape but That, and my firm nerves  
Shall never tremble: Or, be alive again,  
And dare me to the Desert with thy sword;  
If trembling I inhibit, then protest me  
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!

(26) *Avaunt, and quit my Sight! Let the Earth hide thee!]* i. e. As thou art a dead Thing, the Earth, thy Grave, ought to overwhelm and cover thee from humane Sight. Thus *Io* (in the *Prometheus* chain'd, by *Æschylus*) in her Frenzy fancying that she saw the Apparition of *Argus*, complains that the Earth does not hide him tho dead.

Οὐδὲ γὰρ τὰν ὄψιν αὐτῆς κρύβει.

Unreal



# The Tragedy of MACBETH. 433

Unreal mock'ry, hence! Why, so,——being gone,  
[The Ghost vanishes.]  
 I am a man again: pray you, sit still. [The Lords rise.]

*Lady.* You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good Meeting

With most admir'd disorder.

*Macb.* Can such things be,  
 And overcome us like a Summer's cloud,  
 Without our special wonder? You make me strange  
 Ev'n to the disposition that I owe,

When now I think, you can behold such fights;  
 And keep the natural Ruby of your Cheeks,  
 When mine is blanch'd with fear.

*Rosse.* What fights, my lord?

*Lady.* I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;

Question enrages him: at once, good night.  
 Stand not upon the Order of your Going,  
 But go at once.

*Len.* Good night, and better health  
 Attend his Majesty!

*Lady.* Good night, to all. [Exeunt Lords.]

*Macb.* It will have blood, they say; blood will have blood:

Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;  
 Augurs, that understood relations, have (27)

V O L. V.

E e

By

(27) *Augurs, that understood Relations, have*

*By Magpies, and by Crows, and Rooks, brought forth  
 The secret'st Man of Blood.]* Conscience, as we may learn from *Plutarch*,  
 has sometimes supply'd the Office of *Augury* in this Point. One *Bes-  
 sus*, he tells us, who had a long Time before murder'd his Father,  
 going to sup at a Friend's House, suddenly with his Spear pull'd down a  
 Swallow's Nest, and kill'd all the Young Ones. The Company enqui-  
 ring into the Reason of his Cruelty, *Don't you hear, says he, how they  
 falsely accuse me of having kill'd my Father?* Vid. *Plutarchum de Sera  
 Numinis Vindictâ*. As remarkable a Story is recorded by him, in another  
 Tract, upon which the *Greeks* founded their Proverb, *Αἰ' ἱεῖρας γ' ἐπαυότ.*  
*Ibycus* the Poet being surpriz'd by Robbers in a Desert, as they were a-  
 bout to kill him, call'd out to a Flock of Cranes, that flew over his Head,  
 to bear Witness of his Murder. These Murtherers sometime afterwards  
 sitting in the Theatre, and seeing a Flight of Cranes, said in Triumph

# 434 *The Tragedy of MACBETH.*

By mag-pies, and by choughs, and rooks brought forth  
The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night?

*Lady.* Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

*Macb.* How say'st thou, that *Macduff* denies his person,  
At our great bidding?

*Lady.* Did you send to him, Sir?

*Macb.* I hear it by the way; but I will send:  
There's not a Thane of them, but in his house (28)  
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow  
(Betimes I will) unto the weird sisters:  
More shall they speak; for now I'm bent to know,  
By the worst means, the worst, for mine own good.  
All causes shall give way; I am in blood  
Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,  
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:  
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;  
Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd.

*Lady.* You lack the Season of all Nature's Sleep.

*Macb.* Come, we'll to sleep; my strange and self-abuse

to one another; *Behold, Ibycus's Avengers!* The Words being overheard, the Robbers were apprehended, rack'd upon Suspicion, and brought to a Confession of the Murder. And thus, as *Ausonius* says,

*Ibycus ut periit, vindex fuit altivolans Grus.*

*Monfieur. Le Fèvre*, in his *Lives of the Greek Poets*, has concluded with remarking on *Ibycus*, that as he liv'd a Poet, so he dy'd a Prophet.

(28) *There is not One of them,*] Thus the modern Editors. But, *One of Whom?* *Macbeth* has just said, that he heard, *Macduff* meant to disobey his Summons: and he would immediately subjoin, that there is not a Man of *Macduff's* Quality in the Kingdom, but He has a Spy under his Roof. This is understood, not express'd, as the Text as yet has stood. The old Folio's give us the Passage thus;

*There's not a one of them——*

Here we again meet with a deprav'd Reading; but it is such a One, as, I am perswaded, has led me to the Poet's true Word and Meaning.

*There's not a Thane of them,*

i. e. a Nobleman: and so the Peers of Scotland were all call'd, till Earls were created by *Malcolm* the Son of *Duncan*. The Etymology of the Word is to be found in *Spelman's Saxon Glossary*, *Wormius's Danish History*, *Casaubon de Lingua Saxonica*, &c. And my Emendation, I conceive, is sufficiently confirm'd by what *Holingshead*, from whom our Author has extract'd so many Particulars of History, expressly says in proof of this Circumstance. *For Macbeth had in every Nobleman's House one sly Fellow or other, in see with him; to reveal All that was said or done, within the same: by which Slight he oppress'd the most part of the Nobles of his Realm.*



# The Tragedy of MACBETH. 435

Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use :  
We're yet but young in Deed.

(29) [Exeunt.]

SCENE changes to the Heath.

*Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate.*

1 Wit. **W**HYY, how now, *Hecat'*, you look angrily.  
*Hec.* Have I not reason, Beldams, as you are ?

Sawcy, and over-bold ! how did you dare  
To trade and traffick with *Macbeth*,  
In riddles and affairs of death ?  
And I the mistress of your Charms,  
The close contriver of all harms,  
Was never call'd to bear my part,  
Or shew the glory of our Art ?  
And which is worse, all you have done  
Hath been but for a weyward son ;  
Spightful and wrathful, who, as others do,  
Loves for his own ends, not for you.  
But make amends now ; get you gone,  
And at the pit of *Acheron*  
Meet me i'th' morning : thither he  
Will come, to know his destiny ;  
Your vessels and your spells provide,  
Your Charms, and every thing beside.  
I am for th' Air : this night I'll spend  
Unto a dismal, fatal end.

(29) *We're yet but young indeed.* ] If we transpose these Words, we shall find, they amount to no more than This, *We are yet indeed but young.* But this is far from comprizing either the Poet's, or *Macbeth's*, Meaning. I read, — *in Deed*, i. e. but little inur'd yet to Acts of Blood and Cruelty : for Time and Practice harden Villains in their Trade, who are timorous till so harden'd. So *Macbeth* says before ;

*Things bad begun strengthen themselves in Ill.*

So, afterwards,

*Direness, familiar to my slaught'rous Thoughts,  
Cannot once start me.*

So in 3d. *Henr. VI.*

*Made impudent with use of evil Deeds.*

Great business must be wrought ere noon:

Upon the corner of the Moon

There hangs a vap'rous drop, profound ;

I'll catch it ere it come to ground ;

And That, distill'd by magick sights,

Shall raise such artificial sprights,

As, by the strength of their illusion,

Shall draw him on to his confusion.

He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear

His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear :

And you all know, Security

Is mortals chiefest enemy.

[*Musick and a Song.*

Hark, I am call'd ; my little spirit, see,

Sits in the foggy cloud, and stays for me.

[*Sing within. Come away, come away, &c.*

*Wit.* Come, let's make haste, she'll soon be back again.

[*Ex.*

### S C E N E *changes to a chamber.*

*Enter Lenox, and another Lord.*

*Len.* **M**y former speeches have but hit your thoughts,  
Which can interpret farther : only, I say,  
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious *Duncan*  
Was pitied of *Macbeth*——marry, he was dead :——  
And the right-*valiant Banquo* walk'd too late.  
Whom you may say, if't please you, *Fleance* kill'd,  
For *Fleance* fled : men must not walk too late.  
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous too  
It was for *Malcolm*, and for *Donalbaine*  
To kill their gracious father ? damned fact !  
How did it grieve *Macbeth* ? did he not straight  
In pious rage the two delinquents tear,  
That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep ?  
Was not that nobly done ? ay, wisely too ;  
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive  
To hear the men deny't. So that I say,  
He has borne all things well ; and I do think,  
That had he *Duncan's* sons under his key,  
(As, and't please heav'n, he shall not ;) they should find

What



What 'twere to kill a father: so should *Fleance*.  
But peace! for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd  
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,  
*Macduff* lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell  
Where he bestows himself?

*Lord.* The Son of *Duncan*, (30)  
From whom this tyrant holds the due of Birth,  
Lives in the *English* Court; and is receiv'd  
Of the most pious *Edward*, with such grace,  
That the malevolence of fortune nothing  
Takes from his high respect. Thither *Macduff*  
Is gone to pray the King upon his aid  
To wake *Northumberland*, and warlike *Seyward*;  
That by the help of these, (with Him above  
To ratifie the work,) we may again  
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights;  
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives;  
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours,  
All which we pine for now. And this report

(30) *The Sons of Duncan*

From whom this Tyrant holds the Due of Birth] I have set right this Passage against the Authority of our unobserving Editors. And the Proofs of my Emendation are obvious. In the first place, *Macbeth* could not be said to hold the Due of Birth from Both *Duncan's* Sons. The Succession to the Crown was the Right of *Malcolm*; and *Donalbaine* could have no Right to it, as long as his Elder Brother or any of his Issue were in Being. In the next place, the Sons of *Duncan* did not Both shelter in the *English* Court. Upon the Discovery of their Father's Murther, we find them thus determining.

*Malc.* ————— *I'll to England.*

*Donal.* To Ireland I; our separated Fortune

Shall keep us both the safer. —————

This Determination, tis plain, they immediately put into Act, or *Macbeth* had very ill Intelligence:

*We hear, our bloody Cousins are bestow'd*

*In England and in Ireland.*

Nor were they together, even at the Time when *Malcolm* disputed his Right with *Macbeth*.

*Who knows, if Donalbaine be with his Brother?*

*Len.* For certain, Sir, he is not.

Besides, *Hector Boethius* and *Holingshead* (the latter of whom our Author precisely follows;) both inform us, that *Donalbaine* remain'd in Ireland till the Death of *Malcolm* and his Queen; and then, indeed, he came over, invaded *Scotland*, and wrested the Crown from One of his Nephews.

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Hath so exp'rated their King, that he  
Prepares for some attempt of War.

*Len.* Sent he to *Macduff*?

*Lord.* He did; and with an absolute, *Sir, not I,*  
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,  
And hums; as who should say, "you'll rue the time,  
" That clogs me with this answer.

*Len.* And that well might  
Advise him to a care to hold what distance  
His wisdom can provide. Some holy Angel  
Fly to the Court of *England*, and unfold  
His message ere he come! that a swift Blessing  
May soon return to this our suffering Country,  
Under a hand accurs'd!

*Lord.* I'll send my pray'rs with him.

[*Exeunt.*]



A C T IV.

S C E N E, *a dark Cave; in the middle, a great  
Cauldron burning.*

*Thunder.* Enter the three *Witches.*

I W I T C H.



THRICE the brinded cat hath mew'd.

2 *Witch.* Twice, and once the hedge-pig  
whin'd. (31)

3 *Witch.* *Harper* cries, 'tis time, 'tis time.

1 *Witch.* Round about the cauldron go,  
In the poison'd entrails throw.

(31) *Thrice and once the Hedge-pig whin'd.*] I have ventur'd, against  
the Concurrence of the Copies to read, *twice and once*: because, as *Virgil*  
has remark'd, *Numero Deus impare gaudet*: and *three and nine* are the  
Numbers us'd in all Inchantments, and magical Operations.

[*They*



[They march round the Cauldron, and throw in the  
several ingredients as for the preparation of their  
Charm,

Toad, that under the cold stone,  
Days and nights has, thirty one,  
Swelter'd venom sleeping got ;  
Boil thou first i'th' charmed pot.

*All.* Double, double, toil and trouble ;  
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

1 *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,  
In the cauldron boil and bake ;  
Eye of newt, and toe of frog ;  
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog ;  
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,

Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing :  
For a Charm of pow'rful trouble,  
Like a hell-broth, boil and bubble.

*All.* Double, double, toil and trouble,  
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

3 *Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,  
Witches mummy ; maw, and gulf-  
Of the ravening salt sea-shark ;  
Root of hemlock, digg'd i'th' dark ;  
Liver of blaspheming Jew :  
Gall of goat, and slips of yew,  
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse ;  
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips ;  
Finger of birth-strangled babe,  
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab ;  
Make the gruel thick, and slab.

Add thereto a tyger's chawdron.  
For th' ingredients of our cauldron.

*All.* Double, double, toil and trouble.  
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

2 *Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood,  
Then the Charm is firm and good.

*Enter Hecate, and other three Witches.*

*Hec.* Oh ! well done ! I commend your pains,  
And every one shall share i'th' gains.

And now about the cauldron sing,  
Like elves and fairies in a ring,  
Inchanting all that you put in,

}

*Musick and a Song.*

*Black spirits and white,  
Blue spirits and gray,  
Mingle, mingle, mingle,  
You that mingle may.*

2 *Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs  
Something wicked this way comes :  
Open locks, whoever knocks.

*Enter Macbeth.*

*Mach.* How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags?  
What is't you do ?

*All.* A deed without a name.

*Mach.* I conjure you, by that which you profess,  
(How e'er you come to know it) answer me.  
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight  
Against the churches ; though the yesty waves  
Confound and swallow Navigation up ;  
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down,  
Though castles topple on their warders heads ;  
Though palaces and pyramids do slope  
Their heads to their foundations ; though the treasure  
Of Nature's Germins tumble all together, (32)  
Even till destruction sicken : answer me  
To what I ask you.

1 *Witch.* Speak.

2 *Witch.* Demand.

3 *Witch.* We'll answer.

1 *Witch.* Say, if th' hadst rather hear it from our  
mouths,

(32) ———— *tho' the Treasure*

*Of Nature's germains tumble all together,]*

Thus all the printed Copies ; and Mr. Pope has explain'd *Germaines* by  
*Kindred* : but I have already prov'd in a Note upon *K. Lear*, that we  
must read, *Germins*, i. e. *Seeds*.



Or from our masters ?

*Macb.* Call 'em : let me see 'em.

*I Witch.* Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten  
Her nine farrow ; greafe, that's sweaten  
From the murth'rer's gibbet, throw  
Into the flame :

*All.* Come high or low :

Thy self and office deftly show.

[*Thunder.*

*Apparition of an armed head rises. (33)*

*Macb.* Tell me, thou unknown Power——

*I Witch.* He knows thy thought :  
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

*App. Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth !* beware *Mac-*  
*duff !*

Beware the *Thane of Fife*—dismiss me——enough.

[*Descends.*

*Macb.* What-e'er thou art, for thy good Caution, thanks.  
Thou'ft harp'd my fear aright. But one word more——

*I Witch.* He will not be commanded ; here's another  
More potent than the first.

[*Thunder.*

*Apparition of a bloody child rises.*

*App. Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth !*

*Macb.* Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

(33) Apparition of an armed Head rises.—Apparition of a bloody Child.—Apparition of a Child crown'd, with a Tree in his hand.] I was at a Loss, why this particular Apparatus and Furniture was employ'd to these three Apparitions. I propos'd the Question to my ingenious Friend Mr. Warburton, and he gave me the following Solution. “ Did “ our Author only use it for Show, we should not, I think, quarrel with “ him for it. But on Examination you will find, that the *Insignia* of these “ three Ghosts exactly answer to their Speeches. The first bids *Macbeth* be- “ ware of *Macduff* ; this is therefore an *armed Head*, the Emblem of Cau- “ tion, and Circumspection. The Second Ghost encourages him to persist “ in his bloody Courses ; for None of Woman born should harm him. “ This Ghost has therefore the Figure of a *bloody Child* : insinuating, that “ the Height of Barbarity is the Murder of Children. The Third Ghost “ tells him, He should never be vanquish'd till *Birnam* Wood remov'd from “ its Situation : and conformably to the Subject of its Speech, It has a “ Branch in its hand and is crown'd ; insinuating, that He should wear the “ Crown till *Birnam*-wood remov'd.”

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*App.* Be bloody, bold, and resolute ; laugh to scorn  
The pow'r of man ; for none of woman born  
Shall harm *Macbeth*, [Descends.

*Macb.* Then live, *Macduff* : what need I fear of thee ?  
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,  
And take a bond of Fate ; thou shalt not live,  
That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lyes ;  
And sleep in spight of thunder. [Thunders.

*Apparition of a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand,  
rises.*

What is this,  
That rises like the issue of a King,  
And wears upon his baby-brow the round  
And top of Sovereignty ?

*All.* Listen, but speak not.

*App.* Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care,  
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are :  
*Macbeth* shall never vanquish'd be, until  
Great *Birnam* wood to *Dunsinane's* high hill  
Shall come against him. [Descends.

*Macb.* That will never be :  
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree  
Unfix his earth-bound root ? Sweet boadments ! good !  
Rebellious Head rise never, till the wood (34)  
Of *Birnam* rise, and our high-plac'd *Macbeth*

Shall

(34) *Rebellious Dead, rise never till the Wood  
Of Birnam rise, &c.]* Thus all the Impressions, from the very Beginning,  
exhibit this Passage : but I cannot imagine what Notion the Editors could  
have of the *Dead* being *rebellious*. It looks to me, as if they were content  
to believe the Poet genuine, wherever he was mysterious beyond being  
understood. The Emendation of one Letter gives us clear Sense, and the  
very Thing which *Macbeth* should be suppos'd to say here. We must  
restore

*Rebellious Head rise never, ———*

i. e. Let Rebellion never make Head against me, till a Forest move,  
and I shall reign long enough in Safety. *Shakespeare* very frequently uses  
this Term to this Purpose ; of which I'll subjoin a few Examples.

1 *Henr. IV.*

————— *Douglas and the English Rebels met,  
Th' Eleventh of this month, at Shrewsbury ;*



Shall live the lease of Nature, pay his breath  
To time and mortal custom!—Yet my heart  
Throbs to know one thing; Tell me, (if your Art  
Can tell so much) shall *Banquo's* issue ever  
Reign in this Kingdom?

*All.* Seek to know no more.

*[The cauldron sinks into the ground.]*

*Mach.* I will be satisfy'd. Deny me this,  
And an eternal Curse fall on you! let me know,  
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?

*[Hautboys.]*

1 *Witch.* Shew!

2 *Witch.* Shew!

3 *Witch.* Shew!

*All.* Shew his eyes, and grieve his heart;  
Come like shadows, so depart.

*[Eight Kings appear and pass over in order, and (35)*

*Banquo; the last, with a glass in his hand.*

*Macbeth.* Thou art too like the spirit of *Banquo*; down!  
Thy

*A mighty and a fearful Head they are.*

2 *Henr. IV.*

*For his Divisions, as the Times do brawl,  
Are in three Heads; one Pow'r against the French, &c.*

Again, in the 1st. *Henr. IV.*

*We were forc'd for Safety's Sake to fly  
Out of your Sight, and raise this present Head.*

*Henr. VIII.*

*My noble Father, Henry of Buckingham,  
Who first rais'd Head against usurping Richard.*

*Coriolanus.*

*When Tarquin made a Head for Rome, he fought  
Beyond the mark of others.*

*&c. &c. &c.*

(35) *Eight Kings appear and pass over in order, and Banquo last, with a Glass in his hand.]* The Editors could not help blundering even in this Stage-Direction. For tis not *Banquo*, who brings the Glass; as is evident from the following Speech:

*And yet the Eighth appears, who bears a Glass,  
Which shews me many more:—and Some I see,  
That twofold Balls, and treble Scepters carry.*

I have quoted the last Line, because it will not be amiss to observe, that this fine Play, tis probable, was not writ till after *Q. Elizabeth's* Death. These Apparitions, tho very properly shewn with Regard to *Macbeth*, yet are more artfully so, when we consider the Address of the Poet in complimenting

Thy Crown do's fear mine eye-balls.—And thy hair  
 (Thou other gold-bound brow) is like the first——  
 A third is like the former—filthy hags !  
 Why do you shew me this?—A fourth?—Start eye !  
 What ! will the line stretch out to th' crack of Doom?—  
 Another yet?—A seventh ! I'll see no more——  
 And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,  
 Which shews me many more ; and some I see,  
 That twofold balls and treble scepters carry.  
 Horrible fight ! nay, now, I see, 'tis true ;  
 For the blood-bolter'd *Banquo* smiles upon me,  
 And points at them for his. What, is this so ?  
*1 Witch.* Ay, Sir, all this is so. But why  
 Stands *Macbeth* thus amazedly ?  
 Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprights,  
 And shew the best of our delights ;  
 I'll charm the Air to give a Sound,  
 While you perform your antick round :  
 That this great King may kindly say,  
 Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Musick.*[*The witches dance and vanish.*

*Macb.* Where are they ? gone?—Let this pernicious  
 hour  
 Stand ay accursed in the kalendar !  
 Come in, without there!

*Enter Lenox.**Len.* What's your Grace's will ?*Macb.* Saw you the weird sisters ?*Len.* No, my lord.*Macb.* Came they not by you ?*Len.* No, indeed, my lord.

*Macb.* Infected be the air whereon they ride,  
 And damn'd all those that trust them ! I did hear  
 The galloping of horse. Who was't came by ?

*Len.* 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word,

plimenting K. *James I.* here upon his uniting *Scotland* to *England*: and  
 when we consider too, that the Family of the *Stuarts* are said to be the  
 direct Descendants from *Banquo*.

*Macduff*



*Macduff* is fled to *England*.

*Mach.* Fled to *England*?

*Len.* Ay, my good lord.

*Mach.* Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:  
The flighty purpose never is o'er-took,  
Unless the deed go with it. From this moment,  
The very firstlings of my heart shall be  
The firstlings of my hand. And even now  
To crown my thoughts with acts, be't thought and done!  
The Castle of *Macduff* I will surprise,  
Seize upon *Fife*, give to the edge o'th' sword  
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls  
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool,  
This deed I'll do before this purpose cool.  
But no more fights. Where are these gentlemen?  
Come, bring me where they are. [Exeunt.

**S C E N E** *changes to Macduff's Castle at Fife.*

*Enter Lady Macduff, her Son, and Ross.*

*L. Macd.* **W**HAT had he done, to make him fly the Land?

*Rosse.* You must have patience, Madam.

*L. Macd.* He had none;

His flight was madness; when our actions do not,  
Our fears do make us traitors.

*Rosse.* You know not,

Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

*L. Macd.* Wisdom? to leave his wife, to leave his babes,  
His mansion, and his titles, in a place  
From whence himself does fly? he loves us not,  
He wants the nat'ral touch; for the poor wren,  
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,  
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl:  
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;  
As little is the wisdom, where the flight  
So runs against all reason.

*Rosse.* My Dearest Cousin,  
I pray you, school your self; but for your husband,

He's

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He's noble, wise, judicious, and best knows  
The fits o'th' season. I dare not speak much further,  
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,  
And do not know ourselves: when we hold rumour  
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear;  
But float upon a wild and violent sea  
Each way, and move. I take my leave of you;  
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:  
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward  
To what they were before: My pretty Cousin,  
Blessing upon you!

*L. Macd.* Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

*Rosse.* I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,  
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort.  
I take my leave at once.

[*Exit Rosse.*]

*L. Macd.* Sirrah, your father's dead,  
And what will you do now? how will you live?

*Son.* As birds do, Mother.

*L. Macd.* What, on worms and flies?

*Son.* On what I get, I mean, and so do they.

*L. Macd.* Poor bird! Thou'dst never fear the net, nor  
The pit-fall, nor the gin.

[*lime:*]

*Son.* Why should I, Mother? poor birds they are not  
set for.

My father is not dead, for all your Saying.

*L. Macd.* Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do for a  
father?

*Son.* Nay, how will you do for a husband?

*L. Macd.* Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

*Son.* Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

*L. Macd.* Thou speak'st with all thy wit, and yet,  
i'faith,

With wit enough for thee.

*Son.* Was my father a traitor, mother?

*L. Macd.* Ay, that he was.

*Son.* What is a traitor?

*L. Macd.* Why, one that swears and lies.

*Son.* And be all traitors, that do so?

*L. Macd.* Every one, that does so, is a traitor, and  
must be hang'd.

*Son.*



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*Son.* And must they all be hang'd, that swear and lie ?

*L. Macd.* Every one.

*Son.* Who must hang them ?

*L. Macd.* Why, the honest men.

*Son.* Then the liars and swearers are fools ; for there are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men, and hang up them.

*L. Macd.* God help thee, poor monkey ! but how wilt thou do for a father ?

*Son.* If he were dead, you'd weep for him : if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

*L. Macd.* Poor pratler ! how thou talk'st ?

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* Bless you, fair dame ! I am not to you known,

Though in your state of honour I am perfect ;

I doubt, some danger does approach you nearly.

If you will take a homely man's advice,

Be not found here ; hence with your little ones.

To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage ;

To do worse to you were fell cruelty,

Which is too nigh your person. Heav'n preserve you !

I dare abide no longer.

*[Exit Messenger.]*

*L. Macd.* Whither should I fly ?

I've done no harm. But I remember now,

I'm in this earthly world, where to do harm

Is often laudable ; to do good, sometime

Accounted dang'rous folly. Why then, alas !

Do I put up that womanly defence,

To say, I'd done no harm ? — what are these faces ?

*Enter Murtherers.*

*Mur.* Where is your husband ?

*L. Macd.* I hope, in no place so unsanctified,  
Where such as thou may'st find him.

*Mur.* He's a traitor.

*Son.* Thou ly'st, thou shag-ear'd villain.

*Mur.* What, you egg ?

*[Stabbing him.]*

Young fry of treachery ?

*Son.*

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Son. He's kill'd me, mother,  
Run away, pray you. [*Exit L. Macduff, crying Murder;*  
*Murderers pursue her.*]

SCENE *changes to the King of England's Palace.*

*Enter Malcolm and Macduff.*

Mal. **L**ET us seek out some desolate shade, and there  
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather  
Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men,  
Bestride our downfall birth-doom: each new morn,  
New widows howl, new orphans cry; new sorrows  
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds  
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out  
Like syllables of dolour.

Mal. What I believe, I'll wail;  
What know, believe; and what I can redress,  
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.  
What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance;  
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,  
Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him well,  
He hath not touch'd you yet. I'm young; but some-  
thing (36)

You may deserve of him through me, and wisdom  
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,  
T' appease an angry God.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil

(36) ————— *I'm young, but something*

*You may discern of him through me, &c.] If the whole Tenour of the Context could not have convinced our blind Editors, that we ought to read *deserve* instead of *discern*, (as I have corrected in the Text,) yet Macduff's Answer, sure, might have given them some Light, — *I am not treacherous*. There is another Passage, in which *vice versa* the same Error has been committed upon the other Word:*

K. Lear. (Old 4to in 1608)

————— *an Eye deserving*

*Thine Honour from thy Suff'ring.* —————  
where the Sense evidently demands, *discerning*.



In an imperial Charge. I crave your pardon:  
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose;  
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:  
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,  
Yet grace must still look so.

*Macd.* I've lost my hopes.

*Mal.* Perchance, ev'n there, where I did find my doubts.  
Why in that rawness left you wife and children?  
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,  
Without leave-taking? — I pray you,  
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,  
But mine own safeties: you may be rightly just,  
Whatever I shall think.

*Macd.* Bleed, bleed, poor Country!  
Great Tyranny, lay thou thy Basis sure, [wrongs,  
For goodness dares not check thee! Wear thou thy  
His title is affear'd. Fare thee well, lord:  
I would not be the villain that thou think'st,  
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,  
And the rich East to boot.

*Mal.* Be not offended;  
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.  
I think, our Country sinks beneath the yolk;  
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash  
Is added to her wounds. I think withal,  
There would be hands up-lifted in my Right:  
And here from gracious *England* have I Offer  
Of goodly thousands. But for all this,  
When I shall tread upon the Tyrant's head,  
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor Country  
Shall have more vices than it had before;  
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,  
By him that shall succeed.

*Macd.* What should he be?

*Mal.* It is my self I mean, in whom I know  
All the particulars of vice so grafted,  
That when they shall be open'd, black *Macbeth*  
Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor State  
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd  
With my confineless harms.

*Macd.* Not in the legions  
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd,  
In Evils to top *Macbeth*.

*Mal.* I grant him bloody,  
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,  
Sudden, malicious, smacking of ev'ry sin  
That has a name. But there's no bottom, none,  
In my Voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,  
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up  
The cistern of my lust; and my Desire  
All continent impediments would o'er-bear,  
That did oppose my will. Better *Macbeth*,  
Than such an one to reign.

*Macd.* Boundless intemperance  
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been  
Th' untimely emptying of the happy Throne,  
And Fall of many Kings. But fear not yet  
To take upon you what is yours: you may  
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,  
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink:  
We've willing Dames enough; there cannot be  
That Vulture in you to devour so many,  
As will to Greatness dedicate themselves,  
Finding it so inclin'd.

*Mal.* With this, there grows,  
In my most ill-compos'd affection, such  
A stanchless Avarice, that, were I King,  
I should cut off the Nobles for their lands;  
Desire his jewels, and this other's house;  
And my more-having would be as a sawce  
To make me hunger more; that I should forge  
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,  
Destroying them for wealth.

*Macd.* This avarice  
Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root (37)  
Than summer-teeming lust; and it hath been

The

(37) ——— grows with more pernicious Root  
Than Summer-seeming Lust.] Mr. Warburton concurr'd with me in ob-  
serving, that *Summer-seeming* has no Manner of Sense: We therefore both  
corrected conjecturally,

Than



The Sword of our slain Kings : yet do not fear ;  
Scotland hath foysons to fill up your will  
Of your mere own. All these are portable,  
With other graces weigh'd.

*Mal.* But I have none ; the King-becoming graces,  
As justice, verity, temp'rance, stableness,  
Bounty, persever'ance, mercy, lowliness,  
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,  
I have no relish of them, but abound  
In the division of each several crime,  
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should  
Pour the sweet milk of Concord into Hell,  
Uproar the universal peace, confound  
All unity on earth.

*Macd.* Oh Scotland ! Scotland !——

*Mal.* If such a one be fit to govern, speak :  
I am as I have spoken.

*Macd.* Fit to govern ?  
No, not to live. Oh, nation miserable,  
With an untitled tyrant, bloody-sceptred !  
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again ?  
Since that the truest Issue of thy Throne  
By his own interdiction stands accurst,  
And does blaspheme his Breed. Thy royal father  
Was a most sainted King ; the Queen, that bore thee,  
Oftner upon her knees than on her feet,  
Dy'd every day she liv'd. Oh, fare thee well !  
These evils, thou repeat'st upon thy self,

*Than Summer-teeming Lust.*

i. e. the Passion, which lasts no longer than the *Heat* of Life, and which goes off in the *Winter* of Age. Besides, the Metaphor is much more just by our Emendation ; for Summer is the Season in which Weeds get Strength, grow rank, and dilate themselves.

2 Henry VI.

Now 'tis the Spring,  
And Weeds are shallow-rooted ; suffer them now,  
And they'll o'ergrow the Garden.

The same Image our Author in another Passage conveys by an equivalent Epithet, *summer-swelling*.

2 Gent. of Verona.

Disdain to root the summer-swelling Flow'r,  
And make rough Winter everlastingly.

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Have banish'd me from *Scotland*. Oh, my breast!  
Thy hope ends here.

*Mal. Macduff*, this noble Passion,  
Child of integrity, hath from my soul  
Wip'd the black scruples; reconcil'd my thoughts  
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish *Macbeth*  
By many of these trains hath sought to win me  
Into his pow'r: and modest wisdom plucks me  
From over-credulous haste; But God above  
Deal between thee and me! for even now  
I put my self to thy direction, and  
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure  
The taints and blames I laid upon my self,  
For strangers to my nature. I am yet  
Unknown to woman, never was forsworn,  
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,  
At no time broke my faith, would not betray  
The devil to his fellow, and delight  
No less in truth, than life: my first false-speaking  
Was this upon my self. What I am truly,  
Is thine, and my poor Country's, to command:  
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,  
Old *Siward* with ten thousand warlike men,  
All ready at a point, was setting forth.  
Now we'll together, and the chance of goodness  
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?

*Macd.* Such welcome, and unwelcome things, at once,  
'Tis hard to reconcile.

*Enter a Doctor.*

*Mal.* Well; more anon. Comes the King forth, I  
pray you?

*Doct.* Ay, Sir; there are a crew of wretched souls,  
That stay his Cure; their malady convinces  
The great assay of Art. But at his Touch,  
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,  
They presently amend.

[*Exit.*

*Mal.* I thank you, Doctor.

*Macd.* What's the disease he means?

*Mal.* 'Tis call'd the Evil;



A most miraculous work in this good King,  
Which often since my here-remain in *England*  
I've seen him do. How he sollicithe heav'n,  
Himself best knows; but strangely-visited people,  
All swoln and ule'rous, pitiful to the eye,  
The mere despair of surgery, he cures;  
Hanging a golden Stamp about their necks,  
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken, (38)  
To the succeeding Royalty he leaves  
The healing Benediction. With this strange virtue,  
He hath a heavenly gift of Prophecy;  
And sundry blessings hang about his Throne,  
That speak him full of grace.

*Enter Ross.*

*Macd.* See, who comes here!

*Mal.* My country man; but yet I know him not.

*Macd.* My ever-gentle Cousin, welcome hither.

*Mal.* I know him now. Good God betimes remove  
The means that makes us strangers!

*Rosse.* Sir, *Amen.*

*Macd.* Stands *Scotland* where it did?

*Rosse.* Alas, poor Country,  
Almost afraid to know it self. It cannot  
Be call'd our Mother, but our Grave; where nothing,  
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile:  
Where sighs and groans, and shrieks that rend the air,  
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems

(38) ————— and 'tis spoken,

To the succeeding Royalty he leaves

The healing Benediction.] Mr. Warburton acutely observ'd to me upon this Passage, that as, it must be own'd, *Shakespeare* is often guilty of most strange Absurdities; so, on the other hand, in this Instance he has artfully avoided One. He had a Mind to hint, that the Cure of the *Evil* was to descend to the Successors in the Royal Line. But the Confessor was the First, who pretended to this Gift: How then could it be at that Time generally spoken of, that the Gift was to be, hereditary? — This he has solv'd by insinuating, that *Edward* had a heavenly Gift of Prophecy; by which He was inform'd, the Cure should remain in his Posterity. 'Tis certain, he was resolv'd to throw in the Tradition as a Compliment to K. *James I.* who was very fond of practising this Superstition; and, I doubt not, had great Faith in the Sanctity of his Hand upon this Occasion.

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A modern ecstasie : the dead-man's Knell  
Is there scarce ask'd, for whom : and good mens lives  
Expire before the flowers in their caps ;  
Dying, or ere they sicken.

*Macd.* Oh, relation  
Too nice, and yet too true !

*Mal.* What's the newest grief ?

*Rosse.* That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker,  
Each minute teems a new one.

*Macd.* How does my wife ?

*Rosse.* Why, well. —

*Macd.* And all my children ?

*Rosse.* Well too. —

*Macd.* The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace ?

*Rosse.* No ; they were well at Peace, when I did leave  
'em.

*Macd.* Be not a niggard of your speech : how goes it ?

*Rosse.* When I came hither to transport the tidings,  
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour  
Of many worthy fellows that were out,  
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,  
For that I saw the Tyrant's Power a-foot ;  
Now is the time of help ; your eye in *Scotland*  
Would create soldiers, and make women fight,  
To doff their dire distresses.

*Mal.* Be't their comfort  
We're coming thither : gracious *England* hath (39)  
Lent us good *Siward* and ten thousand men ;  
An older, and a better soldier, none  
That Christendom gives out.

*Rosse.*

(39) ——— gracious *England* hath  
Lent us good *Siward*, and ten thousand Men.] This *Siward* was Earl of  
*Northumberland* ; and an approv'd old Soldier. But it was not for this  
Reason alone, probably, that *Edward* the Confessor appointed him his  
General against *Macbeth* : but because the Earl, by his Daughter, was  
nearly link'd with *Malcolme's* Family. We find *Malcolme* afterwards calling  
him Uncle. It may not be displeasing to the curious if I subjoin a Pede-  
gree, which will at one View shew *Siward's* Relation to *Malcolme*, and  
*Macbeth's* to the *Scotch* Crown.



*Rosse.* 'Would, I could answer  
This comfort with the like! But I have words,  
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,  
Where Hearing should not catch them.

*Macd.* What concern they?  
The gen'ral Cause? or is it a fee-grief,  
Due to some single breast?

*Rosse.* No mind, that's honest,  
But in it shares some woe; though the main part  
Pertains to you alone.

*Macd.* If it be mine,  
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

*Rosse.* Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,  
Which shall possess them with the heaviest Sound,  
That ever yet they heard.

*Macd.* Hum! I guess at it.

*Rosse.* Your Castle is surpriz'd; your wife and babes  
Savagely slaughter'd; to relate the manner,  
Were on the quarry of these murder'd deer,  
To add the death of you.

*Mal.* Merciful heav'n!  
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;  
Give sorrow words; the grief, that does not speak,  
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

*Macd.* My children too! ———

*Rosse.* Wife, children, servants, all that could be found.

*Macd.* And I must be from thence! my wife kill'd too!

*Rosse.* I've said.

*Malcolm II.*  
had two Daughters

|                                               |                             |
|-----------------------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| <i>Beatrice</i> , who married <i>Crinen</i> ; | and <i>Doada</i> , who mar- |
| by whom She had                               | ried <i>Sinel</i>           |
|                                               | Earl of                     |
| <i>Duncan</i> ; who, marrying                 | <i>Glamis</i> ;             |
| <i>Siward's</i> Daughter,                     | by whom She had             |
| by her He had                                 |                             |
|                                               | <i>Macbeth.</i>             |

*Malcolm Cammoir.*

So that *Duncan* and *Macbeth* were Sisters' Children: and *Siward* was  
*Malcolme's* Grandfather by the Mother's Side.

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*Mal.* Be comforted.  
Let's make us med'cines of our great Revenge, (40)  
To cure this deadly grief.

*Macd.* He has no children. — All my pretty ones?  
Did you say all? what, all? oh, hell-kite! all?  
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,  
At one fell swoop?

*Mal.* Dispute it like a man.

*Macd.* I shall do so :  
But I must also feel it as a man.  
I cannot but remember such things were,  
That were most precious to me: did heav'n look on,  
And would not take their part? sinful *Macduff*,  
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,  
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,  
Fell Slaughter on their souls: heav'n rest them now!

*Mal.* Be this the whetstone of your sword, let grief  
Convert to wrath: blunt not the heart, enrage it.

*Macd.* O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,  
And braggart with my tongue. But, gentle heav'n!

(40) *Let's make us Med'cines of our great Revenge,  
To cure this deadly Grief.*

*Macd. He has no Children. —*] This may appear at first Sight very abrupt, and foreign to the Sentiment we must suppose the *Speaker* then agitated with. But, on Examination, we shall have Reason to confess it an Instance of our Author's great Knowledge of Nature, Old *Hobbes* has observ'd, that we always think in a Chain, and that our Ideas are concatenated one with another. We shall find this Observation very true in the Instance before us. *Macduff's* Thoughts are all employ'd now on Revenge: He first considers the Manner of it: and, in his first Transports, nothing appears so suitable as Retaliation: but this brings him to reflect, that he can't have it here, for that *Macbeth* had no Children: on which he breaks out into this sorrowful Reflection. *Mr. Warburton.*

We must, indeed, acknowledge this Sentiment to have its Source from the Reflection of an intended Revenge; or from an other Reflection purely of Tenderness, that if *Macbeth* had had any Children, he could not have been capable of such a Barbarity on *Macduff's* Offspring.

So *Constantia*, in *K. John*, when *Pandulfe* would comfort her for the Loss of her Son, cries;

*He talks to me, that never had a Son!*

And so *Queen Margaret*, (in 3 *Henry VI.*) when her Son is slabb'd in her Presence, thus exclaims against his Murderers.

*You have no Children, Butchers; if you had,  
The Thought of them would have stir'd up Remorse.*



Cut short all intermission: front to front,  
Bring thou this fiend of *Scotland* and my self;  
Within my sword's length set him, if he 'scape,  
Then heaven forgive him too!

*Mal.* This tune goes manly:  
Come, go we to the King, our Power is ready;  
Our lack is nothing but our leave. *Macbeth*  
Is ripe for shaking, and the Powers above  
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may;  
The night is long, that never finds the day. [Exeunt.]



ACT V.

SCENE, *An Anti-chamber in Macbeth's Castle.*

*Enter a Doctor of Physick, and a Gentlewoman.*

DOCTOR.



HAVE two nights watch'd with you, but  
can perceive no truth in your report. When  
was it, she last walk'd?

*Gent.* Since his Majesty went into the field,  
I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her  
night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper,  
fold it, write upon't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again  
return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

*Doct.* A great perturbation in nature! to receive at  
once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching.  
In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking, and other  
actual performances, what (at any time) have you heard  
her say?

*Gent.* That, Sir, which I will not report after her.

*Doct.* You may to me, and 'tis most meet you should.

*Gent.* Neither to you, nor any one, having no witness  
to confirm my speech.

*Enter*

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*Enter Lady Macbeth with a taper.*

Lo, you! here she comes: this is her very guise, and, upon my life, fast asleep; observe her, stand close.

*Doff.* How came she by that light?

*Gent.* Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually, 'tis her command.

*Doff.* You see, her eyes are open.

*Gent.* Ay, but their sense is shut.

*Doff.* What is it she does now? look, how she rubs her hands.

*Gent.* It is an accustom'd action with her, to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

*Lady.* Yet here's a spot.

*Doff.* Hark, she speaks. I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

*Lady.* Out! damned spot; out, I say — one; two; why then, 'tis time to do't — hell is murky. Fie, my lord, fie, a soldier, and afraid? what need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account? — yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

*Doff.* Do you mark that?

*Lady.* The *Tibane* of *Fife* had a wife; where is she now? what, will these hands ne'er be clean? — no more o'that, my lord, no more o'that: you marr all with this starting.

*Doff.* Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

*Gent.* She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: heav'n knows, what she has known.

*Lady.* Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of *Arabia* will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

*Doff.* What a sigh is there? the heart is sorely charg'd.

*Gent.* I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

*Doff.* Well, well, well —

*Gent.* Pray God, it be, Sir.

*Doff.*



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*Doct.* This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walkt in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

*Lady.* Wash your hands, put on your night-gown, look not so pale — I tell you yet again, *Banquo's* buried; he cannot come out of his Grave.

*Doct.* Even so?

*Lady.* To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate: come, come, come, come, give me your hand: what's done, cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed.

[*Exit Lady.*]

*Doct.* Will she go now to bed?

*Gent.* Directly.

*Doct.* Foul whisp'rings are abroad; unnat'ral deeds  
Do breed unnat'ral troubles. Infected minds  
To their deaf pillows will discharge their Secrets.  
More needs she the Divine, than the Physician.  
God, God, forgive us all! Look after her,  
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,  
And still keep eyes upon her; so, good night.  
My mind she's as mated, and amaz'd my sight.  
I think, but dare not speak.

*Gent.* Good night, good Doctor.

[*Exeunt.*]

**SCENE** *changes to a Field, with a Wood at distance.*

*Enter* Menteth, Cathness, Angus, Lenox, *and Soldiers.*

*Ment.* **T**HE *English* Power is near, led on by *Malcolm,*

His uncle *Siward*, and the good *Macduff*.

Revenge burn in them: for their dear causes (41)

Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm

**Excite**

(41) ————— for their dear Cause

*Would to the bleeding and the grim Alarm*

*Excite the mortified Man.*] i. e. the Man, who had abandon'd himself to Despair, who had no Spirit or Resolution left. So *Caius Ligarius* replies to *Brutus*;

*Soul*

Excite the mortified man.

*Ang.* Near Birnam-wood

Shall we well meet them ; that way are they coming.

*Cath.* Who knows, if *Donalbaine* be with his brother ?

*Len.* For certain, Sir, he is not : I've a file  
Of all the Gentry ; there is *Siward's* son, (42)  
And many unrough youths, that even now  
Protest their first of manhood.

*Ment.* What does the tyrant ?

*Cath.* Great *Dunfinane* he strongly fortifies ;  
Some say, he's mad : others, that lesser hate him,  
Do call it valiant fury : but for certain,  
He cannot buckle his distemper'd Cause  
Within the belt of Rule.

————— *Soul of Rome,*

*Brave Son, deriv'd from honourable Loins,*

*Thou, like an Exorcist, ha'st conjur'd up*

*My mortified Spirit.*

*Jul. Cæsar.*

(42) ————— *there is Siward's Son,*

*And many unruff'd Youths, that even now*

*Protest their first of Manhood.] This unruff'd is a tacit Sophistica-*

*tion put upon us by Mr. Pope, in his extraordinary Sagacity ; implying, that Malcolm had many Soldiers in his Ranks too young to wear a Ruffe. This happy Construction might seduce One into an Error, who was not acquainted with that Gentleman's Spirit of Criticism. 'Tis true, the old Editions read ——— unruffe Youths ; and our great Orbilius did not discern that this was the antiquated way of spelling, unrough, i. e. smoothin'd, imberbis. And our Author particularly delights in this Mode of Expression. To subjoin a few Instances ;*

————— *a twelvemonth and a day,*

*I'll mark no Words that smoothesfac'd Wooers say.*

*Love's Labour lost.*

*Now, Jove, in his next Commodity of Hair, send thee a Beard !*

*Twelfth-night.*

————— *or who knows,*

*If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent  
His powerful Mandate to you.*

*Anto. and Cleop.*

*For who is he, whose Chin is but enrich'd*

*With one appearing hair, ———*

*Henry V.*

————— *Till newborn Chins*

*Be rough and razorable.*

*Tempest.*

*When with his Amazonian Chin he drowns*

*The bristled Lips before him.*

*Coriolanus.*

*This unhair'd Sawciness, and boyish Troops*

*The King does smile at.*

*K. John.*

*Ang.*



*Ang.* Now do's he feel  
His secret murders sticking on his hands ;  
Now minutely Revolts upbraid his faith-breach ;  
Those, he commands, move only in command,  
Nothing in love : now does he feel his Title  
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe  
Upon a dwarfish thief.

*Ment.* Who then shall blame  
His pester'd senses to recoil, and start,  
When all that is within him does condemn  
It self, for being there?

*Cath.* Well, march we on,  
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd :  
Meet we the med'cine of the sickly Weal,  
And with him pour we, in our Country's purge,  
Each drop of us.

*Len.* Or so much as it needs,  
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds.  
Make me our March towards *Birnam*. [Exeunt.

S C E N E, *the Castle of DUNSINANE.*

*Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.*

*Macb.* **B**RING me no more Reports, let them fly all :  
'Till *Birnam*-wood remove to *Dunfinane*,  
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy *Malcolme* ?  
Was he not born of woman ? Spirits, that know  
All mortal consequences, have pronounc'd it :  
' Fear not, *Macbeth* ; no man, that's born of woman,  
' Shall e'er have power upon thee. — Then fly false  
*Thanes*,  
And mingle with the *English* Epicures. (43)

The

(43) ————— *Fly, false Thanes ;*  
[And mingle with the *English* Epicures.] I thought this Passage might deserve a Note, if it were only to excuse our Author from any Imputation of throwing a Slur on the *English* of his own Times, for Gluttony and Epicurism. He had no such Intention ; but artfully throws in a Satyrical Reflection in which he is countenanc'd by History. The Fact is this.  
*Har-*

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The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,  
Shall never fagg with doubt, nor shake with fear.

*Enter a Servant.*

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd lown!  
Where got'st thou that goose-look?

*Ser.* There are ten thousand —

*Macb.* Geese, villain?

*Ser.* Soldiers, Sir.

*Macb.* Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,  
Thou lilly-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?  
Death of thy soul! those linnen cheeks of thine  
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

*Ser.* The *English* force, to please you.

*Macb.* Take thy face hence — *Seyton!* — I'm sick  
at heart,

When I behold — *Seyton*, I say! — this puff  
Will cheer me ever, or diseafe me now.

*Hardicanute*, (or *Canutus III.*) the *Dane*, a Contemporary of *Macbeth*, and who reign'd here just before the Usurpation of the latter in *Scotland*, was a Prince of a courteous and liberal Nature; but, withal, such a Lover of good Cheer, that he would have his Table cover'd four times a day, and largely furnish'd. So that the *Englishmen* were said to have learn'd from him excessive Gluttony in Diet, and Intemperance in Drinking. He reign'd barely two Years, and was succeeded by *Edward the Confessor*. Now as *Edward* sent a Force against *Scotland*, *Macbeth* malevolently is made to charge this temperate Prince (in his Subjects,) with the Riots of his Predecessor. And the Insinuation may seem to bear the harder, because *Hardicanute* and *Edward* were allied by a double Tye of Affinity. It may please some Readers, if I subjoin a short Sketch of their Pedigree and Relation to one another.

*Ethelred.* + *Emma.* + *Canutus.*

*Edward* the Confessor. *Hardicanute*, and *Thira*; who married  
Earl *Godwin*.

*Edith*:

who married with  
*Edward* the Con-  
fessor.

So that *Edward* and *Hardicanute* were Brothers by the Mother; and  
*Edward* married *Hardicanute*'s own Sister's Daughter.



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I have liv'd long enough: my way of life (44)  
Is fall'n into the Sear, the yellow leaf:—  
And that, which should accompany old age,  
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,  
I must not look to have: but, in their stead,  
Curses not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,  
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.  
Seyton, —

*Enter Seyton.*

*Sey.* What is your gracious pleasure?

*Macb.* What news more?

*Sey.* All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

*Macb.* I'll fight, 'till from my bones my flesh be hackt;  
Give me my armour.

*Sey.* 'Tis not needed yet.

*Macb.* I'll put it on.

Send out more horses, skirre the country round;  
Hang those, that talk of fear. Give me mine armour.  
How do's your Patient, Doctor?

*Doct.* Not so sick, my lord,  
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,  
That keep her from her Rest.

*Macb.* Cure her of that:  
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd,  
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,  
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;  
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,  
Cleanse the stuff'd bosome of that perilous stuff,  
Which weighs upon the heart?

*Doct.* Therein the Patient  
Must minister unto himself.

*Macb.* Throw phylick to the dogs, I'll none of it—

(44) ————— *My way of Life*

*Is fall'n into the Sear:]* i. e. The Progreis of my Life. So, in a Fragment of *Menander*;

————— ἐπὶ γήρας ὁδὸν.

Tho, I am aware, that some Commentators have thought, ὁδὸν by a poetical Licence, and with Regard to the Measure, is put for ἔσθ' *scil.* upon the *Threshold* of Old Age.

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Come, put my armour on; give me my staff.  
*Seyton*, send out — Doctor, the *Thanes* fly from me —  
 Come, Sir, dispatch — If thou could'st, Doctor, cast  
 The water of my Land, find her disease,  
 And purge it to a sound and pristine health;  
 I would applaud thee to the very Echo,  
 That should applaud again. Pull't off, I say —  
 What rubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,  
 Would scour these *English* hence! hear'st thou of them?

*Doct.* Ay, my good lord; your royal Preparation  
 Makes us hear something.

*Macb.* Bring it after me;  
 I will not be afraid of death and bane,  
 'Till *Birnam*-forest come to *Dunfinane*.

*Doct.* Were I from *Dunfinane* away, and clear,  
 Profit again should hardly draw me here. [Exeunt.

S C E N E *changes to Birnam Wood.*

*Enter* Malcolme, Siward, Macduff, Siward's Son,  
 Menteth, Cathness, Angus, and Soldiers marching.

*Mal.* COUSINS, I hope, the days are near at hand,  
 That chambers will be safe.

*Ment.* We doubt it nothing.

*Siw.* What wood is this before us?

*Ment.* The wood of *Birnam*.

*Mal.* Let every soldier hew him down a bough,  
 And bear't before him; thereby shall we shadow  
 The numbers of our Host, and make discov'ry  
 Err in report of us.

*Sold.* It shall be done.

*Siw.* We learn no other, but the confident tyrant  
 Keeps still in *Dunfinane*, and will endure  
 Our setting down before't.

*Mal.* 'Tis his main hope:  
 For where there is advantage to be given,  
 Both more and less have given him the Revolt;  
 And none serve with him but constrained things,  
 Whose hearts are absent too.

*Macd.*



*Macd.* Let our just censures  
Attend the true event, and put we on  
Industrious soldiership.

*Siw.* The time approaches,  
That will with due decision make us know  
What we shall say we have, and what we owe:  
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate;  
But certain issue Strokes must arbitrate:  
Towards which, advance the war. [Exeunt marching.

SCENE changes to the Castle of DUNSINANE.

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers with drums and colours.

*Macb.* **H**ANG out our banners on the outward walls,  
The Cry is still, *they come*: our Castle's strength  
Will laugh a siege to scorn. Here let them lye,  
'Till famine and the ague eat them up:  
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,  
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,  
And beat them backward home. What is that noise?  
[A cry within of women.

*Sey.* It is the cry of women, my good lord.

*Macb.* I have almost forgot the taste of fears:  
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd  
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair  
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir,  
As life were in't. I have sapt full with horrors;  
Direness, familiar to my slaught'rous thoughts,  
Cannot once start me. Wherefore was that Cry?

*Sey.* The Queen, my Lord, is dead.

*Macb.* She should have dy'd hereafter;  
There would have been a time for such a word.  
To morrow, and to morrow, and to morrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,  
To the last syllable of recorded time;

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And all our yesterdays have lighted fools (45)  
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!  
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor Player,  
That struts and frets his hour upon the Stage,  
And then is heard no more! It is a Tale,  
Told, by an ideot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing!

*Enter a Messenger.*

Thou com'st to use thy tongue: thy story quickly.

*Mef.* My gracious lord,  
I should report That which, I say, I saw,  
But know not how to do't.

*Macb.* Well, say it, Sir.

*Mef.* As I did stand my watch upon the hill,  
I look'd toward *Birnam*, and anon, methought,  
The Wood began to move.

*Macb.* Liar, and slave! [*Striking him.*]

*Mef.* Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so:  
Within this three mile may you see it coming;  
I say, a moving grove.

(45) *And all our yesterdays have lighted Fools*

*The way to study death.*—] This Reading is as old as the 2d Edition in *folio*; but, surely, it is paying too great a Compliment to the Capacities of Fools. It would much better sort with the Character of wise Men, to study how to die from the Experience of past Times. I have restor'd the Reading of the first *Folio*, which Mr. *Pope* has thrown out of his Text.

*The way to dusty Death.*

i. e. Death, which reduces us to Dust and Ashes. *Metonymia effecti pro efficiente.* Or, perhaps, the Poet might have wrote;

*The way to dusky Death.*

i. e. dark; a Word very familiar with him.

*My self, as far as I could well discern*

*For Smoak and dusky Vapours of the Night:*

1 *Henr. VI.*

*Here dyes the dusky Torch of Mortimer.*

*Ibid.*

*And when the dusky Sky began to rob, &c.*

2 *Henr. VI.*

*Untimely smother'd in their dusky Graves.*

*Rich. III.*

*Macb.*



# The Tragedy of MACBETH. 467

*Macb.* If thou speak'st false,  
 Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,  
 'Till famine cling thee: If thy speech be sooth,  
 I care not if thou dost for me as much. —  
 I pull in Resolution, and begin  
 To doubt th' equivocation of the fiend,  
 That lies like truth. "Fear not, 'till Birnam-wood  
 "Do come to *Dunfinane*," — and now a wood  
 Comes toward *Dunfinane*. Arm, arm, and out!  
 If this, which he avouches, do's appear,  
 There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here,  
 I'gin to be a weary of the Sun; (46)  
 And wish, the state o'th' world were now undone.  
 Ring the alarum Bell; blow, wind! come, wrack!  
 At least, we'll die with harness on our back. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E before Dunfinane.

*Enter Malcolme, Siward, Macduff, and their Army with  
 Boughs.*

*Mal.* **N**OW, near enough: your leavy screens  
 throw down,  
 And shew like those you are. You (worthy uncle)  
 Shall with my Cousin, your right-noble son,  
 Lead our first battel. Brave *Macduff* and we  
 Shall take upon's what else remains to do,  
 According to our order.

*Siw.* Fare you well:  
 Do We but find the Tyrant's Power to night,  
 Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight. [*breath,*]

*Macd.* Make all our trumpets speak, give them all  
 Those clam'rous harbingers of blood and death. [*Enc.*]  
 [*Alarums continued.*]

(46) *I'gin to be a weary of the Sun;  
 And wish, &c.*] *Macbeth* seems here exactly in the Circumstance  
 of *Dido* in *Virgil*. He knows his Fate; and his Misfortunes sit so heavy  
 upon him, that he is weary of being longer in the World.

*Tum vero infelix fatis exterrita Dido  
 Mortem orat: tædet coeli Convexa tueri,*

*Æneid. IV.*

*Enter Macbeth.*

*Macb.* They've ty'd me to a stake, I cannot fly,  
But, bear-like, I must fight the course. What's he,  
That was not born of woman? such a one  
Am I to fear, or none.

*Enter young Siward.*

*Yo. Siw.* What is thy name?

*Macb.* Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

*Yo. Siw.* No: though thou call'st thy self a hotter name,  
Than any is in hell.

*Macb.* My name's *Macbeth*.

*Yo. Siw.* The devil himself could not pronounce a title  
More hateful to mine ear.

*Macb.* No, nor more fearful.

*Yo. Siw.* Thou liest, abhorred Tyrant; with my sword  
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[*Fight, and young Siward's slain.*]

*Macb.* Thou wast born of woman; —  
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,  
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born.

[*Exit.*]*Alarums. Enter Macduff.*

*Macd.* That way the noise is: Tyrant, shew thy face;  
If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,  
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.  
I cannot strike at wretched Kernes, whose arms  
Are hir'd to bear their staves: Or thou, *Macbeth*,  
Or else my sword with an unbatter'd edge  
I sheath again undeeded. There thou should'st be —  
By this great clatter, one of greatest note  
Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune!  
And more I beg not.

[*Exit. Alarum.*]*Enter Malcolme and Siward.*

*Siw.* This way, my lord, the Castle's gently render'd;  
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;  
The noble *Thanes* do bravely in the war;  
The day almost it self professes yours,

And



And little is to do.

*Mal.* We've met with foes,  
That strike beside us.

*Siv.* Enter, Sir, the Castle. [Exeunt. Alarum.

*Enter Macbeth.*

*Mach.* Why should I play the Roman fool, and die  
On mine own sword? whilst I see lives, the gashes  
Do better upon them.

*To him, enter Macduff.*

*Macd.* Turn, hell-hound, turn.

*Mach.* Of all men else I have avoided thee:  
But get thee back, my soul is too much charg'd  
With blood of thine already.

*Macd.* I've no words;  
My voice is in my sword! thou bloodier villain,  
Than terms can give thee out. [Fight. Alarum.

*Mach.* Thou lovest labour;  
As easie may'st thou the intrenchant air  
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:  
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests,  
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield  
To one of woman born.

*Macd.* Despair thy Charm!  
And let the angel, whom thou still hast serv'd,  
Tell thee, *Macduff* was from his mother's womb  
Untimely ripp'd.

*Mach.* Accurs'd be that tongue, that tells me so!  
For it hath cow'd my better part of man:  
And be these jugling fiends no more believ'd,  
That palter with us in a double sense;  
That keep the word of promise to our ear,  
And break it to our hope! I'll not fight with thee.

*Macd.* Then yield thee, coward.  
And live to be the shew, and gaze o'th' time.  
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,  
Painted upon a pole, and under-writ,  
'Here may you see the tyrant.'

*Macb.*

# The Tragedy of MACBETH

*Macb.* I will not yield  
To kiss the ground before young *Malcolm's* feet:  
And to be baited with the rabble's Curse,  
Though *Birnam*-wood be come to *Dunfinane*,  
And thou, oppos'd, be of no woman born,  
Yet I will try the last. Before my body  
I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, *Macduff*;  
And damn'd be he, that first cries, hold, enough.  
[*Exeunt fighting. Alarums.*]

*Retreat and flourish. Enter with Drum and Colours, Malcolm, Siward, Ross, Thanes, and Soldiers.*

*Mal.* I would, the friends, we miss, were save arriv'd.

*Siw.* Some must go off: and yet by these I see,  
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

*Mal.* *Macduff* is missing, and your noble son.

*Ross.* Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt;  
He only liv'd but till he was a man,  
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd, (47)  
In the unshrinking station where he fought,  
But like a man he dy'd.

*Siw.* Then is he dead? [sorrow]

*Ross.* Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of  
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then  
It hath no end.

*Siw.* Had he his hurts before?

*Ross.* Ay, on the front.

*Siw.* Why then, God's soldier be he!  
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,  
I would not wish them to a fairer death:  
And so his knell is knoll'd.

*Mal.* He's worth more sorrow,  
And that I'll spend for him.

(47) *The which no sooner had his Prowess confirm'd,  
In the unshrinking Station where he fought,  
But like a Man, he dy'd.*] The Resolution, with which young *Siward*  
is describ'd to have dy'd, seems very much a Copy of *Cataline* and his  
desperate Associates Behaviour, in a much worse Cause. *Nam ferè,  
quem quisque vivus pugnando locum ceperat, eum amissâ animâ corpore  
tegebat.* Salust.



# The Tragedy of MACBETH. 171

*Siw.* He's worth no more ;  
They say, he parted well, and paid his score.  
So, God be with him !—Here comes newer comfort.

*Enter Macduff, with Macbeth's head.*

*Macd.* Hail, King ! for so thou art. Behold, where  
Th' Usurper's curst head ; the time is free : [stands  
I see thee compast with thy Kingdom's Peers,  
That speak my salutation in their minds :  
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine.  
Hail, King of Scotland !

*All.* Hail, King of Scotland ! [Flourish.

*Mal.* We shall not spend a large expence of time,  
Before we reckon with your several loves,  
And make us even with you. *Thanes* and kinsmen,  
Henceforth be Earls, the first that ever Scotland  
In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do,  
Which would be planted newly with the time,  
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,  
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny ;  
Producing forth the cruel ministers  
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like Queen ;  
(Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands  
Took off her life ;) this, and what needful else (48)

(48) ————— *This, and what needful else*

*That calls upon Us, by the Grace of Heaven.] This is a Reading only  
of Mr. Pope ; for all the Copies, that I have seen, read ;*

————— *by the Grace of Grace.*

It is an Expression our Author is fond of : and so he often styles the Divinity himself, as well as his Attribute.

*Whilst I, their King, that thither them importune,  
Do curse the Grace that with such Grace hath blest them.*

2 *Gent. of Vero.*

*Hop'st thou my Cure ?*

*Hel.* The greatest Grace lending Grace, &c.

*All's Well, &c.*

In the like Manner he loves to redouble other Words :

*And spight of Spight needs must I rest awhile,*

3 *Henr. VI.*

*Now, for the Love of Love and his soft hours,*

*Anto. and Cleop,*

&c. &c,

That

That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,  
 We will perform in measure, time and place:  
 So thanks to all at once, and to each one,  
 Whom we invite to see us crown'd at *Scone*.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt omnes.*

*The End of the FIFTH VOLUME.*





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